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LANDOR TO HOLMES

Geoffrey Cumberlege

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, 1775-1864—	
Peter the Great and Alexis	1
Joseph Scaliger and Montaigne	10
The Dream of Boccaccio	16
The Dream of Petrarca	21
Roger Ascham and Lady Jane Grey	25
Story of John Wellerby	28
HENRY HALLAM, 1777-1859—	
The English Constitution	32
Execution of Charles I His Character	40
WILLIAM HAZLITT, 1778-1830—	
The Fight	46
Sir Walter Scott	69
JOHN GALT, 1779-1839—	
The Placing of Mr Balwhidder and the Resistance of the Parishioners	88
Story of Charles Malcolm From Cabin Boy to Captain	91
The Rising of the Waters	105
CHARLES WATERTON, 1782-1865—	
The Sloth	110
WASHINGTON IRVING, 1783-1859—	
Rip Van Winkle	118
Westminster Abbey	140
JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT, 1784-1859—	
Shakespeare's Birthday	154
On Getting up on Cold Mornings	159

	PAGE
THOMAS DE QUINCEY, 1785-1859—	
On hearing Grassini	163
London on a Saturday Night	166
A Winter Fireside	169
The Daughter of Lebanon	173
Levana and Our Ladies of Sorrow	179
SIR WILLIAM NAPIER, 1785-1860—	
Battle of Corunna and Death of Sir John Moore	189
Battle of Albuera	197
The Fusiliers at Albuera	198
Napoleon and Wellington	200
THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK, 1785-1866—	
Friar Tuck rescues the Lady Matilda from Prince John	210
Robin Hood forbids the Banns	216
The Drunkenness of Seithenyn	221
MARY RUSSELL MITFORD, 1787-1855—	
Country Pictures	229
Mrs Sally Mearing	242
GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON, 1788-1824—	
A tragic Incident at Ravenna	246
JAMES FENIMORE COOPER, 1789-1851—	
The Pathfinder and his Companions pursued by the Iroquois	248
HENRY HART MILMAN, 1791-1868—	
The Burning of the Temple	254
SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, 1792-1867—	
The Taking of the Bastille	259
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, 1792-1822—	
Italian Scenery	265

CONTENTS

vii

	PAGE
JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART, 1794-1854—	
Scott's first Raid into Liddesdale	276
Meeting of Scott and Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd	280
Scott's Den	281
Scott at Breakfast	284
Scott's Domestic Life	287
 THOMAS ARNOLD, 1795-1842—	
Hannibal's Invasion of Italy	290
Passage of the Alps	297
 THOMAS CARLYLE, 1795-1881—	
The Fall of the Bastille	303
Charlotte Corday	314
Marie-Antoinette	324
The Whiff of Grapeshot	328
Man a Tool using Animal	336
The Toil worn Craftsman and the Inspired Thinker	338
Dr Johnson	339
Battle of Dunbar	347
Battle of Worcester	357
 WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT, 1796-1859—	
The Inca's Visit to Pizarro	361
 THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD MACAULAY, 1800-1859	
Battle of Plassey	369
Impeachment of Warren Hastings	372
London in 1685	380
Execution of Monmouth	386
Trial of the Seven Bishops	390
Siege of Londonderry	401
Arrest of Judge Jeffreys	417
Last Days of Jeffreys	419

	PAGE
THOMAS DE QUINCEY, 1785-1859—	
On hearing Grassini	163
London on a Saturday Night	166
A Winter Fireside	169
The Daughter of Lebanon	173
Levana and Our Ladies of Sorrow	179
SIR WILLIAM NAPIER, 1785-1860—	
Battle of Corunna and Death of Sir John Moore	189
Battle of Albuera	197
The Fusiliers at Albuera	198
Napoleon and Wellington	200
THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK, 1785-1866—	
Friar Tuck rescues the Lady Matilda from Prince John	210
Robin Hood forbids the Banns	216
The Drunkenness of Seithenyn	221
MARY RUSSELL MITFORD, 1787-1855—	
Country Pictures	229
Mrs Sally Mearing	242
GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON, 1788-1824 -	
A tragic Incident at Ravenna	246
JAMES FENIMORE COOPER, 1789-1851—	
The Pathfinder and his Companions pursued by the Iroquois	248
HENRY HART MILMAN, 1791-1868—	
The Burning of the Temple	254
SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, 1792-1867—	
The Taking of the Bastille	259
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, 1792-1822—	
Italian Scenery	265

CONTENTS

VII

PAGE

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART, 1794-1854—

Scott's first Raid into Liddesdale	276
Meeting of Scott and Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd	280
Scott's Den	281
Scott at Breakfast	284
Scott's Domestic Life	287

THOMAS ARNOLD, 1795-1842—

Hannibal's Invasion of Italy	290
Passage of the Alps	297

THOMAS CARLYLE, 1795-1881—

The Fall of the Bastille	303
Charlotte Corday	314
Marie Antoinette	324
The Whiff of Grapeshot	328
Man a Tool using Animal	336
The Toil worn Craftsman and the Inspired Thinker	338
Dr Johnson	339
Battle of Dunbar	347
Battle of Worcester	357

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT, 1796-1859—

The Inca's Visit to Pizarro	361
-----------------------------	-----

THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD MACAULAY, 1800-1859

Battle of Plassey	369
Impeachment of Warren Hastings	372
London in 1685	380
Execution of Monmouth	386
Trial of the Seven Bishops	390
Siege of Londonderry	401
Arrest of Judge Jeffreys	417
Last Days of Jeffreys	419

	PAGE
JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1801-1890—	
The True Gentleman Defined	421
Position of his Mind	426
Music as a Symbol	428
EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, LORD LYTTON, 1803-1873—	
A 'Flash House' in Pompeii	429
Glaucus and the Lion	434
The Age of Gold and the Age of Paper	437
GEORGE BORROW, 1803-1881—	
Murtagh and the Cards	440
Madeira	445
Bruisers of England	448
The Flaming Tinman and Isopel Berners	456
Isopel Berners	471
The Stage Coachmen of England A Bully served out	482
RALPH WALDO EMERSON, 1803-1882—	
Heroism	493
Gifts	503
The Anglican Church	508
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, 1804-1864—	
The Great Stone Face	508
BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD, 1804-1881—	
Ferdinand and Henrietta	535
EDGAR ALLAN POE, 1809-1849—	
A Descent into the Maelstrom	552
CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN, 1809-1882—	
The Origin of Species	576
ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE, 1809-1891—	
Lady Hester Stanhope	578
The Monarch of the Desert	606
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, 1809-1894—	
My last Walk with the Schoolmistress	608
The Little Gentleman	616

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

1775-1864

PETER THE GREAT AND ALEXIS

Peter And so, after flying from thy father's house, thou hast returned again from Vienna. After this affront in the face of Europe, thou darest to appear before me ?

Alexis My emperor and father ! I am brought before your majesty, not at my own desire

Peter I believe it well

Alexis I would not anger you

Peter What hope hadst thou, rebel, in thy flight to Vienna ?

Alexis The hope of peace and privacy, the hope of security, and above all things, of never more offending you

Peter That hope thou hast accomplished. Thou imaginedst then that my brother of Austria would maintain thee at his court speak !

Alexis No, sir ! I imagined that he would have afforded me a place of refuge

Peter Didst thou then take money with thee ?

Alexis. A few gold pieces

Peter How many ?

Alexis About sixty

Peter He would have given thee promises for half the money, but the double of it does not purchase a house ignorant wretch !

Alexis I knew as much as that, although my birth did not appear to destine me to purchase

a house anywhere , and hitherto your liberality, my father, hath supplied my wants of every kind

Peter Not of wisdom, not of duty, not of spirit, not of courage, not of ambition I have educated thee among my guards and horses, among my drums and trumpets, among my flags and masts. When thou wert a child, and couldst hardly walk, I have taken thee into the arsenal, though children should not enter, according to regulations, I have there rolled cannon-balls before thee over iron plates , and I have shown thee bright new arms, bayonets and sabres , and I have pricked the back of my hands until the blood came out in many places , and I have made thee lick it , and I have then done the same to thine. Afterward, from thy tenth year, I have mixed gun-powder in thy grog , I have peppered thy peaches , I have poured bilge-water (with a little good wholesome tar in it) upon thy melons , I have brought out girls to mock thee and cocker thee, and talk like mariners, to make thee braver. Nothing would do. Nay, recollect thee ! I have myself led thee forth to the window when fellows were hanged and shot , and I have shown thee every day the halves and quarters of bodies , and I have sent an orderly or chamberlain for the heads , and I have pulled the cap up from over the eyes , and I have made thee, in spite of thee, look stedfastly upon them , incorrigible coward !

And now another word with thee about thy scandalous flight from the palace , in time of quiet too ! To the point ! did my brother of Austria invite thee ? Did he, or did he not ?

Alexis May I answer without doing an injury or disservice to his Imperial Majesty ?

Peter Thou mayest What injury canst thou or any one do, by the tongue, to such as he is ?

Alexis At the moment, no, he did not Nor indeed can I assert that he at any time invited me but he said he pitied me

Peter About what ? hold thy tongue let that pass Princes never pity but when they would make traitors then their hearts grow tenderer than tripe He pitied thee, kind soul, when he would throw thee at thy father's head, but finding thy father too strong for him, he now commiserates the parent, laments the son's rashness and disobedience, and would not make God angry for the world At first, however, there must have been some overture on his part, otherwise thou art too shamefaced for intrusion Come thou hast never had wit enough to lie tell me the truth, the whole truth

Alexis He said that, if ever I wanted an asylum, his court was open to me

Peter Open ! so is the tavern, but folks pay for what they get there Open truly ! and didst thou find it so ?

Alexis He received me kindly.

Peter I see he did

Alexis Derision, O my father, is not the fate I merit

Peter True, true ! it was not intended

Alexis Kind father ! punish me then as you will

Peter Villain ! wouldst thou kiss my hand too ? Art thou ignorant that the Austrian threw thee away from him, with the same indifference as he would the outermost leaf of a sandy sunburnt lettuce ?

Alexis Alas ! I am not ignorant of this

Peter He dismissed thee at my order If I had demanded from him his daughter, to be the bed-fellow of a Kalmuc, he would have given her, and praised God

Alexis O father ! is his baseness my crime ?

Peter No, thine is greater Thy intention, I know, is to subvert the institutions it has been the labour of my lifetime to establish Thou hast never rejoiced at my victories

Alexis I have rejoiced at your happiness and your safety

Peter Liar ! coward ! traitor ! when the Polanders and Swedes fell before me, didst thou from thy soul congratulate me ? Didst thou get drunk at home or abroad, or praise the Lord of Hosts and Saint Nicolas ? Wert thou not silent and civil and low-spirited ?

Alexis I lamented the irretrievable loss of human life, I lamented that the bravest and noblest were swept away the first, that the gentlest and most domestic were the earliest mourners, that frugality was supplanted by intemperance, that order was succeeded by confusion, and that your majesty was destroying the glorious plans you alone were capable of devising

Peter I destroy them ! how ? Of what plans art thou speaking ?

Alexis Of civilizing the Muscovites The Polanders in part were civilized the Swedes more than any other nation on the continent, and so excellently versed were they in military science, and so courageous, that every man you killed cost you seven or eight

Peter Thou liest, nor six And civilized for-

sooth ! Why, the robes of the metropolitan, him at Upsal, are not worth three ducats, between Jew and Livornese I have no notion that Poland and Sweden shall be the only countries that produce great princes What right have they to such as Gustavus and Sobieski ? Europe ought to look to this, before discontent becomes general, and the people does to us what we have the privilege of doing to the people I am wasting my words there is no arguing with positive fools like thee So thou wouldst have desired me to let the Polanders and Swedes lie still and quiet ! Two such powerful nations !

Alexis For that reason and others I would have gladly seen them rest, until our own people had increased in numbers and prosperity

Peter And thus thou disputest my right, before my face, to the exercise of the supreme power

Alexis Sir ! God forbid !

Peter God forbid indeed ! What care such villains as thou art what God forbids ! He forbids the son to be disobedient to the father he forbids he forbids twenty things I do not wish, and will not have, a successor who dreams of dead people

Alexis My father ! I have dreamt of none such

Peter Thou hast, and hast talked about them

Scythians I think they call 'em Now who told thee, Mr Professor, that the Scythians were a happier people than we are, that they were inoffensive, that they were free, that they wandered with their carts from pasture to pasture, from river to river, that they traded with good faith ; that they fought with good courage, that they injured none, invaded none, and feared none ?

At this rate I have effected nothing The great founder of Rome, I heard in Holland, slew his brother for despising the weakness of his walls and shall the founder of this better place spare a degenerate son, who prefers a vagabond life to a civilized one, a cart to a city, a Scythian to a Muscovite ? Have I not shaved my people, and breeched them ? Have I not formed them into regular armies, with bands of music and haversacks ? Are bows better than cannon ? shepherds than dragoons, mare's milk than brandy, raw steaks than broiled ? Thine are tenets that strike at the root of politeness and sound government Every prince in Europe is interested in rooting them out by fire and sword There is no other way with false doctrines breath against breath does little

Alexis Sire, I never have attempted to disseminate my opinions

Peter How couldst thou ? the seed would fall only upon granite Those, however, who caught it brought it to me

Alexis Never have I undervalued civilization on the contrary, I regretted whatever impeded it In my opinion, the evils that have been attributed to it, sprang from its imperfections and voids, and no nation has yet acquired it more than very scantily

Peter How so ? give me thy reasons, thy fancies rather, for reason thou hast none

Alexis When I find the first of men, in rank and genius, hating one another, and becoming slanderers and liars in order to lower and vilify an opponent, when I hear the God of mercy invoked to massacres, and thanked for furthering what he reprobates and condemns,—I look back

in vain on any barbarous people for worse barbarism I have expressed my admiration of our forefathers, who, not being Christians, were yet more virtuous than those who are, more temperate, more just, more sincere, more chaste, more peaceable

Peter Malignant atheist !

Alexis Indeed, my father, were I malignant I must be an atheist, for malignity is contrary to the command, and inconsistent with the belief, of God

Peter Am I Czar of Muscovy, and hear discourses on reason and religion ! from my own son too ! No, by the Holy Trinity ! thou art no son of mine If thou touchest my knee again, I crack thy knuckles with this tobacco-stopper I wish it were a sledge-hammer for thy sake Off, sycophant ! Off, runaway slave !

Alexis Father ! father ! my heart is broken ! If I have offended, forgive me !

Peter The state requires thy signal punishment

Alexis If the state requires it, be it so but let my father's anger cease !

Peter The world shall judge between us I will brand thee with infamy

Alexis Until now, O father ! I never had a proper sense of glory Hear me, O Czar ! let not a thing so vile as I am stand between you and the world ! Let none accuse you !

Peter Accuse me ! rebel ! Accuse me ! traitor !

Alexis Let none speak ill of you, O my father ! The public voice shakes the palace, the public voice penetrates the grave, it precedes the chariot of Almighty God, and is heard at the judgement-seat

Peter Let it go to the devil ! I will have none of it here in Petersburg Our church says nothing about it , our laws forbid it As for thee , unnatural brute , I have no more to do with thee neither !

Ho there ! chancellor ! What ! come at last ! Wert napping , or counting thy ducats ?

Chancellor Your majesty's will and pleasure !

Peter Is the senate assembled in that room ?

Chancellor Every member , sire

Peter Conduct this youth with thee , and let them judge him thou understandest me

Chancellor Your majesty's commands are the breath of our nostrils

Peter If these rascals are remiss , I will try my new cargo of Livonian hemp upon 'em

Chancellor (returning) Sire ! sire !

Peter Speak , fellow ! Surely they have not condemned him to death , without giving themselves time to read the accusation , that thou comest back so quickly

Chancellor No , sire ! Nor has either been done

Peter Then thy head quits thy shoulders

Chancellor O sire !

Peter Curse thy silly sires ! what art thou about ?

Chancellor Alas ! he fell

Peter Tie him up to thy chair then Cowardly beast ! what made him fall ?

Chancellor The hand of Death , the name of father

Peter Thou puzzlest me , prythee speak plainlier

Chancellor We told him that his crime was proven and manifest , that his life was forfeited

Peter So far, well enough

Chancellor He smiled

Peter He did ! did he ! Impudence shall do him little good Who could have expected it from that smock-face ! Go on what then ?

Chancellor He said calmly, but not without sighing twice or thrice, 'Lead me to the scaffold I am weary of life nobody loves me' I condoled with him, and wept upon his hand, holding the paper against my bosom He took the corner of it between his fingers, and said, 'Read me this paper read my death-warrant Your silence and tears have signified it, yet the law has its forms Do not keep me in suspense My father says, too truly, I am not courageous but the death that leads me to my God shall never terrify me'

Peter I have seen these white-livered knaves die resolutely I have seen them quietly fierce like white ferrets, with their watery eyes and tiny teeth You read it ?

Chancellor In part, sire ! When he heard your majesty's name, accusing him of treason and attempts at rebellion and parricide, he fell speechless We raised him up he was motionless he was dead !

Peter Inconsiderate and barbarous valet as thou art, dost thou rec'te this ill accident to a father ! And to one who has not dined ! Bring me a glass of brandy

Chancellor And it please your majesty, might I call a a

Peter Away, and bring it scamper ! All equally and alike shall obey and serve me.

Hearkye ! bring the bottle with it I must

cool myself and hearkye ! a rasher of bacon on thy life ! and some pickled sturgeon, and some krout and caviar, and good strong cheese — *Imaginary Conversations*

JOSEPH SCALIGER AND MONTAIGNE

Montaigne What could have brought you, M de l'Escale, to visit the old man of the mountain, other than a good heart ? Oh how delighted and charmed I am to hear you speak such excellent Gascon You rise early, I see you must have risen with the sun, to be here at this hour, it is a stout half-hour's walk from the brook I have capital white wine, and the best cheese in Auvergne You saw the goats and the two cows before the castle

Pierre, thou hast done well set it upon the table, and tell Master Matthew to split a couple of chickens and broil them, and to pepper but one Do you like pepper, M de l'Escale ?

Scaliger Not much

Montaigne Hold hard let the pepper alone I hate it Tell him to broil plenty of ham, only two slices at a time, upon his salvation

Scaliger This, I perceive, is the antechamber to your library here are your every-day books

Montaigne Faith ! I have no other These are plenty, methinks, is not that your opinion ?

Scaliger You have great resources within yourself, and therefore can do with fewer

Montaigne Why, how many now do you think here may be ?

Scaliger I did not believe at first that there could be above fourscore

Montaigne Well ! are fourscore few ? are we talking of peas and beans ?

Scaliger I and my father (put together) have written wellnigh as many

Montaigne Ah ! to write them is quite another thing but one reads books without a spui, or even a pat from our Lady Vanity How do you like my wine ?—it comes from the little knoll yonder you cannot see the vines, those chestnut trees are between

Scaliger The wine is excellent, light, odoriferous, with a smartness like a sharp child's prattle

Montaigne It never goes to the head nor pulls the nerves, which many do as if they were guitar-strings I drink a couple of bottles a day, winter and summer, and never am the worse for 't You gentlemen of the Agennois have better in your province, and indeed the very best under the sun I do not wonder that the Parliament of Bordeaux should be jealous of their privileges, and call it Bordeaux Now, if you prefer your own country wine, only say it I have several bottles in my cellar, with corks as long as rapiers, and as polished I do not know, M de l'Escale, whether you are particular in these matters not quite, I should imagine, so great a judge in them, as in others ?

Scaliger I know three things—wine, poetry, and the world

Montaigne You know one too many, then I hardly know whether I know anything about poetry, for I like Clem Marot better than Ronsard Ronsard is so plaguily stiff and stately, where there is no occasion for it, I verily do think that the man must have slept with his wife in a cuirass

Scaliger It pleases me greatly that you like Marot His version of the Psalms is lately set to music, and added to the New Testament, of Geneva

Montaigne It is putting a slice of honeycomb into a barrel of vinegar, which will never grow the sweeter for it

Scaliger Surely you do not think in this fashion of the New Testament ?

Montaigne Who supposes it ? Whatever is mild and kindly is there But Jack Calvin has thrown bird-lime and vitriol upon it, and whoever but touches the cover dirties his fingers or burns them

Scaliger Calvin is a very great man, I do assure you, M de Montaigne

Montaigne I do not like your very great men who beckon me to them, call me their begotten, their dear child, and their entrails, and, if I happen to say on any occasion, ' I beg leave, sir, to dissent a little from you,' stamp and cry, ' The devil you do ! ' and whistle to the executioner

Scaliger You exaggerate, my worthy friend !

Montaigne Exaggerate, do I, M de l'Escale ? What was it he did the other day to the poor devil there with an odd name ?—Melanchthon, I think it is

Scaliger I do not know I have received no intelligence of late from Geneva

Montaigne It was but last night that our curate rode over from Lyons (he made two days of it as you may suppose) and supped with me He told me that Jack had got his old friend hanged and burned I could not join him in the joke, for I find none such in the New Testament, on

which he would have founded it , and, if it is one, it is not in my manner or to my taste

Scaliger I cannot well believe the report, my dear sir He was rather urgent, indeed, on the combustion of the heretic Michael Servetus some years past

Montaigne A thousand to one, my spiritual guide mistook the name He has heard of both, I warrant him, and thinks in his conscience that either is as good a roast as the other

Scaliger Theologians are proud and intolerant, and truly the farthest of all men from theology, if theology means the rational sense of religion, or indeed has anything to do with it in any way Melanchthon was the very best of the reformers , quiet, sedate, charitable, intrepid, firm in friendship, ardent in faith, acute in argument, and profound in learning

Montaigne Who cares about his argumentation or his learning, if he was the rest ?

Scaliger I hope you will suspend your judgement on this affair until you receive some more certain and positive information

Montaigne I can believe it of the Sieur Calvin

Scaliger I cannot John Calvin is a grave man, orderly and reasonable

Montaigne In my opinion he has not the order nor the reason of my cook Mat never took a man for a sicking-pig, cleaning and scraping and bristling and roasting him , nor ever twitched God by the sleeve and swore he should not have his own way

Scaliger M de Montaigne, have you ever studied the doctrine of predestination ?

Montaigne I should not understand it, if I had ,

and I would not break through an old fence merely to get into a cavern I would not give a fig or a fig-leaf to know the truth of it, as far as any man can teach it me Would it make me honester or happier, or, in other things, wiser ?

Scaliger I do not know whether it would materially

Montaigne I should be an egregious fool then to care about it Our disputes on controverted points have filled the country with missionaries and cut-throats Both parties have shown a disposition to turn this comfortable old house of mine into a fortress If I had inclined to either, the other would have done it Come, walk about it with me , after a ride, you can do nothing better to take off fatigue

Scaliger A most spacious kitchen !

Montaigne Look up !

Scaliger You have twenty or more fitches of bacon hanging there

Montaigne And if I had been a doctor or a captain, I should have had a cobweb and predestination in the place of them Your soldiers of the *religion* on the one side, and of the *good old faith* on the other, would not have left unto me safe and sound even that good old woman there

Scaliger Oh yes they would, I hope

Old Woman Why dost giggle, Mat ? What should he know about the business ? He speaks mighty bad French, and is as spiteful as the devil Praised be God, we have a kind master, who thinks about us, and feels for us

Scaliger Upon my word, M de Montaigne, this gallery is an interesting one

Montaigne I can show you nothing but my

house and my dairy We have no chase in the month of May, you know, unless you would like to bait the badger in the stable This is rare sport in rainy days

Scaliger Are you in earnest, M de Montaigne ?

Montaigne No, no, no, I cannot afford to worry him outright, only a little for pastime—a morning's merriment for the dogs and wenches

Scaliger You really are then of so happy a temperament that, at your time of life, you can be amused by baiting a badger ?

Montaigne Why not ? Your father, a wiser and graver and older man than I am, was amused by baiting a professor or critic I have not a dog in the kennel that would treat the badger worse than brave Julius treated Cardan and Erasmus and some dozens more We are all childish, old as well as young, and our very last tooth would fain stick, M de l'Escale, in some tender place of a neighbour Boys laugh at a person who falls in the dirt, men laugh rather when they make him fall, and most when the dirt is of their own laying

Is not the gallery rather cold after the kitchen ? We must go through it to get into the court where I keep my tame rabbits, the stable is hard by come along, come along

Scaliger Permit me to look a little at those banners Some of them are old indeed

Montaigne Upon my word, I blush to think I never took notice how they are tattered I have no fewer than three women in the house, and in a summer's evening, only two hours long, the worst of these rags might have been darned across

Scaliger You would not have done it surely ?

Montaigne I am not over-thrifty the women
might have been better employed It is as well
as it is then, ay ?

Scaliger I think so

Montaigne So be it

Scaliger They remind me of my own family,
we being descended from the great Cane della
Scala, Prince of Verona, and from the House of
Hapsburg, as you must have heard from my
father

Montaigne What signifies it to the world
whether the great Cane was tied to his grand-
mother or not ? As for the House of Hapsburg,
if you could put together as many such houses as
would make up a city larger than Cairo they would
not be worth his study, or a sheet of paper on the
table of it — *Imaginary Conversations*

THE DREAM OF BOCCACCIO

*Boccaccio relates to Petrarca his dream of Fiametta,
his dead love*

Boccaccio I prayed, and my breast, after some
few tears, grew calmer Yet sleep did not ensue
until the break of morning, when the dropping of
soft rain on the leaves of the fig-tree at the window,
and the chirping of a little bird, to tell another
there was shelter under them, brought me repose
and slumber Scarcely had I closed my eyes, if
indeed time can be reckoned any more in sleep
than in heaven, when my Fiametta seemed to
have led me into the meadow You will see it below
you turn away that branch gently ! gently !
do not break it, for the little bird sat there

Petrarca I think, Giovanni I can divine the place Although this fig-tree, growing out of the wall between the cellar and us, is fantastic enough in its branches, yet that other which I see yonder, bent down and forced to crawl along the grass by the prepotency of the young shapely walnut-tree, is much more so It forms a seat, about a cubit above the ground, level and long enough for several

Boccaccio Ha ! you fancy it must be a favourite spot with me, because of the two strong forked stakes wherewith it is propped and supported !

Petrarca Poets know the haunts of poets at first sight, and he who loved Laura O Laura ! did I say he who *loved* thee ? hath whisperings where those feet would wander which have been restless after Fiametta

Boccaccio It is true, my imagination has often conducted her thither, but here in this chamber she appeared to me more visibly in a dream

‘Thy prayers have been heard, O Giovanni,’ said she

I sprang to embrace her

‘Do not spill the water ! Ah ! you have spilt a part of it’

I then observed in her hand a crystal vase A few drops were sparkling on the sides and running down the rim a few were trickling from the base and from the hand that held it

‘I must go down to the brook,’ said she, and fill it again as it was filled before’

What a moment of agony was this to me ! Could I be certain how long might be her absence ? She went I was following she made a sign for me to turn back I disobeyed her only an instant yet

my sense of disobedience, increasing my feebleness and confusion, made me lose sight of her. In the next moment she was again at my side, with the cup quite full. I stood motionless. I feared my breath might shake the water over. I looked her in the face for her commands and to see it to see it so calm, so beneficent, so beautiful. I was forgetting what I had prayed for, when she lowered her head, tasted of the cup, and gave it me. I drank, and suddenly sprang forth before me, many groves and palaces and gardens, and their statues and their avenues, and their labyrinths of alaternus and bay, and alcoves of citron, and watchful loopholes in the retirements of impenetrable pomegranate. Farther off, just below where the fountain slept away from its marble hall and guardian gods, arose, from their beds of moss and drosera and darkest grass, the sisterhood of oleanders, fond of tantalizing with their bosomed flowers and their moist and pouting blossoms the little shy rivulet, and of covering its face with all the colours of the dawn. My dream expanded and moved forward. I trod again the dust of Posilipo, soft as the feathers in the wings of Sleep. I emerged on Baia, I crossed her innumerable arches, I loitered in the breezy sunshine of her mole, I trusted the faithful seclusion of her caverns, the keepers of so many secrets, and I reposed on the buoyancy of her tepid sea. Then Naples, and her theatres and her churches, and grottoes and dells and forts and promontories, rushed forward in confusion, now among soft whispers, now among sweetest sounds, and subsided, and sank, and disappeared. Yet a memory seemed to come fresh from every one each had

time enough for its tale, for its pleasure, for its reflection, for its pang As I mounted with silent steps the narrow staircase of the old palace, how distinctly did I feel against the palm of my hand the coldness of that smooth stone-work, and the greater of the cramps of iron in it !

‘ Ah me ! is this forgetting ? ’ cried I anxiously to Fiametta

‘ We must recall these scenes before us,’ she replied ‘ such is the punishment of them Let us hope and believe that the apparition, and the compunction which must follow it, will be accepted as the full penalty, and that both will pass away almost together ’

I feared to lose anything attendant on her presence I feared to approach her forehead with my lips I feared to touch the lily on its long wavy leaf in her hair, which filled my whole heart with fragrance Venerating, adoring, I bowed my head at last to kiss her snow-white robe, and trembled at my presumption And yet the effulgence of her countenance vivified while it chastened me I loved her I must not say *more* than ever *better* than ever, it was Fiametta who had inhabited the skies As my hand opened toward her,

‘ Beware ! ’ said she, faintly smiling, ‘ beware, Giovanni ! Take only the crystal, take it, and drink again ’

‘ Must all be then forgotten ? ’ said I sorrowfully

‘ Remember your prayer and mine, Giovanni ’ Shall both have been granted O how much worse than in vain ? ’

I drank instantly, I drank largely How cool my bosom grew, how could it grow so cool before her ! But it was not to remain in its quiescency,

its trials were not yet over I will not, Francesco ! no, I may not commemorate the incidents she related to me, nor which of us said, ' I blush for having loved *first* , ' nor which of us replied, ' Say *least*, say *least*, and blush again '

The charm of the words (for I felt not the encumbrance of the body nor the acuteness of the spirit) seemed to possess me wholly Although the water gave me strength and comfort, and somewhat of celestial pleasure, many tears fell around the border of the vase as she held it up before me, exhorting me to take courage, and inviting me with more than exhortation to accomplish my deliverance She came nearer, more tenderly, more earnestly , she held the dewy globe with both hands, leaning forward, and sighed and shook her head, drooping at my pusillanimity It was only when a ringlet had touched the rim, and perhaps the water (for a sunbeam on the surface could never have given it such a golden hue) that I took courage, clasped it, and exhausted it Sweet as was the water, sweet as was the serenity it gave me alas ! that also which it moved away from me was sweet !

' This time you can trust me alone,' said she, and parted my hair, and kissed my brow Again she went toward the brook again my agitation, my weakness, my doubt, came over me nor could I see her while she raised the water, nor knew I whence she drew it When she returned, she was close to me at once she smiled her smile pierced me to the bones it seemed an angel's She sprinkled the pure water on me , she looked most fondly , she took my hand , she suffered me to press hers to my bosom , but, whether by design

I cannot tell, she let fall a few drops of the chilly element between

‘And now, O my beloved!’ said she, ‘we have consigned to the bosom of God our earthly joys and sorrows. The joys cannot return, let not the sorrows. These alone would trouble my repose among the blessed.’

‘Trouble thy repose!’ Fiametta! Give me the chalice!’ cried I. ‘not a drop will I leave in it, not a drop.’

‘Take it!’ said that soft voice. ‘O now most dear Giovanni! I know thou hast strength enough, and there is but little at the bottom lies our first kiss.’

‘Mine!’ didst thou say, beloved one? and is that left thee still?’

‘*Mine*,’ said she, pensively, and as she abased her head, the broad leaf of the lily hid her brow and her eyes, the light of heaven shone through the flower.

‘O Fiametta! Fiametta!’ cried I in agony, ‘God is the God of mercy, God is the God of love. Can I, can I ever?’ I struck the chalice against my head, unmindful that I held it, the water covered my face and my feet. I started up, not yet awake, and I heard the name of Fiametta in the curtains—*Imaginary Conversations*

THE DREAM OF PETRARCA

An Allegory of Love, Sleep, and Death

WEARIED with the length of my walk over the mountains, and finding a soft old molehill, covered with grey grass, by the way-side, I laid my head upon it, and slept. I cannot tell how long it was before a species of dream or vision came over me

Two beautiful youths appeared beside me, each was winged, but the wings were hanging down, and seemed ill adapted to flight. One of them, whose voice was the softest I ever heard, looking at me frequently, said to the other,

‘He is under my guardianship for the present do not awaken him with that feather’

Methought, hearing the whisper, I saw something like the feather on an arrow, and then the arrow itself, the whole of it, even to the point, although he carried it in such a manner that it was difficult at first to discover more than a palm’s length of it the rest of the shaft, and the whole of the barb, was behind his ankles

‘This feather never awakens any one,’ replied he, rather petulantly, ‘but it brings more of confident security, and more of cherished dreams, than you without me are capable of imparting’

‘Be it so!’ answered the gentler ‘none is less inclined to quarrel or dispute than I am. Many whom you have wounded grievously, call upon me for succour. But so little am I disposed to thwart you, it is seldom I venture to do more for them than to whisper a few words of comfort in passing. How many reproaches on these occasions have been cast upon me for indifference and infidelity! Nearly as many, and nearly in the same terms, as upon you!’

‘Odd enough that we, O Sleep! should be thought so alike!’ said Love, contemptuously ‘Yonder is he who bears a nearer resemblance to you the dullest have observed it’ I fancied I turned my eyes to where he was pointing, and saw at a distance the figure he designated. Meanwhile the contention went on uninterruptedly

Sleep was slow in asserting his power or his benefits Love recapitulated them, but only that he might assert his own above them Suddenly he called on me to decide, and to choose my patron Under the influence, first of the one, then of the other, I sprang from repose to rapture, I alighted from rapture on repose and knew not which was sweetest Love was very angry with me, and declared he would cross me throughout the whole of my existence Whatever I might on other occasions have thought of his veracity, I now felt too surely the conviction that he would keep his word At last, before the close of the altercation, the third Genius had advanced, and stood near us I cannot tell how I knew him, but I knew him to be the Genius of Death Breathless as I was at beholding him, I soon became familiar with his features First they seemed only calm, presently they grew contemplative, and lastly beautiful those of the Graces themselves are less regular, less harmonious, less composed Love glanced at him unsteadily, with a countenance in which there was somewhat of anxiety, somewhat of disdain, and cried, 'Go away! go away! nothing that thou touchest, lives'

'Say rather, child!' replied the advancing form, and advancing grew loftier and statelier, 'Say rather that nothing of beautiful or of glorious lives its own true life until my wing hath passed over it'

Love pouted, and rumped and bent down with his forefinger the stiff short feathers on his arrow-head, but replied not Although he frowned worse than ever, and at me I dreaded him less

and less, and scarcely looked toward him. The milder and calmer Genius, the third, in proportion as I took courage to contemplate him, regarded me with more and more complacency. He held neither flower nor arrow, as the others did, but, throwing back the clusters of dark curls that overshadowed his countenance, he presented to me his hand, openly and benignly. I shrank on looking at him so near, and yet I sighed to love him. He smiled, not without an expression of pity, at perceiving my diffidence, my timidity for I remembered how soft was the hand of Sleep, how warm and entrancing was Love's. By degrees, I became ashamed of my ingratitude, and turning my face away, I held out my arms, and felt my neck within his. Composure strewed and allayed all the throbbings of my bosom, the coolness of freshest morning breathed around, the heavens seemed to open above me, while the beautiful cheek of my deliverer rested on my head. I would now have looked for those others, but knowing my intention by my gesture, he said consolatorily,

'Sleep is on his way to the Earth, where many are calling him, but it is not to these he hastens, for every call only makes him fly farther off. Sedately and gravely as he looks, he is nearly as capricious and volatile as the more arrogant and ferocious one.'

'And Love!' said I, 'whither is he departed? It not too late, I would propitiate and appease him.'

'He who cannot follow me, he who cannot overtake and pass me,' said the Genius, 'is unworthy of the name, the most glorious in earth or

heaven Look up ! Love is yonder, and ready to receive thee '

I looked the earth was under me I saw only the clear blue sky, and something brighter above it — *Imaginary Conversations*

ROGER ASCHAM AND LADY JANE GREY

Ascham Thou art going, my dear young lady, into a most awful state, thou art passing into matrimony and great wealth God hath willed it submit in thankfulness

Thy affections are rightly placed and well distributed Love is a secondary passion in those who love most, a primary in those who love least He who is inspired by it in a high degree, is inspired by honour in a higher it never reaches its plenitude of growth and perfection but in the most exalted minds Alas ! alas !

Jane What aileth my virtuous Ascham ? what is amiss ? why do I tremble ?

Ascham I remember a sort of prophecy, made three years ago it is a prophecy of thy condition and of my feelings on it Recollectest thou who wrote, sitting upon the sea-beach the evening after an excursion to the Isle of Wight, these verses ?

Invisibly bright water ! so like air,
On looking down I feared thou couldst not bear
My little bark, of all light barks most light,
And look'd again, and drew me from the sight,
And, hanging back, breath'd each fresh gale aghast,
And held the bench, not to go on so fast

Jane I was very childish when I composed them, and, if I had thought any more about the

matter, I should have hoped you had been too generous to keep them in your memory as witnesses against me

Ascham Nay, they are not much amiss for so young a girl, and there being so few of them, I did not reprove thee Half an hour, I thought, might have been spent more unprofitably, and I now shall believe it firmly, if thou wilt but be led by them to meditate a little on the similarity of situation in which thou then wert to what thou art now in

Jane I will do it, and whatever else you command, for I am weak by nature and very timorous, unless where a strong sense of duty holdeth and supporteth me There God acteth, and not his creature

Those were with me at sea who would have been attentive to me if I had seemed to be afraid, even though worshipful men and women were in the company, so that something more powerful threw my fear overboard Yet I never will go again upon the water

Ascham Exercise that beauteous couple, that mind and body, much and variously, but at home, at home, Jane ! indoors, and about things indoors, for God is there too We have rocks and quicksands on the banks of our Thames, O lady, such as Ocean never heard of, and many (who knows how soon !) may be engulfed in the current under their garden-walls

Jane Thoroughly do I now understand you Yes indeed, I have read evil things of courts, but I think nobody can go out bad who entereth good, if timely and true warning shall have been given

Ascham I see perils on perils which thou dost

not see, albeit thou art wiser than thy poor old master And it is not because Love hath blinded thee, for that surpasseth his supposed omnipotence, but it is because thy tender heart, having always leant affectionately upon good, hath felt and known nothing of evil

I once persuaded thee to reflect much let me now persuade thee to avoid the habitude of reflection, to lay aside books, and to gaze carefully and stedfastly on what is under and before thee

Jane I have well bethought me of my duties O how extensive they are! what a goodly and fair inheritance! But tell me, would you command me never more to read Cicero and Epictetus and Plutarch and Polybius? The others I do resign they are good for the arbour and for the gravel-walk yet leave unto me, I beseech you, my friend and father, leave unto me for my fire-side and for my pillow, truth, eloquence, courage, constancy

Ascham Read them on thy marriage-bed, on thy child-bed, on thy death-bed Thou spotless undrooping lily, they have fenced thee right well These are the men for men these are to fashion the bright and blessed creatures whom God one day shall smile upon in thy chaste bosom Mind thou thy husband

Jane I sincerely love the youth who hath espoused me, I love him with the fondest, the most solicitous affection, I pray to the Almighty for his goodness and happiness, and do forget at times, unworthy suppliant! the prayers I should have offered for myself Never fear that I will disparage my kind religious teacher, by

disobedience to my husband in the most trying duties

Ascham Gentle is he, gentle and virtuous but time will harden him time must harden even thee, sweet Jane ! Do thou, complacently and indirectly, lead him from ambition

Jane He is contented with me and with home

Ascham Ah Jane ! Jane ! men of high estate grow tired of contentedness

Jane He told me he never liked books unless I read them to him I will read them to him every evening I will open new worlds to him richer than those discovered by the Spaniard I will conduct him to treasures, O what treasures ! on which he may sleep in innocence and peace

Ascham Rather do thou walk with him, ride with him, play with him, be his faery, his page, his everything that love and poetry have invented , but watch him well , sport with his fancies , turn them about like the ringlets round his cheek , and if ever he meditate on power, go toss up thy baby to his brow, and bring back his thoughts into his heart by the music of thy discourse

Teach him to live unto God and unto thee , and he will discover that women, like the plants in woods, derive their softness and tenderness from the shade —*Imaginary Conversations*

STORY OF JOHN WELLERBY

ETHELBERT ! I think thou walkest but little , otherwise I should take thee with me, some fine fresh morning, as far as unto the first hamlet on the Cherwell There lies young Wellerby, who, the year before, was wont to pass many hours of

the day poetizing amid the ruins of Godstow nunnery It is said that he bore a fondness toward a young maiden in that place, formerly a village, now containing but two old farm-houses In my memory there were still extant several dormitories Some love-sick girl had recollected an ancient name, and had engraven on a stone with a garden-nail, which lay in rust near it,

POORE ROSAMUND

I entered these precincts, and beheld a youth of manly form and countenance, washing and wiping a stone with a handful of wet grass, and on my going up to him, and asking what he had found, he showed it to me The next time I saw him was near the banks of the Cherwell He had tried, it appears, to forget or overcome his foolish passion, and had applied his whole mind unto study He was foiled by his competitor, and now he sought consolation in poetry Whether this opened the wounds that had closed in his youthful breast, and malignant Love, in his revenge, poisoned it, or whether the disappointment he had experienced in finding others preferred to him, first in the paths of fortune, then in those of the muses, he was thought to have died broken-hearted

About half a mile from St John's College is the termination of a natural terrace, with the Cherwell close under it, in some places bright with yellow and red flowers glancing and glowing through the stream, and suddenly in others dark with the shadows of many different trees, in broad overbending thickets, and with rushes spear-high, and party-coloured flags

After a walk in midsummer, the immersion of our hands into the cool and closing grass is surely not the least among our animal delights. I was just seated, and the first sensation of rest vibrated in me gently, as though it were music to the limbs, when I discovered by a hollow in the herbage that another was near. The long meadow-sweet and blooming burnet half-concealed from me him whom the earth was about to hide totally and for ever.

'Master Batchelor!' said I, 'it is ill-sleeping by the water-side.'

No answer was returned. I arose, went to the place, and recognized poor Wellerby. His brow was moist, his cheek was warm. A few moments earlier, and that dismal lake whereunto and wherefrom the waters of life, the buoyant blood, ran no longer, might have received one vivifying ray reflected from my poor casement. I might not indeed have comforted. I have often failed but there is one who never has, and the strengthener of the bruised reed should have been with us.

Remembering that his mother did abide one mile farther on, I walked forward to the mansion, and asked her what tidings she lately had received of her son. She replied, that having given up his mind to light studies, the fellows of the college would not elect him. The master had warned beforehand to abandon his selfish poetry, take up manfully the quarterstaff of logic, and wield it for St John's, come who would into the ring. 'We want our man,' said he to me, 'and your son hath failed us in the hour of need. Madam, he hath been foully beaten in the schools by one he might

have swallowed, with due exercise' I rated him, told him I was poor, and he knew it. He was stung, and threw himself upon my neck, and wept. Twelve days have passed since, and only three rainy ones. I hear he has been seen upon the knoll yonder, but hither he hath not come. I trust he knows at last the value of time, and I shall be heartily glad to see him after this accession of knowledge. Twelve days it is true, are rather a chink than a gap in time, yet, O gentle sir! they are that chink which makes the vase quite valueless. There are light words which may never be shaken off the mind they fall on. My child, who was hurt by me, will not let me see the marks.' 'Lady!' said I, 'none are left upon him. Be comforted! thou shalt see him this hour. All that thy God hath not taken is yet thine.'

She looked at me earnestly, and would have then asked something, but her voice failed her. There was no agony, no mot on, save in the lips and cheeks. Being the widow of one who fought under Hawkins, she remembered his courage and sustained the shock saying calmly, 'God's will be done! I pray that he find me as worthy as He findeth me willing to join them.'

Now, in her unearthly thoughts, she had led her only son to the bosom of her husband, and in her spirit (which often is permitted to pass the gates of death with holy love) she left them both with their Creator.

The curate of the village sent those who should bring home the body, and some days afterward he came unto me, beseeching me to write the epitaph. Being no friend to stone-cutters' charges,

I entered not into biography, but wrote these few words

JOANNES WELLERBY,
LITERARUM QUÆSIVIT GLORIAM,
VIDET DEI

*The Citation and Examination of
William Shakespeare*

HENRY HALLAM

1777-1859

THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION

The government of England, in all times recorded by history, has been one of those mixed or limited monarchies which the Celtic and Gothic tribes appear universally to have established, in preference to the coarse despotism of eastern nations, to the more artificial tyranny of Rome and Constantinople, or to the various models of republican polity which were tried upon the coasts of the Mediterranean Sea. It bore the same general features, it belonged, as it were, to the same family, as the governments of almost every European state, though less resembling, perhaps, that of France than any other. But, in the course of many centuries, the boundaries which determined the sovereign's prerogative and the people's liberty or power having seldom been very accurately defined by law, or at least by such law as was deemed fundamental and unchangeable, the forms and principles of political regimen in these different nations became

more divergent from each other, according to their peculiar dispositions, the revolutions they underwent, or the influence of personal character England, more fortunate than the rest, had acquired in the fifteenth century a just reputation for the goodness of her laws and the security of her citizens from oppression

This liberty had been the slow fruit of ages, still waiting a happier season for its perfect ripeness, but already giving proof of the vigour and industry which had been employed in its culture I have endeavoured, in a work of which this may in a certain degree be reckoned a continuation, to trace the leading events and causes of its progress It will be sufficient in this place briefly to point out the principal circumstances in the polity of England at the accession of Henry VII

The essential checks upon the royal authority were five in number 1 The king could levy no sort of new tax upon his people, except by the grant of his parliament, consisting as well of bishops and mitred abbots, or lords spiritual, and of hereditary peers or temporal lords, who sat and voted promiscuously in the same chamber, as of representatives from the freeholders of each county, and from the burgesses of many towns and less considerable places, forming the lower or commons' house 2 The previous assent and authority of the same assembly was necessary for every new law, whether of a general or temporary nature 3 No man could be committed to prison but by a legal warrant specifying his offence, and by a usage nearly tantamount to constitutional right, he must be speedily brought to trial by means of regular sessions of gaol-

delivery 4 The fact of guilt or innocence on a criminal charge was determined in a public court, and in the county where the offence was alleged to have occurred, by a jury of twelve men, from whose unanimous verdict no appeal could be made Civil rights, so far as they depended on questions of fact, were subject to the same decision 5 The officers and servants of the Crown, violating the personal liberty or other right of the subject, might be sued in an action for damages, to be assessed by a jury, or, in some cases, were liable to criminal process, nor could they plead any warrant or command in their justification, not even the direct order of the king

These securities, though it would be easy to prove that they were all recognized in law, differed much in the degree of their effective operation It may be said of the first, that it was now completely established After a long contention, the kings of England had desisted for near a hundred years from every attempt to impose taxes without consent of parliament, and their recent device of demanding benevolences, or half-compulsory gifts, though very oppressive, and on that account just abolished by an act of the late usurper, Richard, was in effect a recognition of the general principle, which it sought to elude rather than transgress

The necessary concurrence of the two houses of parliament in legislation, though it could not be more unequivocally established than the former, had in earlier times been more free from all attempt or pretext of encroachment We know not of any laws that were ever enacted by our

kings without the assent and advice of their great council, though it is justly doubted, whether the representatives of the ordinary freeholders, or of the boroughs, had seats and suffrages in that assembly during seven or eight reigns after the conquest. They were then, however, ingrafted upon it with plenary legislative authority, and if the sanction of a statute were required for this fundamental axiom, we might refer to one in the 15th of Edward II (1322), which declares that 'the matters to be established for the estate of the king and of his heirs, and for the estate of the realm and of the people, should be treated, accorded, and established in parliament, by the king, and by the assent of the prelates, earls, and barons, and the commonalty of the realm, according as had been before accustomed.'

It may not be impertinent to remark in this place, that the opinion of such as have fancied the royal prerogative under the houses of Plantagenet and Tudor to have had no effectual or unquestioned limitations is decidedly refuted by the notorious fact, that no alteration in the general laws of the realm was ever made, or attempted to be made, without the consent of parliament. It is not surprising that the council, in great exigency of money, should sometimes employ force to extort it from the merchants, or that servile lawyers should be found to vindicate these encroachments of power. Impositions, like other arbitrary measures, were particular and temporary, prompted by rapacity, and endured through compulsion. But if the kings of England had been supposed to enjoy an absolute authority, we should find some proofs of it in their exercise

of the supreme function of sovereignty, the enactment of new laws Yet there is not a single instance from the first dawn of our constitutional history, where a proclamation, or order of council, has dictated any change, however trifling, in the code of private rights, or in the penalties of criminal offences Was it ever pretended that the king could empower his subjects to devise their freeholds, or to levy fines of their entailed lands ? Has even the slightest regulation as to judicial procedure, or any permanent prohibition, even in fiscal law, been ever enforced without statute ? There was, indeed, a period, later than that of Henry VII, when a control over the subject's free right of doing all things not unlawful was usurped by means of proclamations These, however, were always temporary, and did not affect to alter the established law But though it would be difficult to assert that none of this kind had ever been issued in rude and irregular times, I have not observed any under the kings of the Plantagenet name which evidently transgress the boundaries of their legal prerogative

The general privileges of the nation were far more secure than those of private men Great violence was often used by the various officers of the Crown, for which no adequate redress could be procured, the courts of justice were not strong enough, whatever might be their temper, to chastise such aggressions, juries, through intimidation or ignorance, returned such verdicts as were desired by the Crown, and, in general, there was perhaps little effective restraint upon the government, except in the two articles of levying money and enacting laws

The peers alone, a small body varying from about fifty to eighty persons, enjoyed the privileges of aristocracy, which, except that of sitting in parliament, were not very considerable, far less oppressive. All below them, even their children, were commoners, and in the eye of the law equal to each other. In the gradation of ranks, which, if not legally recognized, must still subsist through the necessary inequalities of birth and wealth, we find the gentry or principal landholders, many of them distinguished by knighthood, and all by bearing coat armour, but without any exclusive privilege, the yeomanry, or small freeholders and farmers, a very numerous and respectable body, some occupying their own estates, some those of landlords, the burgesses and inferior inhabitants of trading towns and, lastly, the peasantry and labourers. Of these, in earlier times, a considerable part, though not perhaps so very large a proportion as is usually taken for granted, had been in the ignominious state of villenage, incapable of possessing property but at the will of their lords. They had, however, gradually been raised above this servitude, many had acquired a stable possession of lands under the name of copyholders, and the condition of mere villenage was become rare.

The three courts at Westminster—the King's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer—consisting each of four or five judges, administered justice to the whole kingdom, the first having an appellate jurisdiction over the second, and the third being in a great measure confined to causes affecting the Crown's property. But as all suits relating to land, as well as most others, and all

criminal indictments, could only be determined, so far as they depended upon oral evidence, by a jury of the county, it was necessary that justices of assize and gaol-delivery, being in general the judges of the courts at Westminster, should travel into each county, commonly twice a year, in order to try issues of fact, so called in distinction from issues of law, where the suitors, admitting all essential facts, disputed the rule applicable to them. By this device, which is as ancient as the reign of Henry II, the fundamental privilege of trial by jury, and the convenience of private suitors, as well as accused persons, was made consistent with a uniform jurisprudence, and though the reference of every legal question, however insignificant, to the courts above must have been inconvenient and expensive in a still greater degree than at present, it had doubtless a powerful tendency to knit together the different parts of England, to check the influence of feudality and clanship, to make the inhabitants of distant counties better acquainted with the capital city and more accustomed to the course of government, and to impair the spirit of provincial patriotism and animosity. The minor tribunals of each county, hundred, and manor, respectable for their antiquity and for their effect in preserving a sense of freedom and justice, had in a great measure, though not probably so much as in modern times, gone into disuse. In a few counties there still remained a palatine jurisdiction, exclusive of the king's courts, but in these the common rules of law and the mode of trial by jury were preserved. Justices of the peace, appointed out of the gentlemen of each county,

inquired into criminal charges, committed offenders to prison, and tried them at their quarterly sessions, according to the same forms as the judges of gaol-delivery. The chartered towns had their separate jurisdiction under the municipal magistracy.

The laws against theft were severe, and capital punishments unsparingly inflicted. Yet they had little effect in repressing acts of violence, to which a rude and licentious state of manners, and very imperfect dispositions for preserving the public peace, naturally gave rise. These were frequently perpetrated or instigated by men of superior wealth and power, above the control of the mere officers of justice. Meanwhile the kingdom was increasing in opulence, the English merchants possessed a large share of the trade of the north, and a woollen manufacture, established in different parts of the kingdom, had not only enabled the legislature to restrain the import of cloths, but had begun to supply foreign nations. The population may probably be reckoned, without any material error, at about three millions, but by no means distributed in the same proportions as at present, the northern counties, especially Lancashire and Cumberland, being very ill peopled, and the inhabitants of London and Westminster, not exceeding sixty or seventy thousand — *Constitutional History of England*

EXECUTION OF CHARLES I HIS CHARACTER

THE execution of Charles I has been mentioned in later ages by a few with unlimited praise, by some with faint and ambiguous censure, by most with vehement reprobation. My own judgement will possibly be anticipated by the reader of the preceding pages. I shall certainly not rest it on the imaginary sacredness and divine origin of royalty, nor even on the irresponsibility with which the law of almost every country invests the person of its sovereign. Far be it from me to contend that no cases may be conceived, that no instances may be found in history, wherein the sympathy of mankind and the sound principles of political justice would approve a public judicial sentence as the due reward of tyranny and perfidiousness. But we may confidently deny that Charles I was thus to be singled out as a warning to tyrants. His offences were not, in the worst interpretation, of that atrocious character which calls down the vengeance of insulted humanity, regardless of positive law. His government had been very arbitrary, but it may well be doubted whether any, even of his ministers, could have suffered death for their share in it, without introducing a principle of barbarous vindictiveness. Far from the sanguinary misanthropy of some monarchs, or the revengeful fury of others, he had in no instance displayed, nor does the minute scrutiny since made into his character entitle us to suppose, any malevolent dispositions beyond some proneness to anger, and a considerable degree of harshness in his demeanour. As for the charge

of having caused the bloodshed of the war, upon which, and not on any former misgovernment, his condemnation was grounded, it was as ill established as it would have been insufficient. Well might the Earl of Northumberland say, when the ordinance for the king's trial was before the Lords, that the greatest part of the people of England were not yet satisfied whether the king levied war first against the houses, or the houses against him. The fact, in my opinion, was entirely otherwise. It is quite another question whether the parliament were justified in their resistance to the king's legal authority. But we may contend that, when Hotham, by their command, shut the gates of Hull against his sovereign, when the militia was called out in different counties by an ordinance of the two houses, both of which preceded by several weeks any levying of forces for the king, the bonds of our constitutional law were by them and their servants snapped asunder, and it would be the mere pedantry and chicanery of political casuistry to inquire, even if the fact could be better ascertained, whether at Edgehill, or in the minor skirmishes that preceded, the first carbine was discharged by a cavalier or a round-head. The aggressor in a war is not the first who uses force, but the first who renders force necessary.

But, whether we may think this war to have originated in the king's or the parliament's aggression, it is still evident that the former had a fair cause with the nation, a cause which it was no plain violation of justice to defend. He was supported by the greater part of the Peers, by full one-third of the Commons, by the principal

body of the gentry, and a large proportion of other classes. If his adherents did not form, as I think they did not, the majority of the people, they were at least more numerous, beyond comparison, than those who demanded or approved of his death. The steady deliberate perseverance of so considerable a body in any cause takes away the right of punishment from the conquerors, beyond what their own safety or reasonable indemnification may require. The vanquished are to be judged by the rules of national, not of municipal, law. Hence, if Charles, after having by a course of victories or the defection of the people prostrated all opposition, had abused his triumph by the execution of Essex or Hampden, Fairfax or Cromwell, I think that later ages would have disapproved of their deaths as positively, though not quite as vehemently, as they have of his own. The line is not easily drawn, in abstract reasoning, between the treason which is justly punished, and the social schism which is beyond the proper boundaries of law, but the civil war of England seems plainly to fall within the latter description. These objections strike me as unanswerable, even if the trial of Charles had been sanctioned by the voice of the nation through its legitimate representatives, or at least such a fair and full convention as might, in great necessity, supply the place of lawful authority. But it was, as we all know, the act of a bold but very small minority, who having forcibly expelled their colleagues from parliament, had usurped, under the protection of a military force, that power which all England reckoned illegal. I cannot perceive what there was in the imagined solemnity

of this proceeding, in that insolent mockery of the forms of justice, accompanied by all unfairness and inhumanity in its circumstances, which can alleviate the guilt of the transaction, and if it be alleged that many of the regicides were firmly persuaded in their consciences of the right and duty of condemning the king, we may surely remember that private murderers have often had the same apology

In discussing each particular transaction in the life of Charles, as of any other sovereign, it is required by the truth of history to spare no just animadversion upon his faults, especially where much art has been employed by the writers most in repute to carry the stream of public prejudice in an opposite direction. But when we come to a general estimate of his character, we should act unfairly not to give their full weight to those peculiar circumstances of his condition in this worldly scene, which tend to account for and extenuate his failings. The station of kings is, in a moral sense, so unfavourable, that those who are least prone to servile admiration should be on their guard against the opposite error of an uncandid severity. There seems no fairer method of estimating the intrinsic worth of a sovereign, than to treat him as a subject, and to judge, so far as the history of his life enables us, what he would have been in that more private and happier condition, from which the chance of birth has excluded him. Tried by this test, we cannot doubt that Charles I would have been not altogether an amiable man, but one deserving of general esteem, his firm and conscientious virtues the same, his deviations from right far

less frequent, than upon the throne It is to be pleaded for this prince that his youth had breathed but the contaminated air of a profligate and servile court, that he had imbibed the lessons of arbitrary power from all who surrounded him, that he had been betrayed by a father's culpable blindness into the dangerous society of an ambitious, unprincipled favourite To have maintained so much correctness of morality as his enemies confess, was a proof of Charles's virtuous dispositions, but his advocates are compelled also to own that he did not escape as little injured by the poisonous adulation to which he had listened Of a temper by nature, and by want of restraint, too passionate, though not vindictive; and, though not cruel, certainly deficient in gentleness and humanity, he was entirely unfit for the very difficult station of royalty, and especially for that of a constitutional king It is impossible to excuse his violations of liberty on the score of ignorance, especially after the Petition of Right, because his impatience of opposition from his council made it unsafe to give him any advice that thwarted his determination His other great fault was want of sincerity—a fault that appeared in all parts of his life, and from which no one who has paid the subject any attention will pretend to exculpate him Those indeed who know nothing but what they find in Hume may believe, on Hume's authority, that the king's contemporaries never dreamed of imputing to him any deviation from good faith, as if the whole conduct of the parliament had not been evidently founded upon a distrust, which on many occasions they very explicitly declared But, so far as this insincerity

was shown in the course of his troubles, it was a failing which untoward circumstances are apt to produce and which the extreme hypocrisy of many among his adversaries might sometimes palliate. Few personages in history, we should recollect, have had so much of their actions revealed, and commented upon, as Charles, it is perhaps a mortifying truth that those who have stood highest with posterity, have seldom been those who have been most accurately known.

The turn of his mind was rather peculiar, and laid him open with some justice to very opposite censures—for an extreme obstinacy in retaining his opinion, and for an excessive facility in adopting that of others. But the apparent incongruity ceases, when we observe that he was tenacious of ends and irresolute as to means, better fitted to reason than to act, never swerving from a few main principles but diffident of his own judgement in its application to the course of affairs. His chief talent was an acuteness in dispute, a talent not usually much exercised by kings, but which the strange events of his life called into action. He had, unfortunately for himself, gone into the study most fashionable in that age, of polemical theology, and, though not at all learned, had read enough of the English divines to maintain their side of the current controversies with much dexterity. But this unkingly talent was a poor compensation for the continual mistakes of his judgement in the art of government and the conduct of his affairs—*Constitutional History of England*

WILLIAM HAZLITT

1778-1830

THE FIGHT

—The *fight*, the *fight's* the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King

Where there's a will, there's a way—I said so to myself, as I walked down Chancery-lane, about half-past six o'clock on Monday the 10th of December, to inquire at Jack Randall's where the fight the next day was to be, and I found 'the proverb' nothing 'musty' in the present instance. I was determined to see this fight, come what would, and see it I did, in great style. It was my *first fight*, yet it more than answered my expectations. Ladies! it is to you I dedicate this description, nor let it seem out of character for the fair to notice the exploits of the brave. Courage and modesty are the old English virtues, and may they never look cold and askance on one another! Think, ye fairest of the fair, loveliest of the lovely kind, ye practisers of soft enchantment, how many more ye kill with poisoned baits than ever fell in the ring, and listen with subdued air and without shuddering, to a tale tragic only in appearance, and sacred to the FANCY!

I was going down Chancery-lane, thinking to ask at Jack Randall's where the fight was to be, when looking through the glass-door of the *Hole in the Wall*, I heard a gentleman asking the same question at Mrs Randall, as the Author of *Waverley* would express it. Now Mrs Randall stood answering

the gentleman's question, with the authenticity of the lady of the Champion of the Light Weights. Thinks I, I'll wait till this person comes out, and learn from him how it is. For to say a truth, I was not fond of going into this house of call for heroes and philosophers, ever since the owner of it (for Jack is no gentleman) threatened once upon a time to kick me out of doors for wanting a mutton-chop at his hospitable board, when the conqueror in thirteen battles was more full of *blue run* than of good manners. I was the more mortified at this repulse, inasmuch as I had heard Mr James Simpkins, hosier in the Strand, one day when the character of the *Hole in the Wall* was brought in question, observe—'The house is a very good house, and the company quite genteel. I have been there myself!' Remembering this unkind treatment of mine host, to which mine hostess was also a party, and not wishing to put her in unquiet thoughts at a time jubilant like the present, I waited at the door, when, who should issue forth but my friend Jo Toms, and, seeing him turn suddenly up Chancery-lane with that quick jerk and impatient stride which distinguishes a lover of the FANCY, I said, 'I'll be hanged if that fellow is not going to the fight, and is on his way to get me to go with him.' So it proved in effect, and we agreed to adjourn to my lodgings to discuss measures with that cordiality which makes old friends like new, and new friends like old, on great occasions. We are cold to others only when we are dull in ourselves, and have neither thoughts nor feelings to impart to them. Give a man a topic in his head, a throb of pleasure in his heart, and he will be glad to share it with the first person he

meets Toms and I, though we seldom meet, were an *alter idem* on this memorable occasion, and had not an idea that we did not candidly impart, and 'so carelessly did we fleet the time', that I wish no better, when there is another fight, than to have him for a companion on my journey down, and to return with my friend Jack Pigott, talking of what was to happen or of what did happen, with a noble subject always at hand, and liberty to digress to others whenever they offered. Indeed, on my repeating the lines from Spenser in an involuntary fit of enthusiasm,

What more felicity can fall to creature,
Than to enjoy delight with liberty?

my last-named ingenious friend stopped me by saying that this, translated into the vulgate, meant *Going to see a fight*

Jo Toms and I could not settle about the method of going down. He said there was a caravan, he understood, to start from Tom Belcher's at two, which would go there *right out* and back again the next day. Now I never travel all night, and said I should get a cast to Newbury by one of the mails. Jo swore the thing was impossible, and I could only answer that I had made up my mind to it. In short, he seemed to me to waver, said he only came to see if I was going, had letters to write, a cause coming on the day after, and faintly said at parting (for I was bent on setting out that moment)—'Well, we meet at Philippi!' I made the best of my way to Piccadilly. The mail coach stand was bare. 'They are all gone,' said I—'this is always the way with me—in the instant I lose the future—if I had not stayed to pour out that last cup of tea, I should have been just in

time '—and, cursing my folly and ill-luck together, without inquiring at the coach-office whether the mails were gone or not, I walked on in despite, and to punish my own dilatoriness and want of determination. At any rate, I would not turn back. I might get to Hounslow, or perhaps farther, to be on my road the next morning. I passed Hyde Park Corner (my Rubicon), and trusted to fortune. Suddenly I heard the clattering of a Brentford stage, and the fight rushed full upon my fancy. I argued (not unwisely) that even a Brentford coachman was better company than my own thoughts (such as they were just then), and at his invitation mounted the box with him. I immediately stated my case to him—namely, my quarrel with myself for missing the Bath or Bristol mail, and my determination to get on in consequence as well as I could, without any disparagement or insulting comparison between longer or shorter stages. It is a maxim with me that stage-coaches, and consequently stage-coachmen, are respectable in proportion to the distance they have to travel. So I said nothing on that subject to my Brentford friend. Any incipient tendency to an abstract proposition, or (as he might have construed it) to a personal reflection of this kind, was however nipped in the bud, for I had no sooner declared indignantly that I had missed the mails, than he flatly denied that they were gone along, and lo! at the instant three of them drove by in rapid, provoking, orderly succession, as if they would devour the ground before them. Here again I seemed in the contradictory situation of the man in Dryden who exclaims,

I follow Fate, which does too hard pursue!

If I had stopped to ~~inquire~~ at the White Horse Cellar, which would not have taken me a minute, I should now have been driving down the road in all the dignified unconcern and *ideal* perfection of mechanical conveyance. The Bath mail I had set my mind upon, and I had missed it, as I had missed everything else, by my own absurdity, in putting the will for the deed, and aiming at ends without employing means. 'Sir,' said he of the Brentford, 'the Bath mail will be up presently, my brother-in-law drives it, and I will engage to stop him if there is a place empty.' I almost doubted my good genius, but sure enough, up it drove like lightning, and stopped directly at the call of the Brentford Jehu. I would not have believed this possible, but the brother-in-law of a mail-coach driver is himself no mean man. I was transferred without loss of time from the top of one coach to that of the other, assured the guard to pay my fare to the Brentford coachman for me as I had no change, was accommodated with a great coat, put up my umbrella to keep off a drizzling mist, and we began to cut through the air like an arrow. The mile-stones disappeared one after another, the rain kept off, Tom Turtle, the trainer, sat before me on the coach-box, with whom I exchanged civilities as a gentleman going to the fight, the passion that had transported me an hour before was subdued to pensive regret and conjectural musing on the next day's battle, I was promised a place inside at Reading, and upon the whole, I thought myself a lucky fellow. Such is the force of imagination! On the outside of any other coach on the 10th of December with a Scotch mist drizzling through the cloudy moonlight air, I should

have been cold, comfortless, impatient, and, no doubt, wet through, but seated on the Royal mail, I felt warm and comfortable, the air did me good, the ride did me good, I was pleased with the progress we had made, and confident that all would go well through the journey. When I got inside at Reading, I found Turtle and a stout valetudinarian, whose costume bespoke him one of the FANCY, and who had risen from a three months' sick bed to get into the mail to see the fight. They were intimate, and we fell into a lively discourse. My friend the trainer was confined in his topics to fighting dogs and men, to bears and badgers, beyond this he was 'quite chap-fallen', had not a word to throw at a dog, or indeed very wisely fell asleep, when any other game was started. The whole art of training (I, however, learnt from him) consists in two things, exercise and abstinence, abstinence and exercise, repeatedly, alternately, and without end. A yolk of an egg with a spoonful of rum in it is the first thing in a morning, and then a walk of six miles till breakfast. This meal consists of a plentiful supply of tea and toast and beef-steaks. Then another six or seven miles till dinner-time, and another supply of solid beef or mutton with a pint of porter, and perhaps, at the utmost, a couple of glasses of sherry. Martin trains on water, but this increases his infirmity on another very dangerous side. The Gas-man takes now and then a chirping glass (under the rose) to console him, during a six weeks' probation, for the absence of Mrs. Hickman—an agreeable woman, with (I understand) a pretty fortune of two hundred pounds. How matter presses on me! What stubborn things are facts! How inexhaustible

is nature and art ! ' It is well,' as I once heard Mr Richmond observe, ' to see a variety ' He was speaking of cock-fighting as an edifying spectacle I cannot deny but that one learns more of what *is* (I do not say of what *ought to be*) in this desultory mode of practical study, than from reading the same book twice over, even though it should be a moral treatise Where was I ? I was sitting at dinner with the candidate for the honours of the ring, ' where good digestion waits on appetite, and health on both ' Then follows an hour of social chat and native glee, and afterwards, to another breathing over heathy hill or dale Back to supper and then to bed, and up by six again—our hero

Follows so the ever-running sun,
With profitable *ardour*—

to the day that brings him victory or defeat in the green fairy circle Is not this life more sweet than mine ? I was going to say, but I will not libel any life by comparing it to mine, which is (at the date of these presents) bitter as coloquintida and the dregs of aconitum !

The invalid in the Bath mail soared a pitch above the trainer, and did not sleep so sound, because he had ' more figures and more fantasies ' We talked the hours away merrily He had faith in surgery, for he had had three ribs set right, that had been broken in a *turn-up* at Belcher's, but thought physicians old women, for they had no antidote in their catalogue for brandy An indigestion is an excellent common-place for two people that never met before By way of ingratiating myself, I told him the story of my doctor, who, on my earnestly representing to him that I thought his regimen had

done me harm, assured me that the whole pharmacopoeia contained nothing comparable to the prescription he had given me, and, as a proof of its undoubted efficacy, said, that 'he had had one gentleman with my complaint under his hands for the last fifteen years' This anecdote made my companion shake the rough sides of his three greatcoats with boisterous laughter, and Turtle, starting out of his sleep, swore he knew how the fight would go, for he had had a dream about it. Sure enough the rascal told us how the first three rounds went off, but 'his dream', like others, 'denoted a foregone conclusion' He knew his men. The moon now rose in silver state, and I ventured, with some hesitation, to point out this object of placid beauty, with the blue serene beyond, to the man of science, to which his ear he 'seriously inclined', the more as it gave promise *d'un beau jour* for the morrow, and showed the ring undrenched by envious showers, arrayed in sunny smiles. Just then, all going on well, I thought on my friend Toms, whom I had left behind, and said innocently, 'There was a blockhead of a fellow I left in town, who said there was no possibility of getting down by the mail, and talked of going by a caravan from Belcher's at two in the morning, after he had written some letters' 'Why,' said he of the lapels, 'I should not wonder if that was the very person we saw running about like mad from one coach-door to another, and asking if any one had seen a friend of his, a gentleman going to the fight, whom he had missed stupidly enough by staying to write a note' 'Pray, sir,' said my fellow-traveller, 'had he a plaid-cloak on?'—'Why, no,' said I, 'not at the time I left him, but he very well

might afterwards, for he offered to lend me one ' The plaid-cloak and the letter decided the thing Jo, sure enough, was in the Bristol mail, which preceded us by about fifty yards This was droll enough We had now but a few miles to our place of destination, and the first thing I did on alighting at Newbury, both coaches stopping at the same time was to call out, ' Pray, is there a gentleman in that mail of the name of Toms ? ' ' No,' said Jo, borrowing something of the vein of Gilpin, ' for I have just got out ' ' Well ! ' says he, ' this is lucky , but you don't know how vexed I was to miss you , for,' added he, lowering his voice, ' do you know when I left you I went to Belcher's to ask about the caravan, and Mrs Belcher said very obligingly, she couldn't tell about that, but there were two gentlemen who had taken places by the mail and were gone on in a landau, and she could frank us It's a pity I didn't meet with you , we could then have got down for nothing But *mum's the word* ' It's the devil for any one to tell me a secret, for it is sure to come out in print. I do not care so much to gratify a friend, but the public ear is too great a temptation to me

Our present business was to get beds and a supper at an inn , but this was no easy task The public-houses were full, and where you saw a light at a private house, and people poking their heads out of the casement to see what was going on, they instantly put them in and shut the window, the moment you seemed advancing with a suspicious overture for accommodation Our guard and coachman thundered away at the outer gate of the Crown for some time without effect—such was the greater noise within,—and when the doors were

unbarred, and we got admittance, we found a party assembled in the kitchen round a good hospitable fire, some sleeping, others drinking, others talking on politics and on the fight. A tall English yeoman (something like Matthews in the face, and quite as great a wag)—

A lusty man to ben an abbot able,—

was making such a prodigious noise about rent and taxes, and the price of corn now and formerly, that he had prevented us from being heard at the gate. The first thing I heard him say was to a shuffling fellow who wanted to be off a bet for a shilling glass of brandy and water—‘Confound it, man, don’t be *insipid*!’ Thinks I, that is a good phrase. It was a good omen. He kept it up so all night, nor flinched with the approach of morning. He was a fine fellow, with sense, wit, and spirit, a hearty body and a joyous mind free-spoken, frank, convivial—one of that true English breed that went with Harry the Fifth to the siege of Harfleur—‘standing like greyhounds in the slips,’ &c. We ordered tea and eggs (beds were soon found to be out of the question), and this fellow’s conversation was *sauce piquante*. It did one’s heart good to see him brandish his oaken towel and to hear him talk. He made mince-meat of a drunken, stupid, red-faced, quarrelsome, *frowsy* farmer, whose nose ‘he moralized into a thousand similes’, making it out a firebrand like Bardolph’s. ‘I’ll tell you what, my friend,’ says he, ‘the landlady has only to keep you here to save fire and candle. If one was to touch your nose, it would go off like a piece of charcoal.’ At this the other only grinned like an idiot, the sole variety in his purple face being his

little peering grey eyes and yellow teeth, called for another glass, swore he would not stand it, and after many attempts to provoke his humorous antagonist to single combat, which the other turned off (after working him up to a ludicrous pitch of choler) with great adroitness, he fell quietly asleep with a glass of liquor in his hand, which he could not lift to his head. His laughing persecutor made a speech over him, and turning to the opposite side of the room, where they were all sleeping in the midst of this 'loud and furious fun', said, 'There's a scene, by G—d, for Hogarth to paint. I think he and Shakespeare were our two best men at copying life!' This confirmed me in my good opinion of him. Hogarth, Shakespeare, and Nature, were just enough for him (indeed for any man) to know. I said, 'You read Cobbett, don't you?' At least, says I, 'you talk just as well as he writes.' He seemed to doubt this. But I said, 'We have an hour to spare if you'll get pen, ink, and paper, and keep on talking, I'll write down what you say, and if it doesn't make a capital Political Register, I'll forfeit my head. You have kept me alive to-night, however I don't know what I should have done without you.' He did not dislike this view of the thing, nor my asking if he was not about the size of Jem Belcher, and told me soon afterwards, in the confidence of friendship, that 'the circumstance which had given him nearly the greatest concern in his life, was Cribb's beating Jem after he had lost his eye by racket playing'—The morning dawns, that dim but yet clear light appears, which weighs like solid bars of metal on the sleepless eyelids, the guests drop down from their chambers one by one—but it

was too late to think of going to bed now (the clock was on the stroke of seven), we had nothing for it but to find a barber's (the pole that glittered in the morning sun lighted us to his shop), and then a nine miles' march to Hungerford. The day was fine, the sky was blue, the mists were retiring from the marshy ground, the path was tolerably dry, the sitting-up all night had not done us much harm—at least the cause was good, we talked of this and that with amicable difference, roving and sipping of many subjects, but still invariably we returned to the fight. At length, a mile to the left of Hungerford, on a gentle eminence, we saw the ring surrounded by covered carts, gigs, and carriages, of which hundreds had passed us on the road, Toms gave a youthful shout, and we hastened down a narrow lane to the scene of action.

Reader, have you ever seen a fight? If not, you have a pleasure to come, at least if it is a fight like that between the Gas-man and Bill Neate. The crowd was very great when we arrived on the spot, open carriages were coming up, with streamers flying and music playing, and the country-people were pouring in over hedge and ditch in all directions, to see their hero beat or be beaten. The odds were still on Gas, but only about five to four. Gully had been down to try Neate, and had backed him considerably, which was a damper to the sanguine confidence of the adverse party. About £200,000 were pending. The Gas says, he has lost £3,000, which were promised him by different gentlemen if he had won. He had presumed too much on himself, which had made others presume on him. This spirited and formidable young fellow seems to have taken for

his motto, the old maxim, that 'there are three things necessary to success in life—*Impudence ! Impudence ! Impudence !*' It is so in matters of opinion, but not in the *fancy*, which is the most practical of all things, though even here confidence is half the battle, but only half. Our friend had vapoured and swaggered too much, as if he wanted to grin and bully his adversary out of the fight. 'Alas ! the Bristol man was not so tamed !'— 'This is the *grave-digger*' (would Tom Hickman exclaim in the moments of intoxication from gin and success, showing his tremendous right hand), 'this will send many of them to their long homes, I haven't done with them yet !' Why should he—though he had licked four of the best men within the hour, yet why should he threaten to inflict dishonourable chastisement on my old master Richmond, a veteran going off the stage, and who has borne his sable honours meekly ? Magnanimity, my dear Tom, and bravery, should be inseparable. Or why should he go up to his antagonist, the first time he ever saw him at the Fives Court, and measuring him from head to foot with a glance of contempt, as Achilles surveyed Hector, say to him, 'What, are you Bill Neate ? I'll knock more blood out of that great carcase of thine, this day fortnight, than you ever knock'd out of a bullock's !' It was not manly, 'twas not fighter-like. If he was sure of the victory (as he was not), the less said about it the better. Modesty should accompany the *Fancy* as its shadow. The best men were always the best behaved. Jem Belcher, the Game Chicken (before whom the Gas-man could not have lived) were civil, silent men. So is Cribb, so is Tom Belcher, the most

elegant of sparrers, and not a man for every one to take by the nose. I enlarged on this topic in the mail (while Turtle was asleep), and said very wisely (as I thought) that impertinence was a part of no profession. A boxer was bound to beat his man, but not to thrust his fist, either actually or by implication, in every one's face. Even a highwayman, in the way of trade, may blow out your brains, but if he uses foul language at the same time, I should say he was no gentleman. A boxer, I would infer, need not be a blackguard or a coxcomb, more than another. Perhaps I press this point too much on a fallen man—Mr Thomas Hickman has by this time learnt that first of all lessons, 'That man was made to mourn'. He has lost nothing by the late fight but his presumption, and that every man may do as well without! By an over display of this quality, however, the public had been prejudiced against him, and the *knowing ones* were taken in. Few but those who had bet on him wished Gas to win. With my own prepossessions on the subject, the result of the 11th of December appeared to me as fine a piece of poetical justice as I had ever witnessed. The difference of weight between the two combatants (14 stone to 12) was nothing to the sporting men. Great, heavy, clumsy, long-armed Bill Neate kicked the beam in the scale of the Gas-man's vanity. The amateurs were frightened at his big words, and thought they would make up for the difference of six feet and five feet nine. Truly, the FANCY are not men of imagination. They judge of what has been, and cannot conceive of anything that is to be. The Gas-man had won hitherto, therefore he must beat a man half as big again as himself—and

that to a certainty Besides, there are as many feuds, factions, prejudices, pedantic notions in the FANCY as in the state or in the schools Mr Gully is almost the only cool, sensible man among them, who exercises an unbiassed discretion, and is not a slave to his passions in these matters But enough of reflections, and to our tale The day, as I have said, was fine for a December morning The grass was wet and the ground miry, and ploughed up with multitudinous feet, except that, within the ring itself, there was a spot of virgin-green, closed in and unprofaned by vulgar tread, that shone with dazzling brightness in the mid-day sun For it was now noon, and we had an hour to wait This is the trying time It is then the heart sickens, as you think what the two champions are about, and how short a time will determine their fate After the first blow is struck, there is no opportunity for nervous apprehensions, you are swallowed up in the immediate interest of the scene—but

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream

I found it so as I felt the sun's rays clinging to my back, and saw the white wintry clouds sink below the verge of the horizon 'So,' I thought, 'my fairest hopes have faded from my sight'—so will the Gas-man's glory, or that of his adversary, vanish in an hour' The *swells* were parading in their white box-coats, the outer ring was cleared with some bruises on the heads and shins of the rustic assembly (for the *cockneys* had been distanced by the sixty-six miles), the time drew near, I had got a good stand, a bustle, a buzz, ran through

the crowd, and from the opposite side entered Neate, between his second and bottle-holder. He rolled along, swathed in his loose greatcoat, his knock-knees bending under his huge bulk, and, with a modest, cheerful air, threw his hat into the ring. He then just looked round, and began quietly to undress, when from the other side there was a similar rush and an opening made, and the Gas-man came forward with a conscious air of anticipated triumph, too much like the cock-of-the-walk. He strutted about more than became a hero, sucked oranges with a supercilious air, and threw away the skin with a toss of his head, and went up and looked at Neate, which was an act of supererogation. The only sensible thing he did was, as he strode away from the modern Ajax, to fling out his arms, as if he wanted to try whether they would do their work that day. By this time they had stripped, and presented a strong contrast in appearance. If Neate was like Ajax, 'with Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear' the pugilistic reputation of all Bristol, Hickman might be compared to Diomed, light, vigorous elastic, and his back glistened in the sun, as he moved about, like a panther's hide. There was now a dead pause—attention was awe-struck. Who at that moment, big with a great event, did not draw his breath short—did not feel his heart throb? All was ready. They tossed up for the sun, and the Gas-man won. They were led up to the *scratch*—shook hands, and went at it.

In the first round every one thought it was all over. After making play a short time, the Gas-man flew at his adversary like a tiger, struck five blows in as many seconds: three first, and then following

him as he staggered back, two more, right and left, and down he fell, a mighty ruin. There was a shout, and I said, 'There is no standing this.' Neate seemed like a lifeless lump of flesh and bone, round which the Gas-man's blows played with the rapidity of electricity or lightning, and you imagined he would only be lifted up to be knocked down again. It was as if Hickman held a sword or a fire in that right-hand of his, and directed it against an unarmed body. They met again, and Neate seemed, not cowed, but particularly cautious. I saw his teeth clenched together and his brows knit close against the sun. He held out both his arms at full length straight before him, like two sledge hammers, and raised his left an inch or two higher. The Gas-man could not get over this guard—they struck mutually and fell, but without advantage on either side. It was the same in the next round, but the balance of power was thus restored—the fate of the battle was suspended. No one could tell how it would end. This was the only moment in which opinion was divided, for, in the next, the Gas-man aiming a mortal blow at his adversary's neck, with his right hand, and failing from the length he had to reach, the other returned it with his left at full swing, planted a tremendous blow on his cheek-bone and eyebrow, and made a red ruin of that side of his face. The Gas-man went down, and there was another shout—a roar of triumph as the waves of fortune rolled tumultuously from side to side. This was a settler. Hickman got up, and 'grinned horrible a ghastly smile', yet he was evidently dashed in his opinion of himself, it was the first time he had ever been so punished, all one side of his face was perfect scarlet, and his

right eye was closed in dingy blackness, as he advanced to the fight, less confident, but still determined. After one or two rounds, not receiving another such remembrance, he rallied and went at it with his former impetuosity. But in vain. His strength had been weakened—his blows could not tell at such a distance—he was obliged to fling himself at his adversary, and could not strike from his feet, and almost as regularly as he flew at him with his right hand, Neate warded the blow, or drew back out of its reach, and felled him with the return of his left. There was little cautious sparring—no half-hits—no tapping and trifling, none of the *petit-maitreship* of the art—they were almost all knock-down blows. The fight was a good stand-up fight. The wonder was the half-minute time. If there had been a minute or more allowed between each round, it would have been intelligible how they should by degrees recover strength and resolution, but to see two men smashed to the ground, smeared with gore, stunned, senseless, the breath beaten out of their bodies, and then, before you recover from the shock, to see them rise up with new strength and courage, stand ready to inflict or receive mortal offence, and rush upon each other 'like two clouds over the Caspian'—this is the most astonishing thing of all—this is the high and heroic state of man! From this time forward the event became more certain every round, and about the twelfth it seemed as if it must have been over. Hickman generally stood with his back to me, but in the scuffle, he had changed positions, and Neate just then made a tremendous lunge at him, and hit him full in the face. It was doubtful whether he would fall backwards or

forwards, he hung suspended for a second or two, and then fell back, throwing his hands in the air, and with his face lifted up to the sky. I never saw anything more terrific than his aspect just before he fell. All traces of life, of natural expression, were gone from him. His face was like a human skull, a death's head spouting blood. The eyes were filled with blood, the nose streamed with blood, the mouth gaped blood. He was not like an actual man, but like a preternatural, spectral appearance, or like one of the figures in Dante's *Inferno*. Yet he fought on after this for several rounds, still striking the first desperate blow, and Neate standing on the defensive, and using the same cautious guard to the last, as if he had still all his work to do, and it was not till the Gas-man was so stunned in the seventeenth or eighteenth round, that his senses forsook him, and he could not come to time, that the battle was declared over.¹ Ye who despise the FANCY, do something to show as much *pluck*, or as much self-possession as this, before you assume a superiority which you have never given a single proof of by any one action in the whole course of your lives!—When the Gas-man came to himself, the first words he uttered were, 'Where am I? What is the matter?' 'Nothing is the matter, Tom,—you have lost the battle, but you are the bravest man alive.' And Jackson whispered to him, 'I am collecting a purse

¹ Scroggins said of the Gas-man, that he thought he was a man of that courage, that if his hands were cut off he would still fight on with the stumps—like that of Widdrington—

—In doleful dumps,
Who, when his legs were smitten off,
Still fought upon his stumps

for you, Tom'—Vain sounds, and unheard at that moment! Neate instantly went up and shook him cordially by the hand, and seeing some old acquaintance, began to flourish with his fists, calling out, 'Ah! you always said I couldn't fight—what do you think now?' But all in good humour, and without any appearance of arrogance, only it was evident Bill Neate was pleased that he had won the fight. When it was over, I asked Cribb if he did not think it was a good one? He said, '*Pretty well!*' The carrier-pigeons now mounted into the air, and one of them flew with the news of her husband's victory to the bosom of Mrs Neate. Alas, for Mrs Hickman!

Mans au revoir, as Sir Fopling Flutter says I went down with Toms, I returned with Jack Pigott, whom I met on the ground. Toms is a rattle-brain, Pigott is a sentimentalist. Now, under favour, I am a sentimentalist too—therefore I say nothing, but that the interest of the excursion did not flag as I came back. Pigott and I marched along the causeway leading from Hungerford to Newbury, now observing the effect of a brilliant sun on the tawny meads or moss-coloured cottages, now exulting in the fight, now digressing to some topic of general and elegant literature. My friend was dressed in character for the occasion, or like one of the FANCY, that is, with a double portion of greatcoats, clogs, and overalls. And just as we had agreed with a couple of country-lads to carry his superfluous wearing-apparel to the next town, we were overtaken by a return post-chaise, into which I got, Pigott preferring a seat on the bar. There were two strangers already in the chaise, and on their observing they supposed I had

been to the fight, I said I had, and concluded they had done the same. They appeared, however, a little shy and sore on the subject, and it was not till after several hints dropped, and questions put, that it turned out that they had missed it. One of these friends had undertaken to drive the other there in his gig—they had set out, to make sure work, the day before at three in the afternoon. The owner of the one-horse vehicle scorned to ask his way, and drove right on to Bagshot, instead of turning off at Hounslow—there they stopped all night, and set off the next day across the country to Reading, from whence they took coach, and got down within a mile or two of Hungerford, just half an hour after the fight was over. This might be safely set down as one of the miseries of human life. We parted with these two gentlemen who had been to see the fight, but had returned as they went, at Wolhampton, where we were promised beds (an irresistible temptation, for Pigott had passed the preceding night at Hungerford as we had done at Newbury), and we turned into an old bow-windowed parlour with a carpet and a snug fire, and after devouring a quantity of tea, toast, and eggs, sat down to consider, during an hour of philosophic leisure, what we should have for supper. In the midst of an Epicurean deliberation between a roasted fowl and mutton chops with mashed potatoes, we were interrupted by an inroad of Goths and Vandals—*O procul este profani*—not real flash-men, but interlopers, noisy pretenders, butchers from Tothill Fields, brokers from White-chapel, who called immediately for pipes and tobacco, hoping it would not be disagreeable to the gentlemen, and began to insist that it was

a cross Pigott withdrew from the smoke and noise into another room, and left me to dispute the point with them for a couple of hours *sans intermission* by the dial. The next morning we rose refreshed, and on observing that Jack had a pocket volume in his hand, in which he read in the intervals of our discourse, I inquired what it was, and learned to my particular satisfaction that it was a volume of the *New Eloise*. Ladies, after this, will you contend that a love for the FANCY is incompatible with the cultivation of sentiment?—We jogged on as before, my friend setting me up in a genteel drab greatcoat and green silk handkerchief (which I must say became me exceedingly), and after stretching our legs for a few miles, and seeing Jack Randall, Ned Turner, and Scroggins pass on the top of one of the Bath coaches, we engaged with the driver of the second to take us to London for the usual fee. I got inside, and found three other passengers. One of them was an old gentleman with an aquiline nose, powdered hair, and a pig-tail, and who looked as if he had played many a rubber at the Bath rooms. I said to myself, he is very like Mr Windham, I wish he would enter into conversation, that I might hear what fine observations would come from those finely-turned features. However, nothing passed, till, stopping to dine at Reading, some inquiry was made by the company about the fight, and I gave (as the reader may believe) an eloquent and animated description of it. When we got into the coach again, the old gentleman, after a graceful exordium, said he had, when a boy, been to a fight between the famous Broughton and George Stevenson, who was called the *Fighting Coachman*,

in the year 1770, with the late Mr Windham. This beginning flattered the spirit of prophecy within me, and he riveted my attention. He went on— ‘George Stevenson was coachman to a friend of my father’s. He was an old man when I saw him, some years afterwards. He took hold of his own arm and said, “there was muscle here once, but now it is no more than this young gentleman’s.”’ He added, “well, no matter, I have been here long, I am willing to go hence, and I hope I have done no more harm than another man.”’ Once,’ said my unknown companion, ‘I asked him if he had ever beat Broughton?’ He said ‘Yes!’ that he had fought with him three times, and the last time he fairly beat him, though the world did not allow it. “I’ll tell you how it was, master. When the seconds lifted us up in the last round, we were so exhausted that neither of us could stand, and we fell upon one another, and as Master Broughton fell uppermost, the mob gave it in his favour, and he was said to have won the battle. But,” says he, “the fact was, that as his second (John Cuthbert) lifted him up, he said to him, ‘I’ll fight no more, I’ve had enough,’ which,” says Stevenson, “you know gave me the victory. And to prove to you that this was the case, when John Cuthbert was on his death-bed, and they asked him if there was anything on his mind which he wished to confess, he answered, ‘Yes, that there was one thing he wished to set right, for that certainly Master Stevenson won that last fight with Master Broughton, for he whispered him as he lifted him up in the last round of all, that he had had enough.’” ‘This,’ said the Bath gentleman, ‘was a bit of human nature,’ and I have written this account of the fight on

purpose that it might not be lost to the world. He also stated as a proof of the candour of mind in this class of men, that Stevenson acknowledged that Broughton could have beat him in his best day, but that he (Broughton) was getting old in their last rencounter. When we stopped in Piccadilly, I wanted to ask the gentleman some questions about the late Mr Windham, but had not courage. I got out, resigned my coat and green silk handkerchief to Pigott (loath to part with these ornaments of life), and walked home in high spirits.

P S —Toms called upon me the next day, to ask me if I did not think the fight was a complete thing? I said I thought it was. I hope he will relish my account of it —*Essays*

SIR WALTER SCOTT

SIR WALTER SCOTT is undoubtedly the most popular writer of the age, the 'lord of the ascendant' for the time being. He is just half what the human intellect is capable of being. If you take the universe, and divide it into two parts, he knows all that it *has been*, all that it *is to be* is nothing to him. His is a mind brooding over antiquity—scorning 'the present ignorant time'. He is 'laudator temporis acti'—a '*prophet* of things past'. The old world is to him a crowded map, the new one a dull, hateful blank. He dotes on all well-authenticated superstitions, he shudders at the shadow of innovation. His retentiveness of memory, his accumulated weight of interested prejudice or romantic association have overlaid his other faculties. The cells of his memory are

vast, various, full even to bursting with life and motion, his speculative understanding is empty, flaccid, poor, and dead. His mind receives and treasures up every thing brought to it by tradition or custom—it does not project itself beyond this into the world unknown, but mechanically shrinks back as from the edge of a precipice. The land of pure reason is to his apprehension like Van Diemen's Land—barren, miserable, distant, a place of exile, the dreary abode of savages, convicts, and adventurers. Sir Walter would make a bad hand of a description of the Millennium, unless he could lay the scene in Scotland five hundred years ago, and then he would want facts and worm-eaten parchments to support his drooping style. Our historical novelist firmly thinks that nothing *is* but what *has been*, that the moral world stands still, as the material one was supposed to do of old, and that we can never get beyond the point where we actually are without utter destruction, though every thing changes and will change from what it was three hundred years ago to what it is now—from what it is now to all that the bigoted admirer of the good old times most dreads and hates!

It is long since we read, and long since we thought of our author's poetry. It would probably have gone out of date with the immediate occasion, even if he himself had not contrived to banish it from our recollection. It is not to be denied that it had great merit, both of an obvious and intrinsic kind. It abounded in vivid descriptions, in spirited action, in smooth and flowing versification. But it wanted *character*. It was 'poetry of no mark or likelihood'. It slid out of the mind as soon as read, like a river, and would have been forgotten,

but that the public curiosity was fed with ever new supplies from the same teeming liquid source. It is not every man that can write six quarto volumes in verse, that are caught up with avidity, even by fastidious judges. But what a difference between *their* popularity and that of the Scotch Novels! It is true, the public read and admired the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Marmion*, and so on, and each individual was contented to read and admire because the public did so—but with regard to the prose-works of the same (supposed) author, it is quite *another-guess* sort of thing. Here every one stands forward to applaud on his own ground, would be thought to go before the public opinion, is eager to extol his favourite characters louder, to understand them better, than everybody else, and has his own scale of comparative excellence for each work, supported by nothing but his own enthusiastic and fearless convictions.

It must be amusing to the Author of Waverley to hear his readers and admirers (and are not these the same thing? ¹) quarrelling which of his novels is the best, opposing character to character, quoting passage against passage, striving to surpass each other in the extravagance of their encomiums, and yet unable to settle the precedence, or to do the author's writings justice—so

¹ No! For we met with a young lady who kept a circulating library and a milliner's shop in a watering-place in the country, who, when we inquired for the *Scotch Novels*, spoke indifferently about them, said they were 'so dry she could hardly get through them,' and recommended us to read *Agnes*. We never thought of it before, but we would venture to lay a wager that there are many other young ladies in the same situation, and who think *Old Mortality* 'dry.'

various, so equal, so transcendant are their merits ! His volumes of poetry were received as fashionable and well-dressed acquaintances we are ready to tear the others in pieces as old friends There was something meretricious in Sir Walter's ballad-rhymes , and like those who keep opera *figurantes*, we were willing to have our admiration shared, and our taste confirmed by the town But the Novels are like the betrothed of our hearts, bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, and we are jealous that any one should be as much delighted or as thoroughly acquainted with their beauties as ourselves For which of his poetical heroines would the reader break a lance so soon as for Jeanie Deans ? What Lady of the Lake can compare with the beautiful Rebecca ? We believe the late Mr John Scott went to his death-bed (though a painful and premature one) with some degree of satisfaction, inasmuch as he had penned the most elaborate panegyric on the *Scotch Novels* that had as yet appeared !

The *Epics* are not poems, so much as metrical romances There is a glittering veil of verse thrown over the features of nature and of old romance The deep incisions into character are 'skinned and filmed over', the details are lost or shaped into flimsy and insipid decorum , and the truth of feeling and of circumstance is translated into a tinkling sound, a tinsel *common-place* It must be owned, there is a power in true poetry that lifts the mind from the ground of reality to a higher sphere, that penetrates the inert, scattered, incoherent materials presented to it, and by a force and inspiration of its own, melts and moulds them into sublimity and beauty But Sir Walter (we contend

under correction) has not this creative impulse, this plastic power, this capacity of reacting on his first impressions. He is a learned, a literal, a *matter-of-fact* expounder of truth or fable ¹ he does not soar above and look down upon his subject, imparting his own lofty views and feelings to his descriptions of nature—he relies upon it, is raised by it, is one with it, or he is nothing. A poet is essentially a *maker*, that is, he must atone for what he loses in individuality and local resemblance by the energies and resources of his own mind.

The writer of whom we speak is deficient in these last. He has either not the faculty or not the will to impregnate his subject by an effort of pure invention. The execution also is much upon a par with the more ephemeral effusions of the press. It is light, agreeable, effeminate, diffuse. Sir Walter's Muse is a *Modern Antique*. The smooth, glossy texture of his verse contrasts happily with the quaint, uncouth, rugged materials of which it is composed, and takes away any appearance of heaviness or harshness from the body of local traditions and obsolete costume. We see grim knights and iron armour, but then they are woven in silk with a careless, delicate hand, and have the softness of flowers. The poet's figures might be compared to old tapestries copied on the finest velvet—they are not like Raphael's Cartoons, but they are very like Mr Westall's drawings which accompany, and are intended to illustrate, them.

This facility and grace of execution is the more remarkable, as a story goes that not long before the

¹ Just as Cobbett is a matter-of-fact reasoner

appearance of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Sir Walter (then Mr) Scott, having, in the company of a friend, to cross the Firth of Forth in a ferry-boat, they proposed to beguile the time by writing a number of verses on a given subject, and that, at the end of an hour's hard study, they found they had produced only six lines between them 'It is plain,' said the unconscious author to his fellow-labourer, 'that you and I need never think of getting our living by writing poetry!' In a year or so after this, he set to work, and poured out quarto upon quarto, as if they had been drops of water. As to the rest, and compared with true and great poets, our Scottish Minstrel is but 'a metre ballad-monger' We would rather have written one song of Burns, or a single passage in Lord Byron's *Heaven and Earth*, or one of Wordsworth's 'fancies and good-nights', than all his epics. What is he to Spenser, over whose immortal, ever-amiable verse beauty hovers and trembles, and who has shed the purple light of Fancy from his ambrosial wings over all nature? What is there of the might of Milton, whose head is canopied in the blue serene, and who takes us to sit with him there? What is there in his ambling rhymes of the deep pathos of Chaucer? Or of the o'er-informing power of Shakespeare, whose eye, watching alike the minutest traces of character and the strongest movements of passion, 'glances from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,' and with the lambent flame of genius, playing round each object, lights up the universe in a robe of its own radiance? Sir Walter has no voluntary power of combination. all his associations (as we said before) are those of habit or of tradition. He is a

mere narrative and descriptive poet, garrulous of the old time. The definition of his poetry is a pleasing superficiality.

Not so of his NOVELS AND ROMANCES. There we turn over a new leaf—another and the same—the same in matter, but in form, in power how different! The Author of *Waverley* has got rid of the tagging of rhymes, the eking out of syllables, the supplying of epithets, the colours of style, the grouping of his characters, and the regular march of events, and comes to the point at once, and strikes at the heart of his subject, without dismay and without disguise. His poetry was a lady's waiting-maid, dressed out in cast-off finery; his prose is a beautiful, rustic nymph, that, like Dorothea in *Don Quixote*, when she is surprised with dishevelled tresses bathing her naked feet in the brook, looks round her, abashed at the admiration her charms have excited! The grand secret of the author's success in these latter productions is that he has completely got rid of the trammels of authorship, and torn off at one rent (as Jack got rid of so many yards of lace in the *Tale of a Tub*) all the ornaments of fine writing and worn-out sentimentality.

All is fresh, as from the hand of nature, by going a century or two back and laying the scene in a remote and uncultivated district, all becomes new and startling in the present advanced period. Highland manners, characters, scenery, superstitions. Northern dialect and costume. the wars, the religion, and politics of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, give a charming and wholesome relief to the fastidious refinement and 'overlaboured lassitude' of modern readers, like the

effect of plunging a nervous valetudinarian into a cold bath

The Scotch Novels for this reason, are not so much admired in Scotland as in England. The contrast, the transition is less striking. From the top of the Calton Hill, the inhabitants of 'Auld Reekie' can descry, or fancy they descry, the peaks of Ben Lomond and the waving outline of Rob Roy's country. We who live at the southern extremity of the island can only catch a glimpse of the billowy scene in the descriptions of the Author of Waverley. The mountain air is most bracing to our languid nerves, and it is brought us in ship-loads from the neighbourhood of Abbot's Ford. There is another circumstance to be taken into the account. In Edinburgh there is a little opposition and something of the spirit of cabal between the partisans of works proceeding from Mr Constable's and Mr Blackwood's shops. Mr Constable gives the highest prices, but, being the Whig bookseller, it is grudged that he should do so. An attempt is therefore made to transfer a certain share of popularity to the second-rate Scotch novels, 'the embryo fry, the little aery of *ricketty* children,' issuing through Mr Blackwood's shop-door. This operates a diversion, which does not affect us here.

The Author of Waverley wears the palm of legendary lore alone. Sir Walter may, indeed, surfeit us. 'his imitators make us sick!' It may be asked, it has been asked, 'Have we no materials for romance in England? Must we look to Scotland for a supply of whatever is original and striking in this kind?' And we answer 'Yes!' Every foot of soil is with us worked up. nearly every move-

ment of the social machine is calculable We have no room left for violent catastrophes, for grotesque quaintnesses, for wizard spells The last skirts of ignorance and barbarism are seen hovering (in Sir Walter's pages) over the Border We have, it is true, gipsies in this country as well as at the Cairn of Derncleugh but they live under clipped hedges and repose in camp-beds, and do not perch on crags, like eagles, or take shelter, like sea-mews, in basaltic subteranean caverns We have heaths with rude heaps of stones upon them but no existing superstition converts them into the Geese of Micklestane-Moor, or sees a Black Dwarf groping among them We have sects in religion but the only thing sublime or ridiculous in that way is Mr Irving, the Caledonian preacher, who 'comes like a satyr staring from the woods, and yet speaks like an orator !'

We had a Parson Adams not quite a hundred years ago, a Sir Roger de Coverley rather more than a hundred ! Even Sir Walter is ordinarily obliged to pitch his angle (strong as the hook is) a hundred miles to the north of the 'Modern Athens' or a century back His last work ¹ indeed is mystical, is romantic in nothing but the title-page Instead of 'a holy-water sprinkle dipped in dew', he has given us a fashionable watering-place, and we see what he has made of it He must not come down from his fastnesses in traditional barbarism and native rusticity the level, the littleness, the frippery of modern civilization will undo him, as it has undone us

Sir Walter has found out (O rare discovery) that facts are better than fiction, that there is no

romance like the romance of real life, and that, if we can but arrive at what men feel, do, and say in striking and singular situations, the result will be 'more lively, audible, and full of vent', than the fine-spun cobwebs of the brain. With reverence be it spoken, he is like the man who, having to imitate the squeaking of a pig upon the stage, brought the animal under his coat with him. Our author has conjured up the actual people he has to deal with, or as much as he could get of them, in 'their habits as they lived'. He has ransacked old chronicles, and poured the contents upon his page, he has squeezed out musty records, he has consulted wayfaring pilgrims, bed-ridden sybils. He has invoked the spirits of the air, he has conversed with the living and the dead, and let them tell their story their own way, and by borrowing of others has enriched his own genius with everlasting variety, truth, and freedom. He has taken his materials from the original, authentic sources in large concrete masses, and not tampered with or too much frittered them away.

He is only the amanuensis of truth and history. It is impossible to say how fine his writings in consequence are, unless we could describe how fine nature is. All that portion of the history of his country that he has touched upon (wide as the scope is)—the manners, the personages, the events, the scenery, lives over again in his volumes. Nothing is wanting—the illusion is complete. There is a hurtling in the air, a trampling of feet upon the ground, as these perfect representations of human character or fanciful belief come thronging back upon our imaginations. We will merely recall a few of the subjects of his pencil to the

reader's recollection, for nothing we could add, by way of note or commendation, could make the impression more vivid

There is (first and foremost, because the earliest of our acquaintance) the Baron of Bradwardine, stately, kind-hearted, whimsical, pedantic and Flora MacIvor (whom even *we* forgive for her Jacobitism), the fierce Vich Ian Vohr, and Evan Dhu, constant in death, and Davie Gellatly roasting his eggs or turning his rhymes with restless volubility, and the two stag-hounds that met Waverley, as fine as ever Titian painted, or Paul Veronese Then there is old Balfour of Burley, brandishing his sword and his Bible with fire-eyed fury, trying a fall with the insolent, gigantic Bothwell at the 'Change-house, and vanquishing him at the noble battle of Loudon-hill, there is Bothwell himself, drawn to the life proud, cruel, selfish, profligate, but with the love-letters of the gentle Agnes (written thirty years before) and his verses to her memory found in his pocket after his death In the same volume of *Old Mortality* is that lone figure, like a figure in Scripture, of the woman sitting on the stone at the turning to the mountain, to warn Burley that there is a lion in his path, and the fawning Claverhouse, beautiful as a panther, smooth-looking, blood-spotted, and the fanatics, Macbriar and Mucklewrath, crazed with zeal and sufferings, and the inflexible Morton and the faithful Edith, who refused to 'give her hand to another while her heart was with her lover in the deep and dead sea'

And in *The Heart of Mid-Lothian* we have Effie Deans (that sweet, faded flower) and Jeanie, her more than sister, and old David Deans, the

patriarch of St Leonard's Crag, and Butler, and Dumbiedikes, eloquent in his silence, and Mr Bartoline Saddle-tree and his prudent helpmate, and Porteous swinging in the wind, and Madge Wildfire, full of finery and madness, and her ghastly mother. Again, there is Meg Merrilies, standing on her rock, stretched on her bier with 'her head to the east', and Dirk Hatterick (equal to Shakespeare's Master Barnardine), and Glossin, the soul of an attorney, and Dandie Dinmont, with his terrier-pack and his pony Duple, and the fiery Colonel Mannering, and the modish old counsellor Pleydell, and Dominie Sampson,¹ and Rob Roy (like the eagle in his eyry), and Baillie Nicol Jarvie, and the inimitable Major Galbraith, and Rashleigh Osbaldistone, and Die Vernon, the best of secret-keepers. And in the *Antiquary*, the ingenious and abstruse Mr Jonathan Oldbuck, and the old beadsman Edie Ochiltree, and that preternatural figure of old Edith Elspeth, a living shadow, in whom the lamp of life had been long extinguished, had it not been fed by remorse and 'thick-coming' recollections, and that striking picture of the effects of feudal tyranny and fiendish pride, the unhappy Earl of Glenallan, and the Black Dwarf and his friend Habbie of the Heugh-foot (the cheerful hunter), and his cousin Grace Armstrong, fresh and laughing like the morning, and the *Children of the Mist*, and the baying of the blood-hound that tracks their steps at a distance (the hollow echoes are in our ears now), and Amy and her hapless love, and the villain Varney, and

¹ Perhaps the finest scene in all these novels, is that where the Dominie meets his pupil, Miss Lucy, the morning after her brother's arrival

the deep voice of George of Douglas—and the immovable Balafre, and Master Oliver the Barber in *Quentin Durward*—and the quaint humour of the *Fortunes of Nigel*, and the comic spirit of *Peveril of the Peak*—and the fine old English romance of *Ivanhoe*

What a list of names ! What a host of associations ! What a thing is human life ! What a power is that of genius ! What a world of thought and feeling is thus rescued from oblivion ! How many hours of heartfelt satisfaction has our author given to the gay and thoughtless ! How many sad hearts has he soothed in pain and solitude ! It is no wonder that the public repay with lengthened applause and gratitude the pleasure they receive. He writes as fast as they can read, and he does not write himself down. He is always in the public eye, and we do not tire of him. His worst is better than any other person's best. His *back-grounds* (and his later works are little else but back-grounds capitally made out) are more attractive than the principal figures and most complicated actions of other writers. His works (taken together) are almost like a new edition of human nature. This is indeed to be an author !

The political bearing of the Scotch Novels has been a considerable recommendation to them. They are a relief to the mind, rarefied as it has been with modern philosophy, and heated with ultra-radicalism. At a time also, when we bid fair to revive the principles of the Stuarts, it is interesting to bring us acquainted with their persons and misfortunes. The candour of Sir Walter's historic pen levels our bristling prejudices on this score, and sees fair play between Roundheads and

Cavaliers, between Protestant and Papist. He is a writer reconciling all the diversities of human nature to the reader. He does not enter into the distinctions of hostile sects or parties, but treats of the strength or the infirmity of the human mind, of the virtues or vices of the human breast, as they are to be found blended in the whole race of mankind. Nothing can show more handsomely or be more gallantly executed. There was a talk at one time that our author was about to take Guy Faux for the subject of one of his novels, in order to put a more liberal and humane construction on the Gunpowder Plot than our 'No Popery' prejudices have hitherto permitted.

Sir Walter is a professed *clarifier* of the age from the vulgar and still lurking old-English antipathy to Popery and Slavery. Through some odd process of *servile* logic, it should seem, that in restoring the claims of the Stuarts by the courtesy of romance, the House of Brunswick are more firmly seated in point of fact, and the Bourbons, by collateral reasoning, become legitimate! In any other point of view, we cannot possibly conceive how Sir Walter imagines 'he has done something to revive the declining spirit of loyalty' by these novels. His loyalty is founded on *would-be* treason. he props the actual throne by the shadow of rebellion. Does he really think of making us enamoured of the 'good old times' by the faithful and harrowing portraits he has drawn of them? Would he carry us back to the early stages of barbarism, of clan-ship, of the feudal system, as 'a consummation devoutly to be wished?' Is he infatuated enough, or does he so doat and drivel over his own slothful and self-willed prejudices as to believe that he will

make a single convert to the beauty of Legitimacy, that is, of lawless power and savage bigotry, when he himself is obliged to apologize for the horrors he describes, and even render his descriptions credible to the modern reader by referring to the authentic history of these delectable times ' ¹

He is indeed so besotted as to the moral of his

¹ ' And here we cannot but think it necessary to offer some better proof than the incidents of an idle tale, to vindicate the melancholy representation of manners which has been just laid before the reader. It is grievous to think that those valiant Barons, to whose stand against the crown the liberties of England were indebted for their existence, should themselves have been such dreadful oppressors, and capable of excesses, contrary not only to the laws of England, but to those of nature and humanity. But alas! we have only to extract from the industrious Henry one of those numerous passages which he had collected from contemporary historians, to prove that fiction itself can hardly reach the dark reality of the horrors of the period.

' The description given by the author of the Saxon Chronicle of the cruelties exercised in the reign of King Stephen by the great barons and lords of castles, who were all Normans, affords a strong proof of the excesses of which they were capable when their passions were inflamed. " They grievously oppressed the poor people by building castles, and when they were built, they filled them with wicked men or rather devils, who seized both men and women who they imagined had any money, threw them into prison, and put them to more cruel tortures than the martyrs ever endured. They suffocated some in mud, and suspended others by the feet, or the head, or the thumbs, kindling fires below them. They squeezed the heads of some with knotted cords till they pierced their brains, while they threw others into dungeons swarming with serpents, snakes, and toads." But it would be cruel to put the reader to the pain of perusing the remainder of the description — *Henry's Hist*, ed 1805, vol vii, p 346 ' [*Ivanhoe*, ch 23]

own story, that he has even the blindness to go out of his way to have a fling at *flints* and *dungs* (the contemptible ingredients, as he would have us believe, of a modern rabble) at the very time when he is describing a mob of the twelfth century—a mob (one should think) after the writer's own heart, without one particle of modern philosophy or revolutionary politics in their composition, who were to a man, to a hair, just what priests, and kings, and nobles *let* them be, and who were collected to witness (a spectacle proper to the times) the burning of the lovely Rebecca at a stake for a sorceress, because she was a Jewess, beautiful and innocent, and the consequent victim of insane bigotry and unbridled profligacy. And it is at this moment (when the heart is kindled and bursting with indignation at the revolting abuses of self-constituted power) that Sir Walter *stops the press* to have a sneer at the people, and to put a spoke (as he thinks) in the wheel of upstart innovation! This is what he 'calls backing his friends', it is thus he administers charms and philtres to our love of Legitimacy, makes us conceive a horror of all reform, civil, political, or religious, and would fain put down the Spirit of the Age.

The Author of Waverley might just as well get up and make a speech at a dinner at Edinburgh, abusing Mr Mac-Adam for his improvements in the roads, on the ground that they were nearly *impassable* in many places 'sixty years since', or object to Mr Peel's *Police Bill* by insisting that Hounslow Heath was formerly a scene of greater interest and terror to highwaymen and travellers, and cut a greater figure in the Newgate Calendar than it does at present. O Wickliff, Luther,

Hampden, Sidney, Somers, mistaken Whigs and thoughtless Reformers in religion and politics, and all ye, whether poets or philosophers, heroes or sages, inventors of arts or sciences, patriots, benefactors of the human race, enlighteners and civilizers of the world, who have (so far) reduced opinion to reason and power to law, who are the cause that we no longer burn witches and heretics at slow fires, that the thumb-screws are no longer applied by ghastly, smiling judges, to extort confession of imputed crimes from sufferers for conscience sake that men are no longer strung up like acorns on trees without judge or jury, or hunted like wild beasts through thickets and glens who have abated the cruelty of priests, the pride of nobles, the divinity of kings in former times to whom we owe it that we no longer wear round our necks the collar of Gurth the swineherd and of Wamba the jester, that the castles of great lords are no longer the dens of banditti, whence they issue with fire and sword to lay waste the land that we no longer expire in loathsome dungeons without knowing the cause, or have our right hands struck off for raising them in self-defence against wanton insult, that we can sleep without fear of being burnt in our beds, or travel without making our wills that no Amy Robsarts are thrown down trap-doors by Richard Varneys with impunity, that no Red Reiver of Westburn-Flat sets fire to peaceful cottages, that no Claverhouse signs cold-blooded death-warrants in sport, that we have no Tristan L'Hermite or Petit-Andrè, crawling near us like spiders, and making our flesh creep, and our hearts sicken within us at every moment of our lives—ye, who have produced

this change in the face of nature and society, return to earth once more, and beg pardon of Sir Walter and his patrons, who sigh at not being able to undo all that you have done !

Leaving this question, there are two other remarks which we wished to make on the Novels. The one was, to express our admiration of the good-nature of the mottoes, in which the author has taken occasion to remember and quote almost every living author (whether illustrious or obscure) but himself—an indirect argument in favour of the general opinion as to the source from which they spring, and the other was, to hint our astonishment at the innumerable and incessant instances of bad and slovenly English in them—more, we believe, than in any other works now printed. We should think the writer could not possibly read the manuscript after he has once written it, or overlook the press.

If there were a writer, who ‘born for the universe’—

——Narrow’d his mind,

And to party gave up what was meant for mankind—

who, from the height of his genius looking abroad into nature, and scanning the recesses of the human heart, ‘winked and shut his apprehension up’ to every thought or purpose that tended to the future good of mankind—who, raised by affluence, the reward of successful industry, and by the voice of fame above the want of any but the most honourable patronage, stooped to the unworthy arts of adulation, and abetted the views of the great with the pettifogging feelings of the meanest dependant on office—who, having secured the admiration of the public (with the probable reversion of immortality),

showed no respect for himself, for that genius that had raised him to distinction, for that nature which he trampled under foot—who, amiable, frank, friendly, manly in private life, was seized with the dotage of age and the fury of a woman the instant politics were concerned—who reserved all his candour and comprehensiveness of view for history, and vented his littleness, pique, resentment, bigotry and intolerance on his contemporaries—who took the wrong side, and defended it by unfair means—who, the moment his own interest or the prejudices of others interfered, seemed to forget all that was due to the pride of intellect, to the sense of manhood—who, praised, admired by men of all parties alike, repaid the public liberality by striking a secret and envenomed blow at the reputation of every one who was not the ready tool of power—who strewed the slime of rankling malice and mercenary scorn over the bud and promise of genius, because it was not fostered in the hot-bed of corruption, or warped by the trammels of servility—who supported the worst abuses of authority in the worst spirit—who joined a gang of desperadoes to spread calumny, contempt, infamy, wherever they were merited by honesty or talent on a different side—who officiously undertook to decide public questions by private insinuations, to prop the throne by nicknames and the altar by lies—who being (by common consent) the finest, the most humane and accomplished writer of his age, associated himself with and encouraged the lowest panders of a venal press deluging, nauseating the public mind with the offal and garbage of Billingsgate abuse and vulgar slang showing no remorse, no relenting or com-

passion towards the victims of this nefarious and organized system of party-proscription, carried on under the mask of literary criticism and fair discussion, insulting the misfortunes of some, and trampling on the early grave of others—

Who would not grieve if such a man there be ?

Who would not weep if Atticus were he ?

But we believe there is no other age or country of the world (but ours), in which such genius could have been so degraded !—*The Spirit of the Age*

JOHN GALT

1779–1839

THE PLACING OF MR. BALWHIDDER AND THE RESISTANCE OF THE PARISHIONERS

THE An Dom one thousand seven hundred and sixty, was remarkable for three things in the parish of Dalmailing. First and foremost, there was my placing, then the coming of Mrs. Malcolm with her five children to settle among us, and next, my marriage upon my own cousin, Miss Betty Lanshaw, by which the account of this year naturally divides itself into three heads or portions.

First, of the placing. It was a great affair, for I was put in by the patron, and the people knew nothing whatsoever of me, and their hearts were stirred into strife on the occasion, and they did all that lay within the compass of their power to keep me out, insomuch, that there was obliged to be a guard of soldiers to protect the presbytery, and it was a thing that made my heart grieve when I heard the drum beating and the fife playing as we were

going to the kirk The people were really mad and vicious, and flung dirt upon us as we passed, and reviled us all, and held out the finger of scorn at me , but I endured it with a resigned spirit, compassionating their wilfulness and blindness Poor old Mr Kilfuddy of the Braehill got such a clash of glar on the side of his face, that his eye was almost extinguished

When we got to the kirk door, it was found to be nailed up, so as by no possibility to be opened The sergeant of the soldiers wanted to break it, but I was afraid that the heritors would grudge and complain of the expense of a new door, and I supplicated him to let it be as it was , we were, therefore, obligated to go in by a window, and the crowd followed us, in the most unreverent manner, making the Lord's house like an inn on a fair day, with their grievous yelly-hooing During the time of the psalm and the sermon, they behaved themselves better, but when the induction came on, their clamour was dreadful , and Thomas Thorl the weaver, a pious zealot in that time, he got up and protested, and said, ' Verily verily, I say unto you, he that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber ' And I thought I would have a hard and sore time of it with such an outstrapolous people Mr Given, that was then the minister of Lugton, was a jocose man, and would have his joke even at a solemnity When the laying of the hands upon me was a-doing, he could not get near enough to put on his, but he stretched out his staff and touched my head, and said, to the great diversion of the rest, ' This will do well enough, timber to timber , ' but it was an unfriendly saying of Mr Given, consider-

ing the time and the place, and the temper of my people

After the ceremony, we then got out at the window, and it was a heavy day to me, but we went to the manse, and there we had an excellent dinner, which Mrs Watts of the new inns of Irville prepared at my request, and sent her chaise-driver to serve, for he was likewise her waiter, she having then but one chaise, and that no often called for

But, although my people received me in this unruly manner, I was resolved to cultivate civility among them, and therefore, the very next morning I began a round of visitations, but oh, it was a steep brae that I had to climb, and it needed a stout heart For I found the doors in some places barred against me, in others, the barns, when they saw me coming, ran crying to their mothers, 'Here's the feckless Mess-John,' and then when I went in into the houses, their parents would no ask me to sit down, but with a scornful way, said, 'Honest man, what's your pleasure here?' Nevertheless, I walked about from door to door, like a dejected beggar, till I got the almous deed of a civil reception, and who would have thought it, from no less a person than the same Thomas Thorl that was so bitter against me in the kirk on the foregoing day

Thomas was standing at the door with his green duffle apron, and his red Kilmarnock nightcap—I mind him as well as if it was but yesterday—and he had seen me going from house to house, and in what manner I was rejected, and his bowels were moved, and he said to me in a kind manner, 'Come in, sir, and ease yoursel, this will never do, the clergy are God's gorbies, and for their Master's sake it behoves us to respect them There was no ane

in the whole parish mair against you than mysel, but this early visitation is a symptom of grace that I couldna have expectit from a bird out the nest of patronage' I thanked Thomas, and went in with him, and we had some solid conversation together, and I told him that it was not so much the pastor's duty to feed the flock, as to herd them well, and that although there might be some abler with the head than me, there was na a he within the bounds of Scotland more willing to watch the fold by night and by day And Thomas said he had not heard a mair sound observe for some time, and that if I held to that doctrine in the poopit, it would na be lang till I would work a change 'I was mindit,' quoth he, 'never to set my foot within the kirk door while you were there, but to testify, and no to condemn without a trial, I'll be there next Lord's day, and egg my neighbours to be likewise, so ye'll no have to preach just to the bare walls and the laird's family'—*Annals of the Parish*

STORY OF CHARLES MALCOLM FROM CABIN BOY TO CAPTAIN

I HAVE now to speak of the coming of Mrs. Malcolm She was the widow of a Clyde ship-master, that was lost at sea with his vessel She was a genty body, calm and methodical From morning to night she sat at her wheel, spinning the finest lint, which suited well with her pale hands She never changed her widow's weeds, and she was ay as if she had just been ta'en out of a band-box The tear was often in her e'e when the bairns were at the school, but when they came

home, her spirit was lighted up with gladness, although, poor woman, she had many a time very little to give them. They were, however, wonderful well-bred things, and took with thankfulness whatever she set before them, for they knew that their father, the breadwinner, was away, and that she had to work sore for their bit and drap. I dare say, the only vexation that ever she had from any of them, on their own account, was when Charlie, the eldest laddie, had won fourpence at pitch and toss at the school, which he brought home with a proud heart to his mother. I happened to be daunnin' bye at the time, and just looked in at the door to say gude night. It was a sad sight. There was she sitting with the silent tear on her cheek, and Charlie greeting as if he had done a great fault, and the other four looking on with sorrowful faces. Never, I am sure, did Charlie Malcolm gamble after that night.

I often wondered what brought Mrs Malcolm to our clachan, instead of going to a populous town, where she might have taken up a huxtry-shop, as she was but of a silly constitution, the which would have been better for her than spinning from morning to far in the night, as if she was in verity drawing the thread of life. But it was, no doubt, from an honest pride to hide her poverty, for when her daughter Effie was ill with the measles—the poor lassie was very ill—nobody thought she could come through, and when she did get the turn, she was for many a day a heavy handful, our session being rich, and nobody on it but cripple Tammy Daidles, that was in that time known through all the country side for begging on a horse, I thought it my duty to call upon Mrs Malcolm,

in a sympathizing way, and offer her some assistance, but she refused it

‘No, sir,’ said she, ‘I canna take help from the poor’s-box, although it’s very true that I am in great need, for it might hereafter be cast up to my bairns, whom it may please God to restore to better circumstances when I am no to see’t, but I would fain borrow five pounds, and if, sir, you will write to Mr Maitland, that is now the Lord Provost of Glasgow, and tell him that Marion Shaw would be obliged to him for the lend of that soom, I think he will not fail to send it’

I wrote the letter that night to Provost Maitland, and, by the retour of the post, I got an answer, with twenty pounds for Mrs Malcolm, saying, ‘that it was with sorrow he heard so small a trifle could be serviceable’ When I took the letter and the money, which was in a bank-bill, she said, ‘this is just like himsel’ She then told me, that Mr Maitland had been a gentleman’s son of the east country, but driven out of his father’s house, when a laddie, by his step-mother, and that he had served as a servant lad with her father, who was the Laird of Yillcogie, but ran through his estate, and left her, his only daughter, in little better than beggary with her auntie, the mother of Captain Malcolm, her husband that was Provost Maitland in his servitude had ta’en a notion of her, and when he recovered his patrimony, and had become a great Glasgow merchant, on hearing how she was left by her father, he offered to marry her, but she had promised herself to her cousin the Captain, whose widow she was He then married a rich lady, and in time grew, as he was, Lord Provost of the city, but his letter with

the twenty pounds to me, showed that he had not forgotten his first love. It was a short, but a well-written letter, in a fair hand of write, containing much of the true gentleman, and Mrs Malcolm said, 'Who knows but out of the regard he once had for their mother, he may do something for my five helpless orphans.'

It was in this year (1762) that Charlie Malcolm, Mrs Malcolm's eldest son, was sent to be a cabin-boy in the Tobacco trader, a three-masted ship that sailed between Port-Glasgow and Virginia in America. She was commanded by Captain Dickie, an Irville man, for at that time the Clyde was supplied with the best sailors from our coast, the coal trade with Ireland being a better trade for bringing up good mariners than the long voyages in the open sea, which was the reason, as I often heard said, why the Clyde shipping got so many of their men from our countryside. The going to sea of Charlie Malcolm was, on divers accounts, a very remarkable thing to us all, for he was the first that ever went from our parish, in the memory of man, to be a sailor, and everybody was concerned at it, and some thought it was a great venture of his mother to let him, his father having been lost at sea. But what could the forlorn widow do? She had five weans and little to give them, and, as she herself said, he was ay in the hand of his Maker, go where he might, and the will of God would be done in spite of all earthly wiles and devices to the contrary.

On the Monday morning, when Charlie was to go away to meet the Irville carrier on the road, we were all up, and I walked by myself from the Manse into the clachan to bid him farewell, and I met him

just coming from his mother's door, as blithe as a bee, in his sailor's dress, with a stick, and a bundle tied in a Barcelona silk handkerchief hanging o'er his shoulder, and his two little brothers were with him, and his sisters, Kate and Effie, looking out from the door all begreeten, but his mother was in the house, praying to the Lord to protect her orphan, as she afterwards told me. All the weans of the clachan were gathered at the kirk-yard yett to see him pass, and they gave him three great shouts as he was going by, and everybody was at their doors, and said something encouraging to him, but there was a great laugh when auld Mazy Spaewell came hirpling with her bachel in her hand, and flung it after him for gude luck. Mazy had a wonderful faith in freats, and was just an oracle of sagacity at expounding dreams, and bodes of every sort and description—besides, she was reckoned one of the best howdies in her day, but by this time she was grown frail and feckless, and she died the same year on Hallowe'en, which made everybody wonder, that it should have so fallen out for her to die on Hallowe'en.

The An Dom 1763, was, in many a respect, a memorable year, both in public and in private. The King granted peace to the French, and Charlie Malcolm, that went to sea in the Tobacco trader, came home to see his mother. The ship, after being at America, had gone down to Jamaica, an island in the West Indies, with a cargo of live lumber, as Charlie told me himself, and had come home with more than a hundred and fifty hoggets of sugar, and sixty-three puncheons full of rum, for she was, by all accounts, a stately galley, and almost two hundred tons in the burden, being the

largest vessel then sailing from the creditable town of Port-Glasgow Charlie was not expected, and his coming was a great thing to us all, so I will mention the whole particulars

One evening, towards the gloaming, as I was taking my walk of meditation, I saw a brisk sailor laddie coming towards me He had a pretty green parrot, sitting on a bundle, tied in a Barcelona silk handkerchief, which he carried with a stick over his shoulder, and in this bundle was a wonderful big nut, such as no one in our parish had ever seen It was called a cocker-nut This blithe callant was Charlie Malcolm, who had come all the way that day his leafy lane, on his own legs from Greenock, where the Tobacco trader was then 'livering her cargo I told him how his mother, and his brothers, and his sisters were all in good health, and went to convoy him home, and as we were going along he told me many curious things, and he gave me six beautiful yellow limes, that he had brought in his pouch all the way across the seas, for me to make a bowl of punch with, and I thought more of them than if they had been golden guineas, it was so mindful of the laddie

When we got to the door of his mother's house, she was sitting at the fireside, with her three other bairns at their bread and milk, Kate being then with Lady Skim-milk at the Breadland sewing It was between the day and dark, when the shuttle stands still till the lamp is lighted But such a shout of joy and thankfulness as rose from that hearth, when Charlie went in! The very parrot, ye would have thought, was a participator, for the beast gied a skraik that made my whole head dirl, and the neighbours came flying and flocking

to see what was the matter, for it was the first parrot ever seen within the bounds of the parish, and some thought it was but a foreign hawk, with a yellow head and green feathers

In the midst of all this, Effie Malcolm had run off to the Breadland for her sister Kate, and the two lassies came flying breathless, with Miss Girzie Gilchrist, the Lady Skim-milk, pursuing them like desperation, or a griffon, down the avenue, for Kate, in her hurry, had flung down her seam, a new printed gown, that she was helping to make, and it had fallen into a boyne of milk that was ready for the creaming, by which ensued a double misfortune to Miss Girzie, the gown being not only ruined, but licking up the cream For this, poor Kate was not allowed ever to set her face in the Breadland again .

It's a surprising thing how time fleeth away, carrying off our youth and strength, and leaving us nothing but wrinkles and the ails of old age Gilbert, my son, that is now a corpulent man, and a Glasgow merchant, when I take up my pen to record the memorables of this An Dom, seems to me yet but a suckling in swaddling clothes, mewling and peevish in the arms of his mother, that has been long laid in the cold kirk-yard, beside her predecessor, in Abraham's bosom It is not, however, my design to speak much anent my own affairs, which would be a very improper and uncomely thing, but only of what happened in the parish, this book being for a witness and testimony of my ministry Therefore, setting out of view both me and mine, I will now resuscitate the concerns of Mrs Malcolm and her children, for, as I think, never was there such a visible

preordination seen in the lives of any persons, as was seen in that of this worthy decent woman, and her well-doing offspring Her morning was raw, and a sore blight fell upon her fortunes, but the sun looked out on her mid-day, and her evening closed loun and warm, and the stars of the firmament, that are the eyes of Heaven, beamed, as it were, with gladness, when she lay down to sleep the sleep of rest

Her son Charles was by this time grown up into a stout burdly lad, and it was expected that before the return of the Tobacco trader, he would have been out of his time, and a man afore the mast, which was a great step of preferment, as I heard say by persons skilled in sea-faring concerns But this was not ordered to happen, for, when the Tobacco trader was lying in the harbour of Virginia in the North Americas, a pressgang, that was in need of men for a man of war, came on board, and pressed poor Charles and sailed away with him on a cru'ie, nobody, for many a day, could tell where, till I thought of the Lord Egle-sham's kindness His lordship having something to say with the King's government, I wrote to him, telling him who I was, and how jocose he had been when buttoned in my clothes, that he might recollect me, thanking him, at the same time, for his condescension and patronage to Andrew Lانشaw, in his way to the East Indies I then slipped in, at the end of the letter, a bit nota bene concerning the case of Charles Malcolm, begging his lordship, on account of the poor lad's widow mother, to inquire at the government if they could tell us anything about Charles In the due course of time, I got a most civil reply from his lordship,

stating all about the name of the man-of-war, and where she was, and at the conclusion his lordship said, that I was lucky in having the brother of a Lord of the Admiralty on this occasion for my agent, as otherwise, from the vagueness of my statement, the information might not have been procured, which remark of his lordship was long a great riddle to me, for I could not think what he meant about an agent, till, in the course of the year, we heard that his own brother was concerned in the Admiralty, so that all his lordship meant was only to crack a joke with me, and that he was ever ready and free to do, as shall be related in the sequel, for he was an excellent man

In the latter end of the year (1776), the man-of-war, with Charles Malcolm in her, came to the tail of the Bank at Greenock, to press men as it was thought, and Charles got leave from his captain to come and see his mother, and he brought with him Mr Howard, another midshipman, the son of a great Parliament man in London, which, as we had tasted the sorrow, gave us some insight into the pomp of war. Charles was now grown up into a fine young man, rattling, light-hearted, and just a cordial of gladness, and his companion was every bit like him. They were dressed in their fine gold-laced garbs, and nobody knew Charles when he came to the clachan, but all wondered, for they were on horseback, and rode to the house where his mother lived when he went away, but which was then occupied by Miss Sabrina and her school. Miss Sabrina had never seen Charles, but she had heard of him, and when he inquired for his mother, she guessed who he was, and showed him the way to the new house that the Captain had bought for her

Miss Sabrina, who was a little overly pre-junct at times, behaved herself on this occasion with a true spirit, and gave her lassies the play immediately, so that the news of Charles's return was spread by them like wild-fire, and there was a wonderful joy in the whole town. When Charles had seen his mother, and his sister Effie, with that douce and well-mannered lad William, his brother, for of their meeting I cannot speak, not being present, he then came with his friend to see me at the Manse, and was most jocose with me, and in a way of great pleasance, got Mrs Balwhidder to ask his friend to sleep at the Manse. In short, we had just a ploy the whole two days they stayed with us, and I got leave from Lord Eglesham's steward to let them shoot on my lord's land, and I believe every laddie wean in the parish attended them to the field. As for old Lady Macadam, Charles being, as she said, a near relation, and she having likewise some knowledge of his comrade's family, she was just in her element with them, though they were but youths, for she was a woman naturally of a fantastical, and, as I have narrated, given to comical devices and pranks to a degree. She made for them a ball, to which she invited all the bonniest lassies, far and near, in the parish, and was out of the body with mirth, and had a fiddler from Irville, and it was thought by those that were there, that had she not been crippled with the rheumatics, she would have danced herself. But I was concerned to hear both Charles and his friend, like hungry hawks, rejoicing at the prospect of the war, hoping thereby, as soon as their midship term was out, to be made lieutenants, saving this, there was no allay in the happiness they brought with them to the

parish, and it was a delight to see how auld and young of all degrees made of Charles, for we were proud of him, and none more than myself, though he began to take liberties with me, calling me old governor, it was, however, in a warm-hearted manner, only I did not like it when any of the elders heard. As for his mother, she deputed herself like a saint on the occasion. There was a temperance in the pleasure of her heart, and in her thankfulness, that is past the compass of words to describe. Even Lady Macadam, who never could think a serious thought all her days, said, in her wild way, that the gods had bestowed more care in the making of Mrs Malcolm's temper, than on the bodies and souls of all the saints in the calendar. On the Sunday the strangers attended divine worship, and I preached to them a sermon purposely for them, and enlarged at great length and fullness on how David overcame Goliath, and they both told me that they had never heard such a good discourse, but I do not think they were great judges of preachings. How, indeed, could Mr Howard know anything of sound doctrine, being educated, as he told me, at Eton school, a prelatie establishment. Nevertheless, he was a fine lad, and though a little given to frolic and diversion, he had a principle of integrity, that afterwards kithed into much virtue, for, during this visit, he took a notion of Effie Malcolm, and the lassie of him, then a sprightly and blooming creature, fair to look upon, and blithe to see, and he kept up a correspondence with her till the war was over, when, being a captain of a frigate, he came down among us, and they were married by me, as shall be related in its proper place.

Although I have not been particular in noticing it, from time to time, there had been an occasional going off, at fairs and on market-days, of the lads of the parish as soldiers, and when Captain Malcolm got the command of his ship, no less than four young men sailed with him from the clachan, so that we were deeper and deeper interested in the proceedings of the doleful war, that was raging in the plantations. By one post we heard of no less than three brave fellows belonging to us being slain in one battle, for which there was a loud and general lamentation.

Shortly after this, I got a letter from Charles Malcolm, a very pretty letter it indeed was, he had heard of my Lord Eglesham's murder, and grieved for the loss, both because his lordship was a good man, and because he had been such a friend to him and his family. 'But', said Charles, 'the best way that I can show my gratitude for his patronage, is to prove myself a good officer to my King and country.' Which I thought a brave sentiment, and was pleased thereat, for somehow Charles, from the time he brought me the limes to make a bowl of punch, in his pocket from Jamaica, had built a nest of affection in my heart. But, oh! the wicked wastery of life in war. In less than a month after, the news came of a victory over the French fleet, and by the same post I got a letter from Mr Howard, that was the midshipman who came to see us with Charles, telling me that poor Charles had been mortally wounded in the action, and had afterwards died of his wounds. 'He was a hero in the engagement,' said Mr Howard, 'and he died as a good and a brave man should.'—These tidings gave me one of the sorest hearts I ever suffered,

and it was long before I could gather fortitude to disclose the tidings to poor Charles's mother. But the callants of the school had heard of the victory, and were going shouting about, and had set the steeple bell a-ringing, by which Mrs Malcolm heard the news, and knowing that Charles's ship was with the fleet, she came over to the Manse in great anxiety, to hear the particulars, somebody telling her that there had been a foreign letter to me by the postman.

When I saw her I could not speak, but looked at her in pity, and the tear fleeing up into my eyes, she guessed what had happened. After giving a deep and sore sigh, she inquired, 'How did he behave? I hope well, for he was ay a gallant laddie!'—and then she wept very bitterly. However, growing calmer, I read to her the letter, and when I had done, she begged me to give it to her to keep, saying, 'It's all that I have now left of my pretty boy, but it's mair precious to me than the wealth of the Indies,' and she begged me to return thanks to the Lord, for all the comforts and manifold mercies with which her lot had been blessed, since the hour she put her trust in Him alone, and that was when she was left a penniless widow, with her five fatherless bairns.

It was just an edification of the spirit, to see the Christian resignation of this worthy woman. Mrs Balwhidder was confounded, and said, there was more sorrow in seeing the deep grief of her fortitude, than tongue could tell.

Having taken a glass of wine with her, I walked out to conduct her to her own house, but in the way we met with a severe trial. All the weans were out parading with napkins and kail-blades on

sticks, rejoicing and triumphing in the glad tidings of victory. But when they saw me and Mrs Malcolm coming slowly along, they guessed what had happened, and threw away their banners of joy, and, standing all up in a row, with silence and sadness, along the kirk-yard wall as we passed, showed an instinct of compassion that penetrated to my very soul. The poor mother burst into fresh affliction, and some of the bairns into an audible weeping, and, taking one another by the hand, they followed us to her door, like mourners at a funeral. Never was such a sight seen in any town before. The neighbours came to look at it, as we walked along, and the men turned aside to hide their faces, while the mothers pressed their babies fondler to their bosoms, and watered their innocent faces with their tears.

I prepared a suitable sermon, taking as the words of my text, 'Howl, ye ships of Tarshish, for your strength is laid waste.' But when I saw around me so many of my people, clad in complimentary mourning for the gallant Charles Malcolm, and that even poor daft Jenny Gaffaw, and her daughter, had on an old black ribbon, and when I thought of him, the spirited laddie, coming home from Jamaica, with his parrot on his shoulder, and his limes for me, my heart filled full, and I was obliged to sit down in the pulpit, and drop a tear.

After a pause, and the Lord having vouchsafed to compose me, I rose up, and gave out that anthem of triumph, the 124th Psalm, the singing of which brought the congregation round to themselves, but still I felt that I could not preach as I had meant to do, therefore I only said a few words of prayer, and singing another psalm, dismissed the congregation—*Annals of the Parish*

THE RISING OF THE WATERS

ABOUT daybreak it began to rain, and continued to pour with increasing violence all the morning, no one thought of stirring abroad who could keep within shelter. My boys and I had for task only to keep the fire at the door of the shanty brisk and blazing, and to notice that the pools, which began to form around us, did not become too large, for sometimes, besides the accumulation of the rain, little streams would suddenly break out, and rushing towards us, would have extinguished our fire, had we not been vigilant.

The site I had chosen for the shanty was near to a little brook, on the top of the main river's bank. In fine weather, no situation could be more beautiful, the brook was clear as crystal, and fell in a small cascade into the river, which, broad and deep, ran beneath the bank with a swift but smooth current.

The forest up the river had not been explored above a mile or two. All beyond was the unknown wilderness. Some vague rumours of small lakes and beaver dams were circulated in the village, but no importance was attached to the information save but for the occasional little torrents, with which the rain sometimes hastily threatened to extinguish our fires, we had no cause to dread inundation.

The rain still continued to fall incessantly. The pools it formed in the hollows of the ground began, towards noon, to overflow their banks, and to become united. By and by something like a slight current was observed passing from one to another,

but thinking only of preserving our fire, we no farther noticed this, than by occasionally running out of the shanty into the shower, and scraping a channel to let the water run off into the brook or the river

It was hoped that about noon the rain would slacken, but in this we were disappointed. It continued to increase, and the ground began to be so flooded, while the brook swelled to a river, that we thought it might become necessary to shift our tent to a higher part of the bank. To do this, we were, however, reluctant, for it was impossible to encounter the deluge without being almost instantly soaked to the skin, and we had put the shanty up with more care and pains than usual, intending it should serve us for a home until our house was comfortably finished.

About three o'clock the skies were dreadfully darkened and overcast. I had never seen such darkness while the sun was above the horizon, and still the rain continued to descend in cataracts, but at fits and intervals. No man, who had not seen the like, would credit the description.

Suddenly a sharp flash of lightning, followed by an instantaneous thunder-peal, lightened up all the forest, and almost in the same moment the rain came lavishing along as if the windows of heaven were opened, anon another flash, and a louder peal burst upon us, as if the whole forest was rending over and around us.

I drew my helpless and poor trembling little boys under the skirts of my great coat.

Then there was another frantic flash, and the roar of the thunder was augmented by the riven trees that fell cloven on all sides in a whirlwind of

splinters But though the lightning was more terrible than scimitars, and the thunder roared as if the vaults of heaven were shaken to pieces and tumbling in, the irresistible rain was still more appalling than either I have said it was as if the windows of heaven were opened About sunset, the ground floods were as if the fountains of the great deep were breaking up

I pressed my shivering children to my bosom, but I could not speak At the common shanty, where there had been for some time an affectation of mirth and ribaldry, there was now silence, at last, as if with one accord, all the inhabitants rushed from below their miserable shed, tore it into pieces, and ran with the fragments to a higher ground, crying wildly, 'The river is rising!'

I had seen it swelling for some time, but our shanty stood so far above the stream, that I had no fear it would reach us Scarcely, however, had the axemen escaped from theirs, and planted themselves on the crown of a rising ground nearer to us, where they were hastily constructing another shed, when a tremendous crash and roar was heard at some distance in the woods, higher up the stream It was so awful, I had almost said so omnipotent, in the sound, that I started on my feet, and shook my treasures from me For a moment the Niagara of the river seemed almost to pause—it was but for a moment—for instantly after, the noise of the rending of mighty trees, the crashing and the tearing of the unrooted forest, rose around The waters of the river, troubled and raging, came hurling with the wreck of the woods, sweeping with inconceivable fury everything that stood within its scope ;—a lake had burst its banks

The sudden rise of the water soon, however, subsided, I saw it ebbing fast, and comforted my terrified boys. The rain also began to abate. Instead of those dreadful sheets of waves which fell upon us, as if some vast ocean behind the forest was heaving over its spray, a thick continued small rain came on, and about an hour after sunset, streaks and breaks in the clouds gave some token that the worst was over,—it was not, however, so, for about the same time a stream appeared in the hollow, between the rising ground to which the axemen had retired, and the little knoll on which our shanty stood, at the same time the waters in the river began to swell again. There was on this occasion no abrupt and bursting noise, but the night was fast closing upon us, and a hoarse muttering and angry sound of many waters grew louder and louder on all sides.

The darkness, and increasing rage of the river, which there was just twilight enough to show was rising above the brim of the bank, smote me with inexpressible terror. I snatched my children by the hand, and rushed forward to join the axemen, but the torrent between us rolled so violently, that to pass was impossible, and the waters still continued to rise.

I called aloud to the axemen for assistance, and when they heard my desperate cries, they came out of the shed, some with burning brands, and others with their axes glittering in the flames, but they could render no help. At last, one man, a fearless backwoodsman, happened to observe, by the fire-light, a tree on the bank of the torrent, which it in some degree overhung, and he called for others to join him in making a bridge. In the course of

a few minutes the tree was laid across the stream, and we scrambled over, just as the river extinguished our fire, and swept our shanty away

This rescue was in itself so wonderful, and the scene had been so terrible, that it was some time after we were safe before I could rouse myself to believe I was not in the fangs of the nightmare. My poor boys clung to me as if still not assured of their security, and I wept upon their necks in the ecstasy of an unspeakable passion of anguish and joy

About this time the mising rain began to fall softer, the dawn of the moon appeared through the upper branches of the forest, and here and there the stars looked out from their windows in the clouds. The storm was gone, and the deluge assuaged, the floods all around us gradually ebbed away, and the insolent and unknown waters which had so swelled the river, shrunk within their banks, and long before the morning had retired from the scene

Need I say that anthems of deliverance were heard in our camp that night? O surely no! The woods answered to our psalms, and waved their mighty arms, the green leaves clapped their hands, and the blessed moon, lifting the veil from her forehead, and looking down upon us through the boughs, gladdened our solemn rejoicing —
Lawrie Todd

CHARLES WATERTON

1782-1865

THE SLOTH

LET us now turn our attention to the Sloth, whose native haunts have hitherto been so little known, and probably little looked into. Those who have written on this singular animal, have remarked that he is in a perpetual state of pain, that he is proverbially slow in his movements, that he is a prisoner in space, and that as soon as he has consumed all the leaves of the tree upon which he had mounted, he rolls himself up in the form of a ball, and then falls to the ground. This is not the case.

If the naturalists who have written the history of the sloth had gone into the wilds, in order to examine his haunts and economy, they would not have drawn the foregoing conclusions, they would have learned, that though all other quadrupeds may be described while resting upon the ground, the sloth is an exception to this rule, and that his history must be written while he is in the tree.

This singular animal is destined by nature to be produced, to live and to die in the trees, and to do justice to him, naturalists must examine him in this his upper element. He is a scarce and solitary animal, and being good food, he is never allowed to escape. He inhabits remote and gloomy forests, where snakes take up their abode, and where cruelly stinging ants and scorpions, and swamps, and innumerable thorny shrubs and bushes, obstruct the steps of civilized man. Were you to

draw your own conclusions from the descriptions which have been given of the sloth, you would probably suspect, that no naturalist has actually gone into the wilds with the fixed determination to find him out and examine his haunts, and see whether nature has committed any blunder in the formation of this extraordinary creature, which appears to us so forlorn and miserable, so ill put together, and so totally unfit to enjoy the blessings which have been so bountifully given to the rest of animated nature, for as it has formerly been remarked, he has no soles to his feet, and he is evidently ill at ease when he tries to move on the ground, and it is then that he looks up in your face with a countenance that says, 'Have pity on me, for I am in pain and sorrow'

It mostly happens that Indians and Negroes are the people who catch the sloth, and bring it to the white man hence it may be conjectured that the erroneous accounts we have hitherto had of the sloth, have not been penned down with the slightest intention to mislead the reader, or give him an exaggerated history, but that these errors have naturally arisen by examining the sloth in those places where nature never intended that he should be exhibited

However, we are now in his own domain Man but little frequents these thick and noble forests, which extend far and wide on every side of us This, then, is the proper place to go in quest of the sloth We will first take a near view of him By obtaining a knowledge of his anatomy, we shall be enabled to account for his movements hereafter when we see him in his proper haunts His forelegs, or, more correctly speaking, his arms, are

apparently much too long, while his hind-legs are very short, and look as if they could be bent almost to the shape of a corkscrew. Both the fore and hind legs, by their form, and by the manner in which they are joined to the body, are quite incapacitated from acting in a perpendicular direction, or in supporting it on the earth, as the bodies of other quadrupeds are supported, by their legs. Hence, when you place him on the floor, his belly touches the ground. Now, granted that he supported himself on his legs like other animals, nevertheless he would be in pain, for he has no soles to his feet, and his claws are very sharp and long, and curved, so that, were his body supported by his feet, it would be by their extremities, just as your body would be, were you to throw yourself on all fours, and try to support it on the ends of your toes and fingers—a trying position. Were the floor of glass, or of a polished surface, the sloth would actually be quite stationary, but as the ground is generally rough, with little protuberances upon it, such as stones, or roots of grass, &c, this just suits the sloth, and he moves his fore-legs in all directions, in order to find something to lay hold of, and when he has succeeded, he pulls himself forward, and is thus enabled to travel onwards, but at the same time in so tardy and awkward a manner, as to acquire him the name of Sloth.

Indeed his looks and his gestures evidently betray his uncomfortable situation and as a sigh every now and then escapes him, we may be entitled to conclude that he is actually in pain.

Some years ago I kept a sloth in my room for several months. I often took him out of the house and placed him upon the ground, in order to have

an opportunity of observing his motions. If the ground were rough, he would pull himself forwards, by means of his fore-legs, at a pretty good pace, and he invariably immediately shaped his course towards the nearest tree. But if I put him upon a smooth and well-trodden part of the road, he appeared to be in trouble and distress. his favourite abode was the back of a chair. and after getting all his legs in a line upon the topmost part of it, he would hang there for hours together, and often with a low and inward cry, would seem to invite me to take notice of him.

The sloth, in its wild state, spends its whole life in trees, and never leaves them but through force, or by accident. An all-ruling Providence has ordered man to tread on the surface of the earth, the eagle to soar in the expanse of the skies, and the monkey and squirrel to inhabit the trees. still these may change their relative situations without feeling much inconvenience. but the sloth is doomed to spend his whole life in the trees, and, what is more extraordinary, not *upon* the branches, like the squirrel and the monkey, but *under* them. He moves suspended from the branch, he rests suspended from it, and he sleeps suspended from it. To enable him to do this, he must have a very different formation from that of any other known quadruped.

Hence, his seemingly bungled conformation is at once accounted for, and in lieu of the sloth leading a painful life, and entailing a melancholy and miserable existence on its progeny, it is but fair to surmise that it just enjoys life as much as any other animal, and that its extraordinary formation and singular habits are but further

proofs to engage us to admire the wonderful works of Omnipotence

It must be observed, that the sloth does not hang head-downwards like the vampire When asleep, he supports himself from a branch parallel to the earth He first seizes the branch with one arm and then with the other, and after that, brings up both his legs, one by one, to the same branch, so that all four are in a line he seems perfectly at rest in this position Now, had he a tail, he would be at a loss to know what to do with it in this position were he to draw it up within his legs, it would interfere with them, and were he to let it hang down, it would become the sport of the winds Thus his deficiency of tail is a benefit to him, it is merely an apology for a tail, scarcely exceeding an inch and a half in length

I observed, when he was climbing, he never used his arms both together, but first one and then the other, and so on alternately There is a singularity in his hair, different from that of all other animals, and, I believe, hitherto unnoticed by naturalists, his hair is thick and coarse at the extremity, and gradually tapers to the root, where it becomes fine as a spider's web His fur has so much the hue of the moss which grows on the branches of the trees, that it is very difficult to make him out when he is at rest

The male of the three-toed sloth has a longitudinal bar of very fine black hair on his back, rather lower than the shoulder-blades, on each side of this black bar there is a space of yellow hair, equally fine, it has the appearance of being pressed into the body, and looks exactly as if it had been singed If we examine the anatomy of

his fore-legs, we shall immediately perceive by their firm and muscular texture, how very capable they are of supporting the pendent weight of his body, both in climbing and at rest, and, instead of pronouncing them a bungled composition, as a celebrated naturalist has done, we shall consider them as remarkably well calculated to perform their extraordinary functions

As the sloth is an inhabitant of forests within the tropics, where the trees touch each other in the greatest profusion, there seems to be no reason why he should confine himself to one tree alone for food, and entirely strip it of its leaves. During the many years I have ranged the forests, I have never seen a tree in such a state of nudity, indeed, I would hazard a conjecture, that, by the time the animal had finished the last of the old leaves, there would be a new crop on the part of the tree he had stripped first, ready for him to begin again, so quick is the process of vegetation in these countries

There is a saying amongst the Indians, that when the wind blows, the sloth begins to travel. In calm weather he remains tranquil, probably not liking to cling to the brittle extremity of the branches, lest they should break with him in passing from one tree to another, but as soon as the wind rises, the branches of the neighbouring trees become interwoven, and then the sloth seizes hold of them, and pursues his journey in safety. There is seldom an entire day of calm in these forests. The trade-wind generally sets in about ten o'clock in the morning, and thus the sloth may set off after breakfast, and get a considerable way before dinner. He travels at a good round pace, and were you to see him pass from tree to tree, as

I have done, you would never think of calling him a sloth

Thus, it would appear that the different histories we have of this quadruped are erroneous on two accounts first, that the writers of them, deterred by difficulties and local annoyances, have not paid sufficient attention to him in his native haunts, and secondly, they have described him in a situation in which he was never intended by nature to cut a figure, I mean on the ground The sloth is as much at a loss to proceed on his journey upon a smooth and level floor, as a man would be who had to walk a mile in stilts upon a line of feather beds

One day, as we were crossing the Essequibo, I saw a large two-toed sloth on the ground upon the bank, how he had got there nobody could tell the Indian said he had never surprised a sloth in such a situation before he would hardly have come there to drink, for both above and below the place, the branches of the trees touched the water, and afforded him an easy and safe access to it Be this as it may, though the trees were not above twenty yards from him, he could not make his way through the sand time enough to escape before we landed As soon as we got up to him he threw himself upon his back, and defended himself in gallant style with his fore-legs 'Come, poor fellow,' said I to him, 'if thou hast got into a hobble to-day, thou shalt not suffer for it I'll take no advantage of thee in misfortune, the forest is large enough both for thee and me to rove in go thy ways up above, and enjoy thyself in these endless wilds, it is more than probable thou wilt never have another interview with man So

fare thee well ' On saying this, I took a long stick which was lying there, held it for him to hook on, and then conveyed him to a high and stately mora. He ascended with wonderful rapidity, and in about a minute he was almost at the top of the tree. He now went off in a side direction, and caught hold of the branch of a neighbouring tree, he then proceeded towards the heart of the forest. I stood looking on, lost in amazement at his singular mode of progress. I followed him with my eye till the intervening branches closed in betwixt us, and then I lost sight for ever of the two-toed sloth. I was going to add, that I never saw a sloth take to his heels in such earnest, but the expression will not do, for the sloth has no heels.

That which naturalists have advanced of his being so tenacious of life, is perfectly true. I saw the heart of one beat for half an hour after it was taken out of the body. The wourah poison seems to be the only thing that will kill it quickly. On reference to a former part of these wanderings, it will be seen that a poisoned arrow killed the sloth in about ten minutes.

So much for this harmless, unoffending animal. He holds a conspicuous place in the catalogue of the animals of the new world. Though naturalists have made no mention of what follows, still it is not less true on that account. The sloth is the only quadruped known, which spends its whole life from the branch of a tree, suspended by his feet. I have paid uncommon attention to him in his native haunts. The monkey and squirrel will seize a branch with their fore-feet, and pull themselves up, and rest or run upon it, but the sloth, after seizing it, still remains suspended, and suspended.

moves along under the branch, till he can lay hold of another Whenever I have seen him in his native woods, whether at rest, or asleep, or on his travels, I have always observed that he was suspended from the branch of a tree When his form and anatomy are attentively considered, it will appear evident that the sloth cannot be at ease in any situation, where his body is higher, or above his feet We will now take our leave of him —
Wanderings in South America

WASHINGTON IRVING

1783—1859

RIP VAN WINKLE

A POSTHUMOUS WRITING OF DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER

By Woden, God of Saxons,
 From whence comes Wensday, that is Wodensday,
 Truth is a thing that ever I will keep
 Unto thylke day in which I creep into
 My sepulchre——

CARTWRIGHT

WHOEVER has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill mountains They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers When the weather is fair and

settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of grey vapours about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle-roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village, of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!), and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks

In that same village and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple good-natured man, he was, moreover, a kind neighbour, and an obedient hen-pecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circum-

stance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity, for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing, and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is that he was a great favourite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles, and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity, and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighbourhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labour. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance, for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble.

He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbour even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences, the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own, but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm, it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country, everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces, his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages, weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else, the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some outdoor work to do, so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighbourhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's

cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment, but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife, so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a hen-pecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much hen-pecked as his master, for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honourable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail drooped to the

ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a side-long glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on, a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary, and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place!

The opinions of this junta were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree, so that the neighbours

could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sundial. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs, but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds, and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapour curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught, nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair, and his only alternative, to escape from the labour of the farm and clamour of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. 'Poor Wolf', he would say, 'thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it, but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!' Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face,

and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill mountains. He was after his favourite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene, evening was gradually advancing, the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys, he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, 'Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!' He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must

have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air, 'Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!'—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and, giving a loud growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him, he looked anxiously in the same direction and perceived a strange figure toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing it to be some one of the neighbourhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin, strapped round the waist—several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity, and mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an

instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had laboured on in silence, for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion, some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar, one had a large head, broad face, and small piggyish eyes, the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colours. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance, he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old

Flemish painting, in the parlour of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling, they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavour of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another, and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll

whence he had first seen the old man of the glen
He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning
The birds were hopping and twittering among the
bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and
breasting the pure mountain breeze ‘Surely’,
thought Rip, ‘I have not slept here all night’
He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep
The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain
ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the
woebegone party at ninepins—the flagon—
‘Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!’ thought
Rip, ‘what excuse shall I make to Dame Van
Winkle?’

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the
clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old
firelock lying by him, the barrel incrustated with
rust, the lock falling off, and the stock wormeaten
He now suspected that the grave roisterers of the
mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having
dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun
Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have
strayed away after a squirrel or partridge He
whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all
in vain, the echoes repeated his whistle and
shout, but no dog was to be seen

He determined to revisit the scene of the last
evening’s gambol, and, if he met with any of the
party, to demand his dog and gun As he rose to
walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and
wanting in his usual activity ‘These mountain
beds do not agree with me,’ thought Rip, ‘and
if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the
rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with
Dame Van Winkle’ With some difficulty he got
down into the glen he found the gully up which

he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening, but, to his astonishment, a mountain stream was now foaming down it—leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape-vines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre, but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog, he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice, and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done?—the morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and his gun, he dreaded to meet his wife, but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself

acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and, whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same—when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his grey beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered, it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him, he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. ‘That flagon last night,’ thought he, ‘has addled my poor head sadly!’

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A

half-starved dog that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed—'My very dog,' sighed poor Rip, 'has forgotten me!'

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. The desolateness overcame all his connubial fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, 'The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle.' Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there was now reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe, but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very

character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco-smoke instead of idle speeches, or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—elections—members of congress—liberty—Bunker's Hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired 'on which side he voted?' Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, 'Whether he was Federal or Democrat?' Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question, when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone,

‘What brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?’—‘Alas! gentlemen,’ cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, ‘I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!’

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—‘A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!’ It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order, and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbours, who used to keep about the tavern

‘Well—who are they?—name them’

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, ‘Where’s Nicholas Vedder?’

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied in a thin piping voice, ‘Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that’s rotten and gone too’

‘Where’s Brom Dutcher?’

‘Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war, some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point—others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony’s Nose. I don’t know—he never came back again’

‘Where’s Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?’

‘He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress’

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand—war—congress—Stony Point,—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, 'Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?'

'Oh, Rip Van Winkle!' exclaimed two or three, 'Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree.'

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain—apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

'God knows,' exclaimed he, at his wit's end, 'I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!'

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh comely woman pressed through

the throng to get a peep at the grey-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry 'Hush, Rip,' cried she, 'hush, you little fool, the old man won't hurt you.' The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

'What is your name, my good woman?' asked he.

'Judith Gardenier.'

'And your father's name?'

'Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him, but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl.'

Rip had but one question more to ask, but he put it with a faltering voice.

'Where's your mother?'

'Oh, she too had died but a short time since, she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New-England pedlar.'

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. 'I am your father!' cried he—'Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?'

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, 'Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—'

it is himself ! Welcome home again, old neighbour — Why, where have you been these twenty long years ? ’

Rip’s story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbours stared when they heard it, some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks — and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighbourhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the *Half-moon*, being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river, and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain, and that he himself had

heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her, she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for her husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm, but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits, he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time, and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favour.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was revered as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times 'before the war'. It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England—and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician, the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him, but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and

that was—petticoat government Happily that was at an end , he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes , which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr Doolittle's hotel He was observed at first to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighbourhood but knew it by heart Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit Even to this day they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins , and it is a common wish of all hen-pecked husbands in the neighbourhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon

The Sketch Book

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

When I behold, with deep astonishment,
 To famous Westminster how there resorte,
 Living in bras-e or stoney monument,
 The princes and the worthies of all sorte ,
 Doe not I see reformde nobilitie,
 Without contempt, or pride, or ostentation,
 And looke upon offenselesse majesty,
 Naked of pomp or earthly domination ?
 And how a play-game of a painted stone
 Contents the quiet now and silent sprites,
 Whome all the world which late they stood upon
 Could not content nor quench their appetites

Life is a frost of cold felicitie,
 And death the thaw of all our vanitie

Christoleio's Epigrams, by T B , 1598

ON one of those sober and rather melancholy days, in the latter part of autumn, when the shadows of morning and evening almost mingle together, and throw a gloom over the decline of the year, I passed several hours in rambling about Westminster Abbey. There was something congenial to the season in the mournful magnificence of the old pile, and as I passed its threshold, seemed like stepping back into the regions of antiquity, and losing myself among the shades of former ages.

I entered from the inner court of Westminster School, through a long, low, vaulted passage, that had an almost subterranean look, being dimly lighted in one part by circular perforations in the massive walls. Through this dark avenue I had a distant view of the cloisters, with the figure of an old verger, in his black gown, moving along their shadowy vaults, and seeming like a spectre from one of the neighbouring tombs. The approach

to the abbey through these gloomy monastic remains prepares the mind for its solemn contemplation. The cloisters still retain something of the quiet and seclusion of former days. The grey walls are discoloured by damp, and crumbling with age, a coat of hoary moss has gathered over the inscriptions of the mural monuments, and obscured the death's heads and other funereal emblems. The sharp touches of the chisel are gone from the rich tracery of the arches, the roses which adorned the keystones have lost their leafy beauty, everything bears marks of the gradual dilapidations of time, which yet has something touching and pleasing in its very decay.

The sun was pouring down a yellow autumnal ray into the square of the cloisters, beaming upon a scanty plot of grass in the centre, and lighting up an angle of the vaulted passage with a kind of dusky splendour. From between the arcades the eye glanced up to a bit of blue sky or a passing cloud, and beheld the sun-gilt pinnacles of the abbey towering into the azure heaven.

As I paced the cloisters, sometimes contemplating this mingled picture of glory and decay, and sometimes endeavouring to decipher the inscriptions on the tombstones, which formed the pavement beneath my feet, my eye was attracted to three figures, rudely carved in relief, but nearly worn away by the footsteps of many generations. They were the effigies of three of the early abbots, the epitaphs were entirely effaced, the names alone remained, having no doubt been renewed in later times (Vitalis Abbas 1082, and Gislebertus Crispinus Abbas 1114, and Laurentius Abbas 1176). I remained some little while, musing over

these casual relics of antiquity, thus left like wrecks upon this distant shore of time, telling no tale but that such beings had been and had perished, teaching no moral but the futility of that pride which hopes still to exact homage in its ashes, and to live in an inscription. A little longer, and even these faint records will be obliterated, and the monument will cease to be a memorial. Whilst I was yet looking down upon these gravestones, I was roused by the sound of the abbey clock, reverberating from buttress to buttress, and echoing among the cloisters. It is almost startling to hear this warning of departed time sounding among the tombs, and telling the lapse of the hour, which, like a billow, has rolled us onward towards the grave. I pursued my walk to an arched door opening to the interior of the abbey. On entering here, the magnitude of the building breaks fully upon the mind, contrasted with the vaults of the cloister. The eyes gaze with wonder at clustered columns of gigantic dimensions, with arches springing from them to such an amazing height, and man wandering about their bases, shrunk into insignificance in comparison with his own handiwork. The spaciousness and gloom of this vast edifice produce a profound and mysterious awe. We step cautiously and softly about, as if fearful of disturbing the hallowed silence of the tomb, while every footfall whispers along the walls, and chatters among the sepulchres, making us more sensible of the quiet we have interrupted.

It seems as if the awful nature of the place presses down upon the soul, and hushes the beholder into noiseless reverence. We feel that we

are surrounded by the congregated bones of the great men of past times, who have filled history with their deeds, and the earth with their renown

And yet it almost provokes a smile at the vanity of human ambition, to see how they are crowded together and jostled in the dust, what parsimony is observed in doling out a scanty nook, a gloomy corner, a little portion of earth, to those whom, when alive, kingdoms could not satisfy, and how many shapes, and forms, and artifices, are devised to catch the casual notice of the passenger, and save from forgetfulness, for a few short years, a name which once aspired to occupy ages of the world's thought and admiration

I passed some time in Poets' Corner, which occupies an end of one of the transepts or cross aisles of the abbey. The monuments are generally simple, for the lives of literary men afford no striking themes for the sculptor. Shakespeare and Addison have statues erected to their memories, but the greater part have busts, medallions, and sometimes mere inscriptions. Notwithstanding the simplicity of these memorials, I have always observed that the visitors to the abbey remained longest about them. A kinder and fonder feeling takes place of that cold curiosity or vague admiration with which they gaze on the splendid monuments of the great and the heroic. They linger about these as about the tombs of friends and companions, for indeed there is something of companionship between the author and the reader. Other men are known to posterity only through the medium of history, which is continually growing faint and obscure, but the intercourse between the author and his fellow men is ever new, active,

and immediate He has lived for them more than for himself, he has sacrificed surrounding enjoyments, and shut himself up from the delights of social life, that he might the more intimately commune with distant minds and distant ages Well may the world cherish his renown, for it has been purchased, not by deeds of violence and blood, but by the diligent dispensation of pleasure Well may posterity be grateful to his memory, for he has left it an inheritance, not of empty names and sounding actions, but whole treasures of wisdom, bright gems of thought, and golden veins of language

From Poets' Corner, I continued my stroll towards that part of the abbey which contains the sepulchres of the kings I wandered among what once were chapels, but which are now occupied by the tombs and monuments of the great At every turn I met with some illustrious name, or the cognizance of some powerful house renowned in history As the eye darts into these dusky chambers of death, it catches glimpses of quaint effigies, some kneeling in niches, as if in devotion, others stretched upon the tombs, with hands piously pressed together, warriors in armour, as if reposing after battle, prelates with crosiers and mitres, and nobles in robes and coronets, lying as it were in state. In glancing over this scene, so strangely populous, yet where every form is so still and silent, it seems almost as if we were treading a mansion of that fabled city, where every being had been suddenly transmuted into stone

I paused to contemplate a tomb on which lay the effigy of a knight in complete armour A large buckler was on one arm, the hands were pressed

together in supplication upon the breast the face was almost covered by the morion, the legs were crossed, in token of the warrior's having been engaged in the holy war. It was the tomb of a crusader, of one of those military enthusiasts, who so strangely mingled religion and romance, and whose exploits form the connecting link between fact and fiction, between the history and the fairy tale. There is something extremely picturesque in the tombs of these adventurers, decorated as they are with rude armorial bearings and Gothic sculpture. They comport with the antiquated chapels in which they are generally found, and in considering them, the imagination is apt to kindle with the legendary associations, the romantic fiction, the chivalrous pomp and pageantry, which poetry has spread over the wars for the sepulchre of Christ. They are the relics of times utterly gone by, of beings passed from recollection, of customs and manners with which ours have no affinity. They are like objects from some strange and distant land, of which we have no certain knowledge, and about which all our conceptions are vague and visionary. There is something extremely solemn and awful in those effigies on Gothic tombs, extended as if in the sleep of death, or in the supplication of the dying hour. They have an effect infinitely more impressive on my feelings than the fanciful attitudes, the over-wrought conceits, and allegorical groups, which abound on modern monuments. I have been struck, also, with the superiority of many of the old sepulchral inscriptions. There was a noble way, in former times, of saying things simply, and yet saving them proudly, and I do

not know an epitaph that breathes a loftier consciousness of family worth and honourable lineage, than one which affirms of a noble house, that 'all the brothers were brave, and all the sisters virtuous'

In the opposite transept to Poets' Corner stands a monument which is among the most renowned achievements of modern art, but which to me appears horrible rather than sublime. It is the tomb of Mrs Nightingale, by Roubilliac. The bottom of the monument is represented as throwing open its marble doors, and a sheeted skeleton is starting forth. The shroud is falling from his fleshless frame as he launches his dart at his victim. She is sinking into her affrighted husband's arms, who strives, with vain and frantic effort, to avert the blow. The whole is executed with terrible truth and spirit, we almost fancy we hear the gibbering yell of triumph bursting from the distended jaws of the spectre. But why should we thus seek to clothe death with unnecessary terrors, and to spread horrors round the tomb of those we love? The grave should be surrounded by everything that might inspire tenderness and veneration for the dead, or that might win the living to virtue. It is the place, not of disgust and dismay, but of sorrow and meditation.

While wandering about these gloomy vaults and silent aisles, studying the records of the dead, the sound of busy existence from without occasionally reaches the ear,—the rumbling of the passing equipage, the murmur of the multitude, or perhaps the light laugh of pleasure. The contrast is striking with the death-like repose around, and it has a strange effect upon the feelings, thus to

hear the surges of active life hurrying along, and beating against the very walls of the sepulchre

I continued in this way to move from tomb to tomb, and from chapel to chapel. The day was gradually wearing away, the distant tread of loiterers about the abbey grew less and less frequent, the sweet-tongued bell was summoning to evening prayers, and I saw at a distance the choristers, in their white surplices, crossing the aisle and entering the choir. I stood before the entrance to Henry the Seventh's chapel. A flight of steps lead up to it, through a deep and gloomy, but magnificent arch. Great gates of brass, richly and delicately wrought, turn heavily upon their hinges, as if proudly reluctant to admit the feet of common mortals into this most gorgeous of sepulchres.

On entering, the eye is astonished by the pomp of architecture, and the elaborate beauty of sculptured detail. The very walls are wrought into universal ornament, incrustated with tracery, and scooped into niches, crowded with the statues of saints and martyrs. Stone seems, by the cunning labour of the chisel, to have been robbed of its weight and density, suspended aloft, as if by magic, and the fretted roof achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb.

Along the sides of the chapel are the lofty stalls of the Knights of the Bath, richly carved of oak, though with the grotesque decorations of Gothic architecture. On the pinnacles of the stalls are affixed the helmets and crests of the knights, with their scarfs and swords, and above them are suspended their banners, emblazoned with armorial bearings, and contrasting the splendour of gold

and purple and crimson, with the cold grey fret-work of the roof. In the midst of this grand mausoleum stands the sepulchre of its founder,—his effigy, with that of his queen, extended on a sumptuous tomb, and the whole surrounded by a superbly-wrought brazen railing.

There is a sad dreariness in this magnificence, this strange mixture of tombs and trophies, these emblems of living and aspiring ambition, close beside mementos which show the dust and oblivion in which all must, sooner or later, terminate. Nothing impresses the mind with a deeper feeling of loneliness, than to tread the silent and deserted scene of former throng and pageant. On looking round on the vacant stalls of the knights and their esquires, and on the rows of dusty but gorgeous banners that were once borne before them, my imagination conjured up the scene when this hall was bright with the valour and beauty of the land, glittering with the splendour of jewelled rank and military array, alive with the tread of many feet and the hum of an admiring multitude. All had passed away, the silence of death had settled again upon the place, interrupted only by the casual chirping of birds, which had found their way into the chapel, and built their nests among its friezes and pendants—sure signs of solitariness and desertion.

When I read the names inscribed on the banners, they were those of men scattered far and wide about the world, some tossing upon distant seas; some under arms in distant lands, some mingling in the busy intrigues of courts and cabinets, all seeking to deserve one more distinction in this mansion of shadowy honours—the melancholy reward of a monument.

Two small aisles on each side of this chapel present a touching instance of the equality of the grave, which brings down the oppressor to a level with the oppressed, and mingles the dust of the bitterest enemies together. In one is the sepulchre of the haughty Elizabeth, in the other is that of her victim, the lovely and unfortunate Mary. Not an hour in the day but some ejaculation of pity is uttered over the fate of the latter, mingled with indignation at her oppressor. The walls of Elizabeth's sepulchre continually echo with the sighs of sympathy heaved at the grave of her rival.

A peculiar melancholy reigns over the aisle where Mary lies buried. The light struggles dimly through windows darkened by dust. The greater part of the place is in deep shadow, and the walls are stained and tinted by time and weather. A marble figure of Mary is stretched upon the tomb, round which is an iron railing, much corroded, bearing her national emblem—the thistle. I was weary with wandering, and sat down to rest myself by the monument, revolving in my mind the chequered and disastrous story of poor Mary.

The sound of casual footsteps had ceased from the abbey. I could only hear, now and then, the distant voice of the priest repeating the evening service, and the faint responses of the choir, these paused for a time, and all was hushed. The stillness, the desertion, and obscurity that were gradually prevailing around, gave a deeper and more solemn interest to the place —

For in the silent grave no conversation,
No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,
No careful father's counsel—nothing 's heard,
For nothing is, but all oblivion,
Dust, and an endless darkness

Suddenly the notes of the deep-labouring organ burst upon the ear, falling with doubled and redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, huge billows of sound. How well do their volume and grandeur accord with this mighty building! With what pomp do they swell through its vast vaults, and breathe their awful harmony through these caves of death, and make the silent sepulchre vocal! And now they rise in triumphant acclamation, heaving higher and higher their accordant notes, and piling sound on sound. And now they pause, and the soft voices of the choir break out into sweet gushes of melody, they soar aloft, and warble along the roof, and seem to play about these lofty vaults like the pure airs of heaven. Again the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music, and rolling it forth upon the soul. What long-drawn cadences! What solemn sweeping concords! It grows more and more dense and powerful—it fills the vast pile, and seems to jar the very walls—the ear is stunned—the senses are overwhelmed. And now it is winding up in full jubilee—it is rising from the earth to heaven—the very soul seems rapt away and floated upwards on this swelling tide of harmony!

I sat for some time lost in that kind of reverie which a strain of music is apt sometimes to inspire. The shadows of evening were gradually thickening round me, the monuments began to cast deeper and deeper gloom, and the distant clock again gave token of the slowly waning day.

I rose and prepared to leave the abbey. As I descended the flight of steps which lead into the body of the building, my eye was caught by the

shrine of Edward the Confessor, and I ascended the small staircase that conducts to it, to take from thence a general survey of this wilderness of tombs. The shrine is elevated upon a kind of platform, and close around it are the sepulchres of various kings and queens. From this eminence the eye looks down between pillars and funereal trophies to the chapels and chambers below, crowded with tombs, where warriors, prelates, courtiers, and statesmen, lie mouldering in their 'beds of darkness.' Close by me stood the great chair of coronation, rudely carved of oak, in the barbarous taste of a remote and gothic age. The scene seemed almost as if contrived, with theatrical artifice, to produce an effect upon the beholder. Here was a type of the beginning and the end of human pomp and power, here it was literally but a step from the throne to the sepulchre. Would not one think that these incongruous mementos had been gathered together as a lesson to living greatness?—to show it, even in the moment of its proudest exaltation, the neglect and dishonour to which it must soon arrive, how soon that crown which encircles its brow must pass away, and it must lie down in the dust and disgraces of the tomb, and be trampled upon by the feet of the meanest of the multitude. For, strange to tell, even the grave is here no longer a sanctuary. There is a shocking levity in some natures, which leads them to sport with awful and hallowed things, and there are base minds, which delight to revenge on the illustrious dead the abject homage and grovelling servility which they pay to the living. The coffin of Edward the Confessor has been broken open, and his remains despoiled

of their funereal ornaments , the sceptre has been stolen from the hand of the imperious Elizabeth, and the effigy of Henry the Fifth lies headless Not a royal monument but bears some proof how false and fugitive is the homage of mankind Some are plundered, some mutilated , some covered with ribaldry and insult—all more or less outraged and dishonoured !

The last beams of day were now faintly streaming through the painted windows in the high vaults above me , the lower parts of the abbey were already wrapped in the obscurity of twilight The chapel and aisles grew darker and darker The effigies of the kings faded into shadows , the marble figures of the monuments assumed strange shapes in the uncertain light , the evening breeze crept through the aisles like the cold breath of the grave , and even the distant footfall of a verger, traversing the Poets' Corner, had something strange and dreary in its sound I slowly retraced my morning's walk, and as I passed out at the portal of the cloisters, the door, closing with a jarring noise behind me, filled the whole building with echoes

I endeavoured to form some arrangement in my mind of the objects I had been contemplating, but found they were already fallen into indistinctness and confusion Names, inscriptions, trophies, had all become confounded in my recollection, though I had scarcely taken my foot from off the threshold What, thought I, is this vast assemblage of sepulchres but a treasury of humiliation , a huge pile of reiterated homilies on the emptiness of renown, and the certainty of oblivion ! It is, indeed, the empire of Death , his great shadowy palace, where

he sits in state, mocking at the relics of human glory, and spreading dust and forgetfulness on the monuments of princes. How idle a boast, after all, is the immortality of a name! Time is ever silently turning over his pages, we are too much engrossed by the story of the present, to think of the characters and anecdotes that gave interest to the past, and each age is a volume thrown aside to be speedily forgotten. The idol of to-day pushes the hero of yesterday out of our recollection, and will, in turn, be supplanted by his successor of to-morrow. 'Our fathers,' says Sir Thomas Browne, 'find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors.' History fades into fable, fact becomes clouded with doubt and controversy, the inscription moulders from the tablet, the statue falls from the pedestal. Columns, arches, pyramids, what are they but heaps of sand, and their epitaphs, but characters written in the dust? What is the security of a tomb, or the perpetuity of an embalmment? The remains of Alexander the Great have been scattered to the wind, and his empty sarcophagus is now the mere curiosity of a museum. 'The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyzes or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams.'¹

What, then, is to insure this pile which now towers above me from sharing the fate of mightier mausoleums? The time must come when its gilded vaults, which now spring so loftily, shall lie in rubbish beneath the feet, when, instead of the sound of melody and praise, the wind shall

¹ Sir T Browne

whistle through the broken arches, and the owl hoot from the shattered tower—when the garish sunbeam shall break into these gloomy mansions of death, and the ivy twine round the fallen column, and the foxglove hang its blossoms about the nameless urn, as if in mockery of the dead Thus man passes away, his name perishes from record and recollection, his history is as a tale that is told, and his very monument becomes a ruin —*The Sketch Book*

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT

1784–1859

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY

NEXT Friday, making the proper allowance of twelve days from the 23rd of April, according to the change of the Style, is the birthday of Shakespeare Pleasant thoughts must be associated with him in everything If he is not to be born in April, he must be born in May Nature will have him with her on her blithest holidays, like her favourite lover

O thou divine human creature,—greater name than even divine poet or divine philosopher,—and yet thou wast all three,—a very spring and vernal abundance of all fair and noble things is to be found in thy productions! They are truly a second nature We walk in them, with whatever society we please, either with men, or fair women, or circling spirits, or with none but the whispering airs and leaves Thou makest worlds of green trees and gentle natures for us, in thy forests of Arden, and thy courtly retirements of Navarre Thou bringest

us among the holiday lasses on the green sward , layest us to sleep among fairies in the bowers of midsummer , wakest us with the song of the lark and the silver-sweet voices of lovers , bringest more music to our ears, both from earth and from the planets , anon settest us upon enchanted islands, where it welcomes us again, from the touching of invisible instruments , and after all, restorest us to our still desired haven, the arms of humanity Whether grieving us or making us glad, thou makest us kinder and happier The tears which thou fecthest down are like the rains of April, softening the times that come after them Thy smiles are those of the month of love, the more blessed and universal for the tears

The birthdays of such men as Shakespeare ought to be kept, in common gratitude and affection, like those of relations whom we love He has said, in a line full of him, that

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin
How near does he become to us with his thousand touches ! The lustre and utility of intellectual power is so increasing in the eyes of the world, that we do not despair of seeing the time when his birthday will be a subject of public rejoicing , when the regular feast will be served up in tavern and dwelling-house, the bust crowned with laurel, and the theatres sparkle with illuminations The town is lucky enough once more to have a manager who is an enthusiast If Mr Elliston would light up the front of his theatre next Friday with the name of Shakespeare, we would warrant him a call from the pit, and whole shouts of acknowledgement

In the meantime it is in the power of every admirer of Shakespeare to honour the day privately

Rich or poor, busy or at leisure, all may do it The busiest finds time to eat his dinner, and may pitch one considerate glass of wine down his throat The poorest may call him to mind, and drink his memory in honest water We had mechanically written health, as if he were alive So he is in spirit,—and the spirit of such a writer is so constantly with us, that it would be a good thing, a judicious extravagance, a contemplative piece of jollity, to drink his health instead of his memory But this, we fear, should be an impulse We must content ourselves with having felt it here, and drinking it in imagination To act upon it, as a proposal of the day before yesterday, might be too much like getting up an extempore gesture, or practising an unspeakable satisfaction

An outline, however, may be drawn of the manner in which such a birthday might be spent. The tone and colouring would be filled up, of course, according to the taste of the parties If any of our readers, then, have leisure as well as inclination to devote a day to the memory of Shakespeare, we would advise them, in the first place, to walk out, whether alone or in company, and enjoy during the morning as much as possible of those beauties of nature of which he has left us such exquisite pictures They would take a volume of him in their hands, the most suitable to the occasion, not to hold themselves bound to sit down and read it, nor even to refer to it, if the original work of nature should occupy them too much, but to read it, if they read anything, and to feel that Shakespeare was with them substantially as well as spiritually,—that they had him with them under their arm There is another thought connected with his

presence, which may render the Londoner's walk the more interesting Shakespeare had neither the vanity which induces a man to be disgusted with what everybody can enjoy, nor on the other hand the involuntary self-degradation which renders us incapable of enjoying what is abased by our own familiarity of acquaintanceship About the metropolis, therefore, there is perhaps not a single rural spot, any more than about Stratford-upon-Avon, which he has not himself enjoyed The south side of London was the one nearest his theatre Hyde Park was then, as it is now, one of the fashionable promenades Richmond also was in high pride of estimation At Greenwich Elizabeth held her court, and walked abroad amid the gallant service of the Sidneys and Raleighs And Hampstead and Highgate, with the country about them, were as they have been ever since, the favourite resort of the lovers of natural productions Nay, without repeating what we said in a former number about the Mermaid in Cornhill, the Devil Tavern in Fleet Street, the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, and other town associations with Shakespeare, the reader who cannot get out of London on his birthday, and who has the luck to be hard at work in Chancery Lane or the Borough, may be pretty certain that Shakespeare has admired the fields and the May flowers there, for the fields were close to the latter, perhaps came up to the very walls of the theatre, and the suburban mansion and gardens of his friend Lord Southampton occupied the spot now called Southampton Buildings It was really a country neighbourhood The Old Bourne (Holborn) ran by, with a bridge over it, and Gray's Inn was an academic bower in the fields

The dinner does not much signify The sparest or the most abundant will equally suit the various fortunes of the great poet, only it will be as well for those who can afford wine to pledge Falstaff in a cup of 'sherris sack', which seems to have been a sort of sherry negus After dinner Shakespeare's volumes will come well on the table, lying among the dessert like laurels, where there is one, and supplying it where there is not Instead of songs, the persons present may be called upon for scenes But no stress need be laid on this proposition, if they do not like to read out loud The pleasure of the day should be as much at liberty as possible, and if the company prefer conversation, it will not be very easy for them to touch upon any subjects which Shakespeare shall not have touched upon also If the enthusiasm is in high taste, the ladies should be crowned with violets, which (next to the roses of their lips) seem to have been his favourite flower After tea should come singing and music, especially the songs which Arne set from his plays, and the ballad of 'Thou soft-flowing Avon' If an engraving or bust of him could occupy the principal place in the room, it would look like the 'present deity' of the occasion, and we have known a very pleasant effect produced by everybody's bringing some quotation applicable to him from his works, and laying it before his image, to be read in the course of the evening

The Editor would have dilated on these matters, not so much to recommend what the enthusiasm of the moment will suggest, as to enjoy them with the reader, and have his company, as it were, at an imaginary meeting But he is too unwell now to write much, and should have taken the liberty

of compiling almost the whole of his present number, could he have denied himself the pleasure of saying a few words on so happy an occasion

Essays

ON GETTING UP ON COLD MORNINGS

AN Italian author—Giulio Cordara, a Jesuit—has written a poem upon insects, which he begins by insisting, that those troublesome and abominable little animals were created for our annoyance, and that they were certainly not inhabitants of Paradise. We of the north may dispute this piece of theology, but on the other hand, it is as clear as the snow on the house-tops, that Adam was not under the necessity of shaving, and that when Eve walked out of her delicious bower, she did not step upon ice three inches thick.

Some people say it is a very easy thing to get up of a cold morning. You have only, they tell you, to take the resolution, and the thing is done. This may be very true, just as a boy at school has only to take a flogging, and the thing is over. But we have not at all made up our minds upon it, and we find it a very pleasant exercise to discuss the matter, candidly, before we get up. This, at least, is not idling, though it may be lying. It affords an excellent answer to those who ask how lying in bed can be indulged in by a reasoning being—a rational creature. How? Why, with the argument calmly at work in one's head, and the clothes over one's shoulder. Oh—it is a fine way of spending a sensible, impartial half-hour.

If these people would be more charitable they would get on with their argument better. But

they are apt to reason so ill, and to assert so dogmatically, that one could wish to have them stand round one's bed, of a bitter morning, and *lie* before their faces. They ought to hear both sides of the bed, the inside and out. If they cannot entertain themselves with their own thoughts for half-an-hour or so, it is not the fault of those who can. If their will is never pulled aside by the enticing arms of imagination, so much the luckier for the stage-coachman.

Candid inquiries into one's recumbency, beside the greater or less privileges to be allowed a man in proportion to his ability of keeping early hours, the work given his faculties, etc., will at least concede their due merits to such representations as the following. In the first place, says the injured but calm appealer, I have been warm all night, and find my system in a state perfectly suitable to a warm-blooded animal. To get out of this state into the cold, besides the inharmonious and uncritical abruptness of the transition, is so unnatural to such a creature, that the poets, refining upon the tortures of the damned, make one of their greatest agonies consist in being suddenly transported from heat to cold—from fire to ice. They are 'haled' out of their 'beds', says Milton, by 'harpy-footed furies'—fellows who come to call them—On my first movement towards the anticipation of getting up I find that such parts of the sheets and bolster as are exposed to the air of the room are stone-cold. On opening my eyes, the first thing that meets them is my own breath rolling forth, as if in the open air, like smoke out of a chimney. Think of this symptom. Then I turn my eyes sideways and see the windows all

ON GETTING UP ON COLD MORNINGS 161

frozen over Think of that Then the servant comes in 'It is very cold this morning, is it not?' —'Very cold, sir'—'Very cold indeed, isn't it?' —'Very cold indeed, sir'—'More than usually so, isn't it, even for this weather?' (Here the servant's wit and good nature are put to a considerable test, and the inquirer lies on thorns for the answer) 'Why, sir I think it is' (Good creature! There is not a better or more truth-telling servant going) 'I must rise, however—get me some warm water'—Here comes a fine interval between the departure of the servant and the arrival of the hot water, during which, of course, it is of 'no use' to get up The hot water comes 'Is it quite hot?'—'Yes, sir'—'Perhaps too hot for shaving, I must wait a little?'—'No, sir, it will just do' (There is an over-nice propriety sometimes, an officious zeal of virtue, a little troublesome) 'Oh—the shirt—you must air my clean shirt,—linen gets very damp this weather'—'Yes, sir' Here another delicious five minutes A knock at the door 'Oh, the shirt—very well My stockings—I think the stockings had better be aired too'—'Very well, sir' Here another interval At length everything is ready, except myself I now, continues our incumbent (a happy word, by the by, for a country vicar)—I now cannot help thinking a good deal—who can?—upon the unnecessary and villainous custom of shaving it is a thing so unmanly (here I nestle closer)—so effeminate (here I recoil from an unlucky step into the colder part of the bed) —No wonder that the Queen of France took part with the rebels against that degenerate king, her husband, who first affronted her smooth visage with a face like her own The Emperor

Julian never showed the luxuriancy of his genius to better advantage than in reviving the flowing beard Look at Cardinal Bembo's picture—at Michael Angelo's—at Titian's—at Shakespeare's—at Fletcher's—at Spenser's—at Chaucer's—at Alfred's—at Plato's I could name a great man for every tick of my watch—Look at the Turks, a grave and otiose people—Think of Haroun Al Raschid and Bed-ridden Hassan—Think of Wortley Montague, the worthy son of his mother, above the prejudice of his time—Look at the Persian gentlemen, whom one is ashamed of meeting about the suburbs, their dress and appearance are so much finer than our own—Lastly, think of the razor itself—how totally opposed to every sensation of bed—how cold, how edgy, how hard! how utterly different from anything like the warm and circling amplitude, which

Sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses

Add to this, benumbed fingers, which may help you to cut yourself, a quivering body, a frozen towel, and a ewer full of ice, and he that says there is nothing to oppose in all this, only shows that he has no merit in opposing it

Thomson the poet, who exclaims in his *Seasons*—

Falsely luxurious! Will not man awake?

used to lie in bed till noon, because he said he had no motive in getting up He could imagine the good of rising, but then he could also imagine the good of lying still, and his exclamation, it must be allowed, was made upon summer-time, not winter We must proportion the argument to the individual character A money-getter may be

ON GETTING UP ON COLD MORNINGS 163

drawn out of his bed by three or four pence , but this will not suffice for a student A proud man may say, ' What shall I think of myself, if I don't get up ? ' but the more humble one will be content to waive this prodigious notion of himself, out of respect to his kindly bed The mechanical man shall get up without any ado at all , and so shall the barometer An ingenious liar in bed will find hard matter of discussion even on the score of health and longevity He will ask us for our proofs and precedents of the ill effects of lying later in cold weather , and sophisticate much on the advantages of an even temperature of body , of the natural propensity (pretty universal) to have one's way , and of the animals that roll themselves up and sleep all the winter As to longevity, he will ask whether the longest is of necessity the best , and whether Holborn is the handsomest street in London — *Essays*

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

1785–1859

ON HEARING GRASSINI

THE late Duke of Norfolk used to say, ' Next Monday, wind and weather permitting, I purpose to be drunk , ' and in like manner I used to fix beforehand how often within a given time, when, and with what accessory circumstances of festal joy, I would commit a debauch of opium This was seldom more than once in three weeks , for at that time I could not have ventured to call every day (as afterwards I did) for ' *a glass of laudanum negus, warm, and without sugar* ' No , once in three weeks sufficed , and the time selected was either

a Tuesday or a Saturday night, my reason for which was this Tuesday and Saturday were for many years the regular nights of performance at the King's Theatre (or Opera House), and there it was in those times that Grassini sang, and her voice (the richest of contraltos) was delightful to me beyond all that I had ever heard. Yes, or have since heard, or ever shall hear. I know not what may be the state of the opera-house now, having never been within its walls for seven or eight years, but at that time it was by much the most pleasant place of resort in London for passing an evening. Half-a-guinea admitted you to the pit, under the troublesome condition, however, of being *en grande tenue*. But to the gallery five shillings admitted you, and that gallery was subject to far less annoyance than the pit of most theatres. The orchestra was distinguished by its sweet and melodious grandeur from all English orchestras, the composition of which, I confess, is not acceptable to my ear, from the predominance of the clangorous instruments, and in some instances from the tyranny of the violin. Thrilling was the pleasure with which almost always I heard this angelic Grassini. Shivering with expectation I sat, when the time drew near for her golden epiphany, shivering I rose from my seat, incapable of rest, when that heavenly and harp-like voice sang its own victorious welcome in its prelude *threttánelo* — *threttánelo* (θρεττάνελω — θρεττά ελω). The choruses were divine to hear, and when Grassini appeared in some interlude, as she often did, and poured forth her passionate soul as Andromache at the tomb of Hector, &c, I question whether any Turk, of all that ever entered the paradise of opium-eaters, can have had half the

pleasure I had But, indeed, I honour the barbarians too much, by supposing them capable of any pleasures approaching to the intellectual ones of an Englishman For music is an intellectual or a sensual pleasure, according to the temperament of him who hears it And, by the by, with the exception of the fine extravaganza on that subject in *Twelfth Night*, I do not recollect more than one thing said adequately on the subject of music in all literature, it is a passage in the *Religio Medici* of Sir T Browne, and, though chiefly remarkable for its sublimity, has also a philosophic value, inasmuch as it points to the true theory of musical effects The mistake of most people is, to suppose that it is by the ear they communicate with music, and therefore that they are purely passive as to its effects But this is not so, it is by the reaction of the mind upon the notices of the ear (the *matter* coming by the senses, the *form* from the mind) that the pleasure is constructed, and therefore it is that people of equally good ear differ so much in this point from one another Now opium, by greatly increasing the activity of the mind, generally increases, of necessity, that particular mode of its activity by which we are able to construct out of the raw material of organic sound an elaborate intellectual pleasure But, says a friend, a succession of musical sounds is to me like a collection of Arabic characters I can attach no ideas to them Ideas! my dear friend! there is no occasion for them, all that class of ideas which can be available in such a case has a language of representative feelings But this is a subject foreign to my present purposes, it is sufficient to say, that a chorus, &c, of elaborate harmony dis-

played before me, as in a piece of arras-work, the whole of my past life—not as if recalled by an act of memory, but as if present and incarnated in the music, no longer painful to dwell upon, but the detail of its incidents removed, or blended in some hazy abstraction, and its passions exalted, spiritualized, and sublimed. All this was to be had for five shillings—that being the price of admission to the gallery, or, if a man preferred the high-bred society of the pit, even this might be had for half-a-guinea, or, in fact, for half-a-crown less, by purchasing beforehand a ticket at the music shops. And over and above the music of the stage and the orchestra, I had all around me, in the intervals of the performance, the music of the Italian language talked by Italian women—for the gallery was usually crowded with Italians—and I listened with a pleasure such as that with which Weld, the traveller, lay and listened, in Canada, to the sweet laughter of Indian women, for the less you understand of a language, the more sensible you are to the melody or harshness of its sounds. For such a purpose, therefore, it was an advantage to me that in those days I was a poor Italian scholar, reading it but little, and not speaking it at all, nor understanding a tenth part of what I heard spoken.—*Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*

LONDON ON A SATURDAY NIGHT

THESE were my opera pleasures, but another pleasure I had, which, as it could be had only on a Saturday night, occasionally struggled with my love of the opera, for, in those years, Tuesday and Saturday were the regular opera nights. On this

subject I am afraid I shall be rather obscure, but, I can assure the reader, not at all more so than Marinus in his *Life of Proclus*, or many other biographers and autobiographers of fair reputation. This pleasure, I have said, was to be had only on a Saturday night. What, then, was Saturday night to me more than any other night? I had no labours that I rested from, no wages to receive, what needed I to care for Saturday night, more than as it was a summons to hear Grassini? True, most logical reader, what thou sayest is, and ever will be, unanswerable. And yet so it was that, whereas different men throw their feelings into different channels, and most men are apt to show their interest in the concerns of the poor chiefly by sympathy with their distresses and sorrows, I at that time was disposed to express mine by sympathizing with their pleasures. The pains of poverty I had lately seen too much of—more than I wished to remember, but the pleasures of the poor, their hopes, their consolations of spirit, and their restings from toil, can never become oppressive to contemplate. Now, Saturday night is the season for the chief regular and periodic return of rest to the poor, and to all that live by bodily labour, in this point the most hostile sects unite, and acknowledge a common link of brotherhood. almost all Christendom rests from its labours. It is a rest introductory to another rest, and divided by a whole day and two nights from the renewal of toil. On this account I feel always, on a Saturday night, as though I also were released from some yoke of bondage, had some wages to receive, and some luxury of repose to enjoy. For the sake, therefore, of witnessing, upon as large a scale as

possible, a spectacle with which my sympathy was so entire, I used often, on Saturday nights, after I had taken opium, to wander forth, without much regarding the direction or the distance, to all the markets, and other parts of London, whither the poor resort on a Saturday night, for laying out their wages. Many a family party, consisting of a man, his wife, and sometimes one or two of their children, have I listened to, as they stood consulting on their ways and means, or the strength of their exchequer, or the price of household articles. Gradually I became familiar with their wishes, their difficulties, and their opinions. Sometimes there might be heard murmurs of discontent, but far oftener expressions on the countenance, or uttered in words, of patience, of hope, and of reconciliation to their lot. Generally speaking, the impression left upon my mind was, that the poor are practically more philosophic than the rich, that they show a more ready and cheerful submission to what they consider as irremediable evils or irreparable losses. Whenever I saw occasion, or could do it without appearing to be intrusive, I joined their parties, and gave my opinion upon the matter in discussion, which, if not always judicious, was always received indulgently. If wages were a little higher, or were expected to be so—if the quartern loaf were a little lower, or it was reported that onions and butter were falling, I was glad, yet, if the contrary were true, I drew from opium some means of consolation. For opium (like the bee, that extracts its materials indiscriminately from roses and from the soot of chimneys) can overrule all feelings into a compliance with the master-key. Some of these rambles led me to great distances, for an opium-eater

is too happy to observe the motion of time And sometimes, in my attempts to steer homewards, upon nautical principles, by fixing my eye on the pole-star, and seeking ambitiously for a north-west passage, instead of circumnavigating all the capes and headlands I had doubled in my outward voyage, I came suddenly upon such knotty problems of alleys, alleys without soundings, such enigmatical entries, and such sphinx's riddles of streets, without obvious outlets or thoroughfares, as must baffle the audacity of porters, and confound the intellects of hackney coachmen I could almost have believed, at times, that I must be the first discoverer of some of these *terrae incognitae*, and doubted whether they had yet been laid down in the modern charts of London Positively, in one line of communication to the south of Holborn, for foot passengers (known, I doubt not, to many of my London readers), the road lay through a man's kitchen, and as it was a small kitchen, you needed to steer cautiously, or else you might run foul of the dripping-pan —

Confessions of an English Opium-Eater

A WINTER FIRESIDE

I WILL here lay down an analysis of happiness, and, as the most interesting mode of communicating it, I will give it, not didactically, but wrapped up and involved in a picture of one evening, as I spent every evening during the intercalary year, when laudanum, though taken daily, was to me no more than the elixir of pleasure

Let there be a cottage, standing in a valley, eighteen miles from any town, no spacious valley, but about two miles long by three quarters of a mile

in average width,—the benefit of which provision is, that all the families resident within its circuit will compose, as it were, one larger household, personally familiar to your eye, and more or less interesting to your affections. Let the mountains be real mountains, between three and four thousand feet high, and the cottage a real cottage, not (as a witty author has it) ‘a cottage with a double coach-house’, let it be, in fact (for I must abide by the actual scene), a white cottage, embowered with flowering shrubs, so chosen as to unfold a succession of flowers upon the walls and clustering around the windows, through all the months of spring, summer, and autumn, beginning, in fact, with May roses, and ending with jasmine. Let it, however, *not* be spring, nor summer, nor autumn, but winter, in its sternest shape. This is a most important point in the science of happiness. And I am surprised to see people overlook it, as if it were actually matter of congratulation that winter is going, or, if coming, is not likely to be a severe one. On the contrary, I put up a petition, annually, for as much snow, hail, frost, or storm of one kind or other, as the skies can possibly afford. Surely everybody is aware of the divine pleasures which attend a winter fireside—candles at four o’clock, warm hearth-rugs, tea, a fair tea-maker, shutters closed, curtains flowing in ample draperies on the floor, whilst the wind and rain are raging audibly without,

And at the doors and windows seem to call,
As heaven and earth they would together melt;
Yet the least entrance find they none at all,
Whence sweeter grows our rest secure in massy hall
Castle of Indolence

All these are items in the description of a winter evening, which must surely be familiar to everybody born in a high latitude. And it is evident that most of these delicacies cannot be ripened, without weather stormy or inclement in some way or other. I am not '*particular*' whether it be snow, or black frost, or wind so strong that (as Mr Anti-slavery Clarkson says) 'you may lean your back against it like a post'. I can put up even with rain, provided that it rains cats and dogs, or, as sailors say, 'great guns and marline spikes', but something of the sort I must have, and, if I have it not, I think myself in a manner ill-used for why am I called on to pay so heavily for winter in coals, candles, &c, if I am not to have the article good of its kind? No—a Canadian winter for my money, or a Russian one, where every man is but a co-proprietor with the north wind in the fee-simple of his own ears. Indeed, so great an epicure am I in this matter, that I cannot relish a winter night fully, if it be much past St Thomas's Day, and have degenerated into disgusting tendencies towards vernal indications. In fact, it must be divided by a thick wall of dark nights from all return of light and sunshine. Start, therefore, at the first week of November thence to the end of January, Christmas Eve being the meridian line, you may compute the period when happiness is in season, which, in my judgment, enters the room with the tea-tray. For tea, though ridiculed by those who are naturally coarse in their nervous sensibilities, or are become so from wine-drinking, and are not susceptible of influence from so refined a stimulant, will always be the favourite beverage of the intellectual, and, for my part, I would have joined Dr Johnson in a *bellum*

internecinum against Jonas Hanway, or any other impious person who should have presumed to disparage it But here, to save myself the trouble of too much verbal description, I will introduce a painter, and give him directions for the rest of the picture Painters do not like white cottages, unless a good deal weather-stained, but, as the reader now understands that it is a winter night, his services will not be required except for the *inside* of the house

Paint me, then, a room seventeen feet by twelve, and not more than seven and a half feet high This, reader, is somewhat ambitiously styled, in my family, the drawing-room, but, being contrived 'a double debt to pay', it is also, and more justly, termed the library, for it happens that books are the only article of property in which I am richer than my neighbours Of these I have about five thousand, collected gradually since my eighteenth year Therefore, painter, put as many as you can into this room Make it populous with books, and, furthermore, paint me a good fire, and furniture plain and modest, befitting the unpretending cottage of a scholar And near the fire paint me a tea-table, and (as it is clear that no creature can come to see one on such a stormy night) place only two cups and saucers on the tea-tray, and, if you know how to paint such a thing, symbolically or otherwise, paint me an eternal tea-pot—eternal *a parte ante*, and *a parte post*, for I usually drink tea from eight o'clock at night to four in the morning And, as it is very unpleasant to make tea, or to pour it out for one's self, paint me a lovely young woman sitting at the table—*Confessions of an English Opium Eater*

THE DAUGHTER OF LEBANON

DAMASCUS, first-born of cities, *Om el Denra*, mother of generations, that wast before Abraham, that wast before the Pyramids ! what sounds are those that, from a postern gate, looking eastwards over secret paths that wind away to the far distant desert, break the solemn silence of an oriental night ? Whose voice is that which calls upon the spearmen, keeping watch for ever in the turret surmounting the gate, to receive him back into his Syrian home ? Thou knowest him, Damascus, and hast known him in seasons of trouble as one learned in the afflictions of man, wise alike to take counsel for the suffering spirit or for the suffering body. The voice that breaks upon the night is the voice of a great evangelist—one of the four, and he is also a great physician. This do the watchmen at the gate thankfully acknowledge, and joyfully they give him entrance. His sandals are white with dust, for he has been roaming for weeks beyond the desert, under the guidance of Arabs, on missions of hopeful benignity to Palmyra, and in spirit he is weary of all things, except faithfulness to God, and burning love to man.

Eastern cities are asleep betimes, and sounds few or none fretted the quiet of all around him, as the evangelist paced onward to the market-place, but there another scene awaited him. On the right hand, in an upper chamber, with lattices widely expanded, sat a festal company of youths, revelling under a noonday blaze of light, from cressets and from bright tripods that burned fragrant woods—all joining in choral songs, all crowned with odorous

wreaths from Daphne and the banks of the Orontes. Them the evangelist heeded not, but far away upon the left, close upon a sheltered nook, lighted up by a solitary vase of iron fretwork filled with cedar boughs, and hoisted high upon a spear, behold there sat a woman of loveliness so transcendent, that, when suddenly revealed, as now, out of deepest darkness, she appalled men as a mockery or a birth of the air. Was she born of woman? Was it perhaps the angel—so the evangelist argued with himself—that met him in the desert after sunset, and strengthened him by secret talk? The evangelist went up, and touched her forehead, and when he found that she was indeed human, and guessed, from the station which she had chosen, that she waited for some one amongst this dissolute crew as her companion, he groaned heavily in spirit, and said, half to himself, but half to her, ‘Wert thou, poor ruined flower, adorned so divinely at thy birth—glorified in such excess, that not Solomon in all his pomp—no, nor even the lilies of the field—can approach thy gifts—only that thou shouldest grieve the Holy Spirit of God?’ The woman trembled exceedingly, and said, ‘Rabbi, what should I do? For behold! all men forsake me.’ The evangelist mused a little, and then secretly to himself he said, ‘Now will I search this woman’s heart—whether in very truth it inclineth itself to God, and hath strayed only before fiery compulsion.’ Turning therefore to the woman, the Prophet said, ‘Listen. I am the messenger of Him whom thou hast not known, of Him that made Lebanon and the cedars of Lebanon, that made the sea, and the heavens, and the host of the stars, that made the light, that made the darkness,

that blew the spirit of life into the nostrils of man His messenger I am and from Him all power is given me to bind and to loose, to build and to pull down Ask, therefore, whatsoever thou wilt—great or small—and through me thou shalt receive it from God But, my child, ask not amiss For God is able out of thy own evil asking to weave snares for thy footing And oftentimes to the lambs whom He loves, He gives by seeming to refuse, gives in some better sense, or ' (and his voice swelled into the power of anthems) ' in some far happier world Now, therefore, my daughter, be wise on thy own behalf, and say what it is that I shall ask for thee from God ' But the Daughter of Lebanon needed not his caution, for immediately dropping on one knee to God's ambassador, whilst the full radiance from the cedar torch fell upon the glory of a penitential eye, she raised her clasped hands in supplication, and said, in answer to the evangelist asking for a second time what gift he should call down upon her from Heaven, ' Lord, that thou wouldest put me back into my father's house ' And the evangelist, because he was human, dropped a tear as he stooped to kiss her forehead, saying, ' Daughter, thy prayer is heard in heaven, and I tell thee that the daylight shall not come and go for thirty times, not for the thirtieth time shall the sun drop behind Lebanon, before I will put thee back into thy father's house '

Thus the lovely lady came into the guardianship of the evangelist She sought not to varnish her history, or to palliate her own transgressions In so far as she had offended at all, her case was that of millions in every generation Her father was a prince in Lebanon, proud, unforgiving, austere

The wrongs done to his daughter by her dishonourable lover, because done under favour of opportunities created by her confidence in his integrity, her father persisted in resenting as wrongs done by this injured daughter herself, and, refusing to her all protection, drove her, whilst yet confessedly innocent, into criminal compliances under sudden necessities of seeking daily bread from her own uninstructed efforts. Great was the wrong she suffered both from father and lover, great was the retribution. She lost a churlish father and a wicked lover, she gained an apostolic guardian. She lost a princely station in Lebanon, she gained an early heritage in heaven. For this heritage is hers within thirty days, if she will not defeat it herself. And, whilst the stealthy motion of time travelled towards this thirtieth day, behold! a burning fever desolated Damascus, which also laid its arrest upon the Daughter of Lebanon, yet gently, and so that hardly for an hour did it withdraw her from the heavenly teachings of the evangelist. And thus daily the doubt was strengthened—would the holy apostle suddenly touch her with his hand, and say, ‘Woman, be thou whole!’ or would he present her on the thirtieth day as a pure bride to Christ? But perfect freedom belongs to Christian service, and she only must make the election.

Up rose the sun on the thirtieth morning in all his pomp, but suddenly was darkened by driving storms. Not until noon was the heavenly orb again revealed, then the glorious light was again unmasked, and again the Syrian valleys rejoiced. This was the hour already appointed for the baptism of the new Christian daughter. Heaven and earth shed gratulation on the happy festival, and,

when all was finished, under an awning raised above the level roof of her dwelling-house, the regenerate Daughter of Lebanon, looking over the rose-gardens of Damascus, with amplest prospect of her native hills, lay in blissful trance, making proclamation, by her white baptismal robes, of recovered innocence and of reconciliation with God. And, when the sun was declining to the west, the evangelist, who had sat from noon by the bedside of his spiritual daughter, rose solemnly, and said, 'Lady of Lebanon, the day is already come, and the hour is coming, in which my covenant must be fulfilled with thee. Wilt thou, therefore, being now wiser in thy thoughts, suffer God thy new Father to give by seeming to refuse, to give in some better sense, or in some far happier world?' But the Daughter of Lebanon sorrowed at these words, she yearned after her native hills, not for themselves, but because there it was that she had left that sweet twin-born sister, with whom from infant days hand-in-hand she had wandered amongst the everlasting cedars. And again the evangelist sat down by her bedside, whilst she by intervals communed with him, and by intervals slept gently under the oppression of her fever. But as evening drew nearer, and it wanted now but a brief space to the going down of the sun, once again, and with deeper solemnity, the evangelist rose to his feet, and said, 'O daughter! this is the thirtieth day, and the sun is drawing near to his rest, brief, therefore, is the time within which I must fulfil the word that God spoke to thee by me.' Then, because light clouds of delirium were playing about her brain, he raised his pastoral staff, and, pointing it to her temples, rebuked the clouds, and bade that

no more they should trouble her vision, or stand between her and the forests of Lebanon. And the delirious clouds parted asunder, breaking away to the right and to the left. But upon the forests of Lebanon there hung a mighty mass of overshadowing vapours, bequeathed by the morning's storm. And a second time the evangelist raised his pastoral staff, and, pointing it to the gloomy vapours, rebuked them, and bade that no more they should stand between his daughter and her father's house. And immediately the dark vapours broke away from Lebanon to the right and to the left, and the farewell radiance of the sun lighted up all the paths that ran between the everlasting cedars and her father's palace. But vainly the lady of Lebanon searched every path with her eyes for memorials of her sister. And the evangelist, pitying her sorrow, turned away her eyes to the clear blue sky, which the departing vapours had exposed. And he showed her the peace which was there. And then he said, 'O daughter! this also is but a mask.' And immediately for the third time he raised his pastoral staff, and, pointing it to the fair blue sky, he rebuked it, and bade that no more it should stand between her and the vision of God. Immediately the blue sky parted to the right and to the left, laying bare the infinite revelations that can be made visible only to dying eyes. And the Daughter of Lebanon said to the evangelist, 'O father! what armies are these that I see mustering within the infinite chasm?' And the evangelist replied 'These are the armies of Christ, and they are mustering to receive some dear human blossom, some first-fruits of Christian faith, that shall rise this night to Christ from Damascus.' Suddenly,

as thus the child of Lebanon gazed upon the mighty vision, she saw bending forward from the heavenly host, as if in gratulation to herself, the one countenance for which she hungered and thirsted. The twin sister, that should have waited for her in Lebanon, had died of grief, and was waiting for her in Paradise. Immediately in rapture she soared upwards from her couch, immediately in weakness she fell back, and, being caught by the evangelist, she flung her arms around his neck, whilst he breathed into her ear his final whisper, 'Wilt thou now suffer that God should give by seeming to refuse?'—'Oh yes—yes—yes,' was the fervent answer from the Daughter of Lebanon. Immediately the evangelist gave the signal to the heavens, and the heavens gave the signal to the sun, and in one minute after the Daughter of Lebanon had fallen back a marble corpse amongst her white baptismal robes, the solar orb dropped behind Lebanon, and the evangelist, with eyes glorified by mortal and immortal tears, rendered thanks to God that had thus accomplished the word which he spoke through himself to the Magdalen of Lebanon—that not for the thirtieth time should the sun go down behind her native hills, before he had put her back into her Father's house—*Confessions* (1866)

LEVANA AND OUR LADIES OF SORROW

OFTENTIMES at Oxford I saw Levana in my dreams. I knew her by her Roman symbols. Who is Levana? Reader, that do not pretend to have leisure for very much scholarship, you will not be angry with me for telling you. Levana was the Roman goddess that performed for the new-

born infant the earliest office of ennobling kindness—typical, by its mode, of that grandeur which belongs to man everywhere, and of that benignity in powers invisible, which even in Pagan worlds sometimes descends to sustain it. At the very moment of birth, just as the infant tasted for the first time the atmosphere of our troubled planet, it was laid on the ground. *That* might bear different interpretations. But immediately, lest so grand a creature should grovel there for more than one instant, either the paternal hand, as proxy for the goddess Levana, or some near kinsman, as proxy for the father, raised it upright, bade it look erect as the king of all this world, and presented its forehead to the stars, saying, perhaps, in his heart—‘Behold what is greater than yourselves!’ This symbolic act represented the function of Levana. And that mysterious lady, who never revealed her face (except to me in dreams), but always acted by delegation, had her name from the Latin verb (as still it is the Italian verb) *levare*, to raise aloft.

This is the explanation of Levana. And hence it has arisen that some people have understood by Levana the tutelary power that controls the education of the nursery. She, that would not suffer at his birth even a prefigurative or mimic degradation for her awful ward, far less could be supposed to suffer the real degradation attaching to the non-development of his powers. She therefore watches over human education. Now, the word *edūco*, with the penultimate short, was derived (by a process often exemplified in the crystallization of languages) from the word *edūco*, with the penultimate long. Whatsoever *educēs* or develops—*educates*. By the education of Levana,

therefore, is meant—not the poor machinery that moves by spelling-books and grammars, but that mighty system of central forces hidden in the deep bosom of human life, which by passion, by strife, by temptation, by the energies of resistance, works for ever upon children—resting not day or night, any more than the mighty wheel of day and night themselves, whose moments, like restless spokes, are glimmering for ever as they revolve

If, then, these are the ministries by which Levana works, how profoundly must she reverence the agencies of grief! But you, reader, think—that children generally are not liable to grief such as mine. There are two senses in the word *generally*—the sense of Euclid where it means *universally* (or in the whole extent of the *genus*), and a foolish sense of this world where it means *usually*. Now I am far from saying that children universally are capable of grief like mine. But there are more than you ever heard of, who die of grief in this island of ours. I will tell you a common case. The rules of Eton require that a boy on the *Foundation* should be there twelve years. he is superannuated at eighteen, consequently he must come at six. Children torn away from mothers and sisters at that age not unfrequently die. I speak of what I know. The complaint is not entered by the registrar as grief, but *that* it is. Grief of that sort, and at that age, has killed more than ever have been counted amongst its martyrs.

Therefore it is that Levana often communes with the powers that shake man's heart. therefore it is that she dotes upon grief. 'These ladies,' said I softly to myself, on seeing the ministers with whom Levana was conversing, 'these are the Sor-

rows, and they are three in number, as the *Graces* are three, who dress man's life with beauty, the *Parcae* are three, who weave the dark arras of man's life in their mysterious loom always with colours sad in part, sometimes angry with tragic crimson and black, the *Furies* are three, who visit with retributions called from the other side of the grave offences that walk upon this, and once even the *Muses* were but three, who fit the harp, the trumpet, or the lute, to the great burdens of man's impassioned creations. 'These are the Sorrows, all three of whom I know' The last words I say *now*, but in Oxford I said—'one of whom I know, and the others too surely I *shall* know' For already, in my fervent youth, I saw (dimly relieved upon the dark background of my dreams) the imperfect lineaments of the awful sisters. These sisters—by what name shall we call them?

If I say simply—'The Sorrows', there will be a chance of mistaking the term, it might be understood of individual sorrow—separate cases of sorrow,—whereas I want a term expressing the mighty abstractions that incarnate themselves in all individual sufferings of man's heart, and I wish to have these abstractions presented as impersonations, that is, as clothed with human attributes of life, and with functions pointing to flesh. Let us call them, therefore, *Our Ladies of Sorrow*. I know them thoroughly, and have walked in all their kingdoms. Three sisters they are, of one mysterious household, and their paths are wide apart, but of their dominion there is no end. Them I saw often conversing with *Levana*, and sometimes about myself. Do they talk, then?

Oh, no ! Mighty phantoms like these disdain the infirmities of language They may utter voices through the organs of man when they dwell in human hearts, but amongst themselves is no voice nor sound—eternal silence reigns in *their* kingdoms *They* spoke not as they talked with Levana *They* whispered not *They* sang not Though oftentimes methought they *might* have sung for I upon earth had heard their mysteries oftentimes deciphered by harp and timbrel, by dulcimer and organ Like God, whose servants they are, they utter their pleasure, not by sounds that perish, or by words that go astray, but by signs in heaven—by changes on earth—by pulses in secret rivers—heraldries painted on darkness—and hieroglyphics written on the tablets of the brain *They* wheeled in mazes, *I* spelled the steps *They* telegraphed from afar, *I* read the signals *They* conspired together, and on the mirrors of darkness *my* eye traced the plots *Theirs* were the symbols,—*mine* are the words

What is it the sisters are ? What is it that they do ? Let me describe their form, and their presence, if form it were that still fluctuated in its outline, or presence it were that for ever advanced to the front, or for ever receded amongst shades

The eldest of the three is named *Mater Lachrymarum*, Our Lady of Tears She it is that night and day raves and moans, calling for vanished faces She stood in Rama, when a voice was heard of lamentation—Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted She it was that stood in Bethlehem on the night when Herod's sword swept its nurseries of Innocents and the little feet were stiffened for ever, which

heard at times as they tottered along floors overhead, woke pulses of love in household hearts that were not unmarked in heaven

Her eyes are sweet and subtle, wild and sleepy by turns, oftentimes rising to the clouds, oftentimes challenging the heavens. She wears a diadem round her head. And I knew by childish memories that she could go abroad upon the winds, when she heard the sobbing of litanies or the thundering of organs, and when she beheld the mustering of summer clouds. This sister, the elder, it is that carries keys more than papal at her girdle, which open every cottage and every palace. She, to my knowledge, sate all last summer by the bedside of the blind beggar, him that so often and so gladly I talked with, whose pious daughter, eight years old, with the sunny countenance, resisted the temptations of play and village mirth to travel all day long on dusty roads with her afflicted father. For this did God send her a great reward. In the spring-time of the year, and whilst yet her own spring was budding, He recalled her to Himself. But her blind father mourns for ever over *her*, still he dreams at midnight that the little guiding hand is locked within his own, and still he wakens to a darkness that is *now* within a second and a deeper darkness. This *Mater Lachrymarum* also has been sitting all this winter of 1844-5 within the bedchamber of the Tsar, bringing before his eyes a daughter (not less pious) that vanished to God not less suddenly, and left behind her a darkness not less profound. By the power of her keys it is that Our Lady of Tears glides a ghostly intruder into the chambers of sleepless men, sleepless women, sleepless children,

from Ganges to the Nile, from Nile to Mississippi And her, because she is the first-born of her house, and has the widest empire, let us honour with the title of 'Madonna'

The second sister is called *Mater Suspiriorum*, Our Lady of Sighs She never scales the clouds, nor walks abroad upon the winds She wears no diadem And her eyes, if they were ever seen, would be neither sweet nor subtle, no man could read their story, they would be found filled with perishing dreams, and with wrecks of forgotten delirium But she raises not her eyes, her head, on which sits a dilapidated turban, droops for ever, for ever fastens on the dust She weeps not She groans not But she sighs inaudibly at intervals Her sister, Madonna, is oftentimes stormy and frantic, raging in the highest against heaven, and demanding back her darlings But Our Lady of Sighs never clamours, never defies, dreams not of rebellious aspirations She is humble to abjectness Hers is the meekness that belongs to the hopeless Murmur she may, but it is in her sleep Whisper she may, but it is to herself in the twilight Mutter she does at times, but it is in solitary places that are desolate as she is desolate, in ruined cities, and when the sun has gone down to his rest This sister is the visitor of the Pariah, of the Jew, of the bondsman to the oar in Mediterranean galleys, of the English criminal in Norfolk Island, blotted out from the books of remembrance in sweet far-off England, of the baffled penitent reverting his eye for ever upon a solitary grave, which to him seems the altar overthrown of some past and bloody sacrifice, on which altar no oblations can now be availing, whether towards

pardon that he might implore, or towards reparation that he might attempt Every slave that at noonday looks up to the tropical sun with timid reproach, as he points with one hand to the earth, our general mother, but for *him* a stepmother, as he points with the other hand to the Bible, our general teacher, but against *him* sealed and sequestered,—every woman sitting in darkness, without love to shelter her head, or hope to illumine her solitude, because the heaven-born instincts kindling in her nature germs of holy affections, which God implanted in her womanly bosom, having been stifled by social necessities, now burn sullenly to waste, like sepulchral lamps amongst the ancients,—every nun defrauded of her unreturning May-time by wicked kinsmen, whom God will judge,—every captive in every dungeon,—all that are betrayed, and all that are rejected, outcasts by traditionary law, and children of *hereditary* disgrace—all these walk with Our Lady of Sighs She also carries a key, but she needs it little For her kingdom is chiefly amongst the tents of Shem, and the houseless vagrant of every clime Yet in the very highest ranks of man she finds chapels of her own, and even in glorious England there are some that, to the world, carry their heads as proudly as the reindeer, who yet secretly have received her mark upon their foreheads

But the third sister, who is also the youngest—Hush! whisper, whilst we talk of *her*! Her kingdom is not large, or else no flesh should live, but within that kingdom all power is hers Her head, turreted like that of Cybele, rises almost beyond the reach of sight She droops not, and her

eyes rising so high, *might* be hidden by distance But, being what they are, they cannot be hidden, through the treble veil of crape which she wears, the fierce light of a blazing misery, that rests not for matins or for vespers—for noon of day or noon of night—for ebbing or for flowing tide—may be read from the very ground She is the defier of God She also is the mother of lunacies, and the suggestress of suicides Deep lie the roots of her power, but narrow is the nation that she rules For she can approach only those in whom a profound nature has been upheaved by central convulsions, in whom the heart trembles and the brain rocks under conspiracies of tempest from without and tempest from within Madonna moves with uncertain steps, fast or slow, but still with tragic grace Our Lady of Sighs creeps timidly and stealthily But this youngest sister moves with incalculable motions, bounding, and with a tiger's leaps She carries no key, for, though coming rarely amongst men, she storms all doors at which she is permitted to enter at all And *her* name is *Mater Tenebrarum*—Our Lady of Darkness

These were the *Semnar Thear*, or Sublime Goddesses—these were the *Eumenides*, or Gracious Ladies (so called by antiquity in shuddering propitiation)—of my Oxford dreams Madonna spoke She spoke by her mysterious hand Touching my head, she beckoned to Our Lady of Sighs, and *what* she spoke, translated out of the signs which (except in dreams) no man reads, was this —

‘Lo! here is he, whom in childhood I dedicated to my altars This is he that once I made my darling Him I led astray, him I beguiled, and

from heaven I stole away his young heart to mine Through me did he become idolatious, and through me it was, by languishing desires, that he worshipped the worm, and prayed to the wormy grave Holy was the grave to him, lovely was its darkness, saintly its corruption Him, this young idolater, I have seasoned for thee, dear gentle Sister of Sighs ! Do thou take him now to *thy* heart, and season him for our dreadful sister And thou'—turning to the *Mater Tenebrarum*, she said—'wicked sister, that temptest and hatest, do thou take him from *her* See that thy sceptre lie heavy on his head Suffer not woman and her tenderness to sit near him in his darkness Banish the frailties of hope—wither the relentings of love—scorch the fountains of tears curse him as only thou canst curse So shall he be accomplished in the furnace—so shall he see the things that ought *not* to be seen—sights that are abominable, and secrets that are unutterable So shall he read elder truths, sad truths, grand truths, fearful truths So shall he rise again *before* he dies And so shall our commission be accomplished which from God we had—to plague his heart until we had unfolded the capacities of his spirit'—*Suspiria de Profundis*

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER

1785-1860

BATTLE OF CORUNNA AND DEATH OF
SIR JOHN MOORE

ABOUT two o'clock a general movement of the French line gave notice of an approaching battle, and the British infantry, fourteen thousand five hundred strong, occupied their position Baird's division, on the right, and governed by the oblique direction of the ridge, approached the enemy, Hope's division, forming the centre and left, although on strong ground abutting on the Mero, was of necessity withheld, so that the French battery on the rocks raked the whole line of battle. One of Baird's brigades was in column behind the right, and one of Hope's behind the left, Paget's reserve, posted at the village of Airis, behind the centre, looked down the valley separating the right of the position from the hills occupied by the French cavalry. A battalion detached from the reserve kept these horsemen in check, and was itself connected with the main body by a chain of skirmishers extended across the valley. Fraser's division held the height immediately before the gates of Coruña, watching the coast road, but it was also ready to succour any point.

These dispositions were dictated by the ground, which was very favourable to the enemy, for Franceschi's cavalry reached nearly to the village of San Cristoval a mile beyond Baird's right, and hence Moore was forced to weaken his front and keep Fraser's division in reserve until Soult's attack

should be completely unfolded. There was, however, one advantage on the British side, many thousand new English muskets, found in the Spanish stores, were given to the troops in lieu of their rusty battered arms, and as their ammunition was also fresh, their fire was far better sustained than that of the enemy.

When Laborde's division arrived, the French force was not less than twenty thousand men, and the Duke of Dalmatia made no idle evolutions of display. Distributing his lighter guns along the front of his position, he opened a fire from the heavy battery on his left, and instantly descended the mountain with three columns covered by clouds of skirmishers. The British pickets were driven back in disorder, and the village of Elvina was carried by the first French column, which then divided and attempted to turn Baird's right by the valley, and break his front at the same time. The second column made against the English centre, and the third attacked Hope's left at the village of Palavis Abaxo. Soult's heavier guns overmatched the English six-pounders, and swept the position to the centre, but Moore, observing that the enemy, according to his expectations, did not show any body of infantry beyond that moving up the valley to outflank Baird's right, ordered Paget to carry the whole of the reserve to where the detached regiment was posted, and, as he had before arranged with him, turn the left of the French columns and menace the great battery. Fraser he ordered to support Paget, and then throwing back the fourth regiment, which formed the right of Baird's division, opened a heavy fire upon the flank of the troops penetrating

up the valley, while the fiftieth and forty-second regiment met those breaking through Elvina. The ground about that village was intersected by stone walls and hollow roads, a severe scrambling fight ensued, the French were forced back with great loss, and the fiftieth regiment entering the village with the retiring mass, drove it, after a second struggle in the street, quite beyond the houses. Seeing this, the general ordered up a battalion of the guards to fill the void in the line made by the advance of those regiments, whereupon the forty-second, mistaking his intention, retired, with exception of the grenadiers, and at that moment the enemy, being reinforced, renewed the fight beyond the village. Major Napier, commanding the fiftieth, was wounded and taken prisoner, and Elvina then became the scene of another contest, which, being observed by the commander-in-chief, he addressed a few animating words to the forty-second, and caused it to return to the attack. Paget had now descended into the valley, and the line of the skirmishers being thus supported vigorously checked the advance of the enemy's troops in that quarter, while the fourth regiment galled their flank, at the same time the centre and left of the army also became engaged, Baird was severely wounded, and a furious action ensued along the line, in the valley, and on the hills.

Sir John Moore, while earnestly watching the result of the fight about the village of Elvina, was struck on the left breast by a cannon shot, the shock threw him from his horse with violence, yet he rose again in a sitting posture, his countenance unchanged, and his steadfast eye still fixed upon the regiments engaged in his front, no sigh betray-

ing a sensation of pain In a few moments, when he saw the troops were gaining ground, his countenance brightened, and he suffered himself to be taken to the rear Then was seen the dreadful nature of his hurt The shoulder was shattered to pieces, the arm hanging by a piece of skin, the ribs over the heart broken, and bared of flesh, the muscles of the breast torn into long stripes, interlaced by their recoil from the dragging of the shot As the soldiers placed him in a blanket his sword got entangled and the hilt entered the wound, Captain Hardinge, a staff officer, attempted to take it off, but the dying man stopped him, saying, 'It is as well as it is I had rather it should go out of the field with me,' and in that manner, so becoming to a soldier, Moore was borne from the fight

Notwithstanding this great disaster the troops gained ground The reserve overthrowing everything in the valley, forced La Houssaye's dismounted dragoons to retire, and thus turning the enemy, approached the eminence upon which the great battery was posted On the left Colonel Nicholls, at the head of some companies of the fourteenth, carried Palavis Abaxo, which General Fay defended but feebly In the centre the obstinate dispute for Elvina terminated in favour of the British, and when the night set in, their line was considerably advanced beyond the original position of the morning, while the French were falling back in confusion If Fraser's division had been brought into action along with the reserve, the enemy could hardly have escaped a signal overthrow, for the little ammunition Soult had been able to bring up was nearly exhausted, the

river Mero was in full tide behind him, and the difficult communication by the bridge of El Burgo was alone open for a retreat. On the other hand, to fight in the dark was to tempt fortune, the French were still the most numerous, their ground strong, and their disorder facilitated the original plan of embarking during the night. Hope, upon whom the command had devolved, resolved therefore to ship the army, and so complete were the arrangements, that no confusion or difficulty occurred, the pickets kindled fires to cover the retreat, and were themselves withdrawn at day-break to embark under the protection of Hill's brigade, which was in position under the ramparts of Coruña.

When morning dawned, the French, seeing the British position abandoned, pushed some battalions to the heights of San Lucia, and about midday opened a battery on the shipping in the harbour. This caused great confusion amongst the transports, several masters cut their cables, and four vessels went on shore, but the troops were rescued by the men-of-war's boats, the stranded vessels burned, and the fleet got out of harbour. Hill then embarked at the citadel, which was maintained by a rearguard under Beresford until the 18th, when the wounded being all on board, the troops likewise embarked, the inhabitants faithfully maintained the town meanwhile, and the fleet sailed for England. The loss of the British, never officially published, was estimated at eight hundred, of the French, at three thousand. The latter is probably an exaggeration, yet it must have been great, for the English muskets were all new, the ammunition fresh, and whether from the

peculiar construction of the muskets, the physical strength and coolness of the men, or all combined, the English fire is the most destructive known. The nature of the ground also barred artillery movements, and the French columns were exposed to grape, which they could not return because of the distance of their batteries.

Thus ended the retreat to Coruña, a transaction which has called forth as much of falsehood and malignity as servile and interested writers could offer to the unprincipled leaders of a base faction, but which posterity will regard as a genuine example of ability and patriotism.

From the spot where he fell, the general was carried to the town by his soldiers, his blood flowed fast and the torture of the wound was great, yet the unshaken firmness of his mind made those about him, seeing the resolution of his countenance, express a hope of his recovery. He looked steadfastly at the injury for a moment, and said, 'No, I feel that to be impossible.' Several times he caused his attendants to stop and turn round, that he might behold the field of battle, and when the firing indicated the advance of the British, he discovered his satisfaction and permitted the bearers to proceed. When brought to his lodgings the surgeons examined his wound, there was no hope, the pain increased, he spoke with difficulty. At intervals he asked if the French were beaten, and addressing his old friend, Colonel Anderson, said, 'You know I always wished to die this way.' Again he asked if the enemy were defeated, and being told they were, said, 'It is a great satisfaction to me to know we have beaten the French.' His countenance continued firm, his thoughts

clear, once only when he spoke of his mother he became agitated, but he often inquired after the safety of his friends and the officers of his staff, and he did not even in this moment forget to recommend those whose merit had given them claims to promotion. When life was just extinct, with an unsubdued spirit, as if anticipating the baseness of his posthumous calumniators, he exclaimed, 'I hope the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice!' In a few minutes afterwards he died, and his corpse, wrapped in a military cloak, was interred by the officers of his staff in the citadel of Coruña. The guns of the enemy paid his funeral honours, and Soult with a noble feeling of respect for his valour raised a monument to his memory on the field of battle.

Thus ended the career of Sir John Moore, a man whose uncommon capacity was sustained by the purest virtue, and governed by a disinterested patriotism more in keeping with the primitive than the luxurious age of a great nation. His tall graceful person, his dark searching eyes, strongly defined forehead, and singularly expressive mouth, indicated a noble disposition and a refined understanding. The lofty sentiments of honour habitual to his mind, were adorned by a subtle playful wit, which gave him in conversation an ascendancy he always preserved by the decisive vigour of his actions. He maintained the right with a vehemence bordering upon fierceness, and every important transaction in which he was engaged increased his reputation for talent, and confirmed his character as a stern enemy to vice, a steadfast friend to merit, a just and faithful servant to his country.

The honest loved him, the dishonest feared him
For while he lived he did not shun, but scorned
and spurned the base, and with characteristic
propriety they spurned at him when he was dead

A soldier from his earliest youth, Moore thirsted for the honours of his profession. He knew himself worthy to lead a British army, and hailed the fortune which placed him at the head of the troops destined for Spain. As the stream of time passed the inspiring hopes of triumph disappeared, but the austerer glory of suffering remained, and with a firm heart he accepted that gift of a severe fate. Confident in the strength of his genius, he disregarded the clamours of presumptuous ignorance. Opposing sound military views to the foolish projects so insolently thrust upon him by the ambassador, he conducted his long and arduous retreat with sagacity, intelligence, and fortitude, no insult disturbed, no falsehood deceived him, no remonstrance shook his determination, fortune frowned without subduing his constancy, death struck, but the spirit of the man remained unbroken when his shattered body scarcely afforded it a habitation. Having done all that was just towards others, he remembered what was due to himself. Neither the shock of the mortal blow, nor the lingering hours of acute pain which preceded his dissolution, could quell the pride of his gallant heart, or lower the dignified feeling with which, conscious of merit, he at the last moment asserted his right to the gratitude of the country he had served so truly.

If glory be a distinction, for such a man death is not a leveller !—*History of the Peninsular War*

BATTLE OF ALBUERA

Charge of the British Fusiliers

HOUGHTON's regiments reached the heights under a heavy cannonade, and the twenty-ninth, after breaking through the fugitive Spaniards, was charged in flank by the French lancers yet two companies, wheeling to the right, foiled this attack with a sharp fire, and then the third brigade of the second division came up on the left, and the Spanish troops under Zayas and Ballesteros at last moved forward. Hartman's artillery was now in full play, and the enemy's infantry recoiled, but soon recovering, renewed the fight with greater violence than before. The cannon on both sides discharged showers of grape at half range, the peals of musketry were incessant, often within pistol-shot, yet the close formation of the French embarrassed their battle, and the British line would not yield them an inch of ground or a moment of time to open their ranks. Their fighting was, however, fierce and dangerous. Stewart was twice wounded, Colonel Duckworth was slain, and the intrepid Houghton, having received many wounds without shrinking, fell and died in the very act of cheering on his men. Still the struggle continued with unabated fury. Colonel Inglis, twenty-two officers, and more than four hundred men, out of five hundred and seventy who had mounted the hill, fell in the fifty-seventh alone, the other regiments were scarcely better off, not one-third were standing in any, ammunition failed, and as the English fire slackened, a French column was established in

advance upon the right flank The play of the guns checked them a moment, but in this dreadful crisis Beresford wavered! Destruction stared him in the face, his personal resources were exhausted, and the unhappy thought of a retreat rose in his agitated mind He had before brought Hamilton's Portuguese into a situation to cover a retrograde movement, he now sent Alten orders to abandon the bridge and village of Albuera, and to take, with his Germans and the Portuguese artillery, a position to cover a retreat by the Valverde road But while the commander was thus preparing to resign the contest, Colonel Hardinge had urged Cole to advance with the fourth division, and then riding to the third brigade of the second division, which, under the command of Colonel Abercombe, had hitherto been only slightly engaged, directed him also to push forward into the fight The die was thus cast, Beresford acquiesced, Alten received orders to retake the village, and this terrible battle was continued—*History of the Peninsular War*

THE FUSILIERS AT ALBUERA

THE Fourth Division was composed of two brigades one of Portuguese under General Harvey, the other, under Sir William Myers, consisting of the seventh and twenty-third regiments was called the fusilier brigade Harvey's Portuguese were immediately pushed in between Lumley's dragoons and the hill, where they were charged by some French cavalry, whom they beat off, and meantime Cole led his fusiliers up the contested height At this time six guns were in

the enemy's possession, the whole of Werlé's reserves were coming forward to reinforce the front column of the French, the remnant of Houghton's brigade could no longer maintain its ground, the field was heaped with carcasses, the lancers were riding furiously about the captured artillery on the upper parts of the hill, and behind all, Hamilton's Portuguese and Alten's Germans, now withdrawing from the bridge, seemed to be in full retreat. Soon, however, Cole's fusiliers, flanked by a battalion of the Lusitanian legion under Colonel Hawkshawe, mounted the hill, drove off the lancers, recovered five of the captured guns and one colour, and appeared on the right of Houghton's brigade, precisely as Abercrombie passed it on the left.

Such a gallant line, issuing from the midst of the smoke and rapidly separating itself from the confused and broken multitude, startled the enemy's masses, which were increasing and pressing onwards as to an assured victory, they wavered, hesitated, and then vomiting forth a storm of fire, hastily endeavoured to enlarge their front, while a fearful discharge of grape from all their artillery whistled through the British ranks. Myers was killed, Cole and the three colonels, Ellis, Blakeney and Hawkshawe, fell wounded, and the fusilier battalions, struck by the iron tempest, reeled and staggered like sinking ships, but suddenly and sternly recovering they closed on their terrible enemies, and then was seen with what a strength and majesty the British soldier fights. In vain did Soult with voice and gesture animate his Frenchmen, in vain did the hardest veterans break from the crowded columns and

sacrifice their lives to gain time for the mass to open out on such a fair field, in vain did the mass itself bear up, and, fiercely striving, fire indiscriminately upon friends and foes, while the horsemen hovering on the flank threatened to charge the advancing line. Nothing could stop that astonishing infantry. No sudden burst of undisciplined valour, no nervous enthusiasm weakened the stability of their order, their flashing eyes were bent on the dark columns in their front, their measured tread shook the ground, their dreadful volleys swept away the head of every formation, their deafening shouts overpowered the dissonant cries that broke from all parts of the tumultuous crowd, as slowly and with a horrid carnage it was pushed by the incessant vigour of the attack to the farthest edge of the hill. In vain did the French reserves mix with the struggling multitude to sustain the fight, their efforts only increased the irremediable confusion, and the mighty mass, breaking off like a loosened cliff, went headlong down the steep. The rain flowed after in streams discoloured with blood, and eighteen hundred unwounded men, the remnant of six thousand unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant on the fatal hill!—*History of the Peninsular War*

NAPOLEON AND WELLINGTON

Their systems of war

NAPOLEON'S system of war was admirably adapted to draw forth and augment the military excellence and to strengthen the weakness of the national character. His discipline, severe, but

appealing to the feelings of hope and honour, wrought the quick temperament of the French soldiers to patience under hardships, and strong endurance under fire, he taught the generals to rely on their own talents, to look to the country wherein they made war for resources, and to dare everything even with the smallest numbers, that the impetuous valour of France might have full play hence the violence of their attacks But he also taught them to combine all arms together, and to keep strong reserves that sudden disorders might be repaired and the discouraged troops have time to rally and recover their pristine spirit, certain that they would then renew the battle with the same confidence as before He thus made his troops, not invincible indeed, nature had put a bar to that in the character of the British soldier, yet so terrible and sure in war that the number and greatness of their exploits surpassed those of all other nations, the Romans not excepted if regard be had to the shortness of the period, nor the Macedonians if the quality of their opponents be considered

Look at their amazing toils in the Peninsular war alone, which though so great and important was but an episode in their military history 'In Spain large armies will starve and small armies will be beaten,' was the saying of Henry IV of France, and it was not the light phrase of an indolent king, but the profound conclusion of a sagacious general Yet Napoleon's enormous armies were so wonderfully organized that they existed and fought in Spain for six years, and without cessation, for to them winters and summers were alike, they endured incredible toils

and privations, yet were not starved out, nor were their small armies beaten by the Spaniards. And for their daring and resource a single fact recorded by Wellington will suffice. They captured more than one strong place in Spain without any provision of bullets save those fired at them by their enemies, having trusted to that chance when they formed the siege ! Before the British troops they fell, but how terrible was the struggle, how many defeats they recovered from, how many brave men they slew, what changes and interpositions of fortune occurred before they could be rolled back upon their own frontiers ! And this is the glory of England, that her soldiers and hers only were capable of overthrowing them in equal battle. I seek not to defraud the Portuguese of his well-earned fame, nor to deny the Spaniard the merit of his constancy, but what battle except Baylen did the Peninsulars win ? What fortress did they take by siege ? What place defend ? Sir Arthur Wellesley twice delivered Portugal. Sir John Moore's march to Sahagun saved Andalusia and Lisbon from invasion at a critical moment. Sir Arthur's march to Talavera delivered Galicia. Graham saved Cadiz. Smith saved Tarifa. Wellington recaptured Ciudad and Badajos, rescued Andalusia from Soult, and Valencia from Suchet, the Anglo-Sicilian army preserved Alicante, and finally recovered Taragona and Barcelona under the influence of the northern operations, which at the same time reduced Pampeluna and St Sebastian. England indeed could not alone have triumphed in the struggle, but for her share let this brief summary speak.

She expended more than one hundred millions

sterling on her own operations, she subsidized both Spain and Portugal, and with her supplies of clothing, arms, and ammunition maintained the armies of each even to the guerillas. From thirty up to seventy thousand British troops were employed by her, and while her naval squadrons harassed the French with descents upon the coasts, and supplied the Spaniards with arms and stores and money after every defeat, her land forces fought and won nineteen pitched battles and innumerable combats, made or sustained ten sieges, took four great fortresses, twice expelled the French from Portugal, preserved Alicante, Carthagena, Tarifa, Cadiz, Lisbon, they killed, wounded, and took two hundred thousand enemies, and the bones of forty thousand British soldiers lie scattered on the plains and mountains of the Peninsula. For Portugal she reorganized a native army and supplied officers who led it to victory, and to the whole Peninsula she gave a general whose like has seldom gone forth to conquer. And all this and more was necessary to redeem that land from France!

Wellington's campaigns furnish lessons for generals of all nations, but they must always be especial models for British commanders in future continental wars, because he modified and reconciled the great principles of art with the peculiar difficulties which attend generals controlled by politicians who prefer parliamentary intrigue to national interests. An English commander must not trust his fortune. He dare not risk much, however conscious he may be of personal resources, when one disaster will be his ruin at home, his measures must be subordinate to this primary

consideration Wellington's caution, springing from that source, has led friends and foes alike into wrong conclusions as to his system of war, the French call it want of enterprise, timidity, the English have denominated it the Fabian system. These are mere phrases. His system was the same as that of all great generals. He held his army in hand, keeping it with unmitigated labour always in a fit state to march or to fight, and acted indifferently as occasion offered on the offensive or defensive, displaying in both a complete mastery of his art. Sometimes he was indebted to fortune, sometimes to his natural genius, always to his untiring industry, for he was emphatically a painstaking man.

That he was less vast in his designs, less daring in execution, neither so rapid nor so original a commander as Napoleon must be admitted, and being later in the field of glory it is to be presumed he learned something of the art from that greatest of all masters. Yet something besides the difference of genius must be allowed for the difference of situation, Napoleon was never, even in his first campaign of Italy, so harassed by the French as Wellington was by the English, Spanish, and Portuguese governments. Their systems of war were, however, alike in principle, their operations being only modified by their different political positions. Great bodily exertion, unceasing watchfulness, exact combinations to protect their flanks and communications without scattering their forces, these were common to both, in defence firm, cool, enduring, in attack fierce and obstinate, daring when daring was politic, yet always operating by the flanks in preference to the front, in these

things they were alike in following up a victory the English general fell short of the French emperor The battle of Wellington was the stroke of a battering-ram, down went the wall in ruins, the battle of Napoleon was the swell and dash of a mighty wave before which the barrier yielded, and the roaring flood poured onwards covering all

But there was nothing of timidity or natural want of enterprise to be observed in the English general's campaigns Neither was he of the Fabian school He recommended that commander's system to the Spaniards, he did not follow it himself, his military policy more resembled that of Scipio Africanus Fabius, dreading Hannibal's veterans, red with the blood of four consular armies, hovered on the mountains, refused battle, and to the unmatched skill and valour of the great Carthaginian opposed the almost inexhaustible military resources of Rome Wellington was never loath to fight when there was any equality of numbers, he landed in Portugal with only nine thousand men, with intent to attack Junot who had twenty-four thousand, at Rorica he was the assailant, at Vimiera he was assailed, but he would have changed to the offensive during the battle if others had not interfered At Oporto he was again the daring and successful assailant, in the Talavera campaign he took the initiatory movements, although in the battle itself he sustained the shock His campaign of 1810 in Portugal was entirely defensive, because the Portuguese army was young and untried, but his pursuit of Massena in 1811 was entirely aggressive although cautiously so, as well knowing that in mountain

warfare those who attack labour at a disadvantage. The operations of the following campaign, including the battles of Fuentes Onoro and Albuera, the first siege of Badajos, and the combat of Guinaldo, were of a mixed character, so was the campaign of Salamanca, but the campaign of Vitoria and that in the south of France were entirely and eminently offensive.

Slight therefore is the resemblance to the Fabian warfare. And for the Englishman's hardiness and enterprise, bear witness the passage of the Douro at Oporto, the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo, the storming of Badajos, the surprise of the forts at Mirabete, the march to Vitoria, the passage of the Bidassoa, the victory of the Nivelle, the passage of the Adour below Bayonne, the fight of Orthes, the crowning battle of Toulouse !

To say that he committed faults is only to say that he made war, to deny him the qualities of a great commander is to rail against the clear midday sun for want of light. How few of his combinations failed ! How many battles he fought, victorious in all ! Iron hardihood of body, a quick and sure vision, a grasping mind, untiring power of thought, and the habit of laborious minute investigation and arrangement, all these qualities he possessed, and with them that most rare faculty of coming to prompt and sure conclusions on sudden emergencies. This is the certain mark of a master-spirit in war, without it a commander may be distinguished, he may be a great man, he cannot be a great captain where troops nearly alike in arms and knowledge are opposed, the battle generally turns upon the decision of the moment.

At the Somosierra, Napoleon sent the Polish cavalry successfully charging up the mountain when more studied arrangements with ten times that force might have failed. At Talavera, if Joseph had not yielded to the imprudent heat of Victor the fate of the allies would have been sealed. At the Coa, Montbrun's refusal to charge with his cavalry saved Craufurd's division, the loss of which would have gone far towards producing the evacuation of Portugal. At Busaco, Massena would not suffer Ney to attack the first day, and thus lost the only favourable opportunity for assailing that formidable position. At Fuentes Onoro, the same Massena suddenly suspended his attack when a powerful effort would probably have been decisive. At Albuera, Soult's column of attack, instead of pushing forward, halted to fire from the first height they had gained on Beresford's right, which saved that general from an early and total defeat, again at a later period of that battle the unpremeditated attack of the fusiliers decided the contest. At Barosa with a wonderful promptitude Graham snatched the victory at the moment when a terrible defeat seemed inevitable. At Sabugal, not even the astonishing fighting of the light division could have saved it, if Reynier had possessed this essential quality of a general. At El Bodon, Marmont failed to seize the most favourable opportunity which occurred during the whole war for crushing the allies. At Orthes, Soult let slip two opportunities of falling upon the allies with advantage, and at Toulouse he failed to crush Beresford.

At Vimiera, Wellington was debarred by

Burrard from giving a signal illustration of this intuitive generalship, but at Busaco and the heights of San Christoval, near Salamanca, he suffered Massena and Marmont to commit glaring faults unpunished. On the other hand he has furnished many examples of that successful improvisation in which Napoleon seems to have surpassed all mankind. His sudden retreat from Oropesa across the Tagus by the bridge of Arzobispo, his passage of the Douro in 1809, his halt at Guinaldo in the face of Marmont's overwhelming numbers, the battle of Salamanca, his sudden rush with the third division to seize the hill of Arnez at Vitoria, his counter-stroke with the sixth division at Sauroren, his battle of the 30th two days afterwards, his sudden passage of the Gave below Orthes. Add to these his wonderful battle of Assaye, and the proofs are complete that he possesses in an eminent degree that intuitive perception which distinguishes the greatest generals.

Fortune, however, always asserts her supremacy in war, and often from a slight mistake such disastrous consequences flow, that in every age and every nation the uncertainty of arms has been proverbial. Napoleon's march upon Madrid in 1808 before he knew the exact situation of the British army is an example. By that march he lent his flank to his enemy, Sir John Moore seized the advantage, and though the French emperor repaired the error for the moment by his astonishing march from Madrid to Astorga, the fate of the Peninsula was then decided. If he had not been forced to turn against Moore, Lisbon would have fallen, Portugal could not have been organized

for resistance, and the jealousy of the Spaniards would never have suffered Wellington to establish a solid base at Cadiz that general's after-successes would then have been with the things that are unborn It was not so ordained, Wellington was victorious, the great conqueror was overthrown, England stood the most triumphant nation of the world But with an enormous debt, a dissatisfied people, gaining peace without tranquillity, greatness without intrinsic strength, the present time uneasy, the future dark and threatening Yet she rejoices in the glory of her arms ! And it is a stirring sound ! War is the condition of this world From man to the smallest insect all are at strife, and the glory of arms, which cannot be obtained without the exercise of honour, fortitude, courage, obedience, modesty, and temperance, excites the brave man's patriotism and is a chastening corrective for the rich man's pride It is yet no security for power Napoleon, the greatest man of whom history makes mention—Napoleon, the most wonderful commander, the most sagacious politician, the most profound statesman, lost by arms, Poland, Germany, Italy, Portugal, Spain, and France Fortune, that name for the unknown combinations of infinite power, was wanting to him, and without her aid the designs of man are as bubbles on a troubled ocean —*History of the Peninsular War*

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

1785-1866

FRIAR TUCK RESCUES THE LADY MATILDA
FROM PRINCE JOHN

THE departure of King Richard from England was succeeded by the episcopal regency of the bishops of Ely and Durham Longchamp, bishop of Ely, proceeded to show his sense of Christian fellowship by arresting his brother bishop, and despoiling him of his share in the government, and to set forth his humility and loving-kindness, in a retinue of nobles and knights who consumed in one night's entertainment some five years' revenue of their entertainer, and in a guard of fifteen hundred foreign soldiers, whom he considered indispensable to the exercise of a vigour beyond the law in maintaining wholesome discipline over the refractory English The ignorant impatience of the swinish multitude with these fruits of good living brought forth by one of the meek who had inherited the earth, displayed itself in a general ferment, of which Prince John took advantage to make the experiment of getting possession of his brother's crown in his absence He began by calling at Reading a council of barons, whose aspect induced the holy bishop to disguise himself (some say as an old woman, which in the twelfth century perhaps might have been a disguise for a bishop), and make his escape beyond sea Prince John followed up his advantage by obtaining possession of several strong posts, and among others of the castle of Nottingham

While John was conducting his operations at Nottingham, he rode at times past the castle of Arlingford. He stopped on one occasion to claim Lord Fitzwater's hospitality, and made most princely havoc among his venison and brawn. Now it is a matter of record among divers great historians and learned clerks, that he was then and there grievously smitten by the charms of the lovely Matilda, and that a few days after he dispatched his travelling minstrel, or laureate, Harpiton (whom he retained at moderate wages, to keep a journal of his proceedings and prove them all just and legitimate), to the castle of Arlingford, to make proposals to the lady. This Harpiton was a very useful person. He was always ready, not only to maintain the cause of his master with his pen, and to sing his eulogies to his harp, but to undertake at a moment's notice any kind of courtly employment, called dirty work by the profane, which the blessings of civil government, namely, his master's pleasure, and the interests of social order, namely, his own emolument, might require. In short,

Il eût l'emploi qui certes n'est pas mince,
Et qu'à la cour, ou tout se peint en beau,
On appelloit être l'ami du prince,
Mais qu'à la ville, et surtout en province,
Les gens grossiers ont nomme maquereau

Prince John was of opinion that the love of a prince actual and king expectant, was in itself a sufficient honour to the daughter of a simple baron, and that the right divine of royalty would make it sufficiently holy without the rite divine of the church. He was, therefore, graciously pleased to fall into an exceeding passion, when

his confidential messenger returned from his embassy in piteous plight, having been, by the baron's order, first tossed in a blanket and set in the stocks to cool, and afterwards ducked in the moat and set again in the stocks to dry. John swore to revenge horribly this flagrant outrage on royal prerogative, and to obtain possession of the lady by force of arms, and accordingly collected a body of troops, and marched upon Arlingford Castle. A letter, conveyed as before on the point of a blunt arrow, announced his approach to Matilda, and Lord Fitzwater had just time to assemble his retainers, collect a hasty supply of provision, raise the drawbridge, and drop the portcullis, when the castle was surrounded by the enemy. The little fat friar, who during the confusion was asleep in the buttery, found himself, on awaking, enclosed in the besieged castle, and dolefully bewailed his evil chance.

Prince John sat down impatiently before Arlingford Castle in the hope of starving out the besieged, but finding the duration of their supplies extend itself in an equal ratio with the prolongation of his hope, he made vigorous preparations for carrying the place by storm. He constructed an immense machine on wheels, which, being advanced to the edge of the moat, would lower a temporary bridge, of which one end would rest on the bank and the other on the battlements, and which, being well furnished with stepping boards, would enable his men to ascend the inclined plane with speed and facility. Matilda received intimation of this design by the usual friendly channel of a blunt arrow, which must either have been sent from some secret friend in

the prince's camp, or from some vigorous archer beyond it the latter will not appear improbable, when we consider that Robin Hood and Little John could shoot two English miles and an inch point-blank,

Come scrive Turpino, che non erra

The machine was completed, and the ensuing morning fixed for the assault. Six men, relieved at intervals, kept watch over it during the night. Prince John retired to sleep, congratulating himself in the expectation that another day would place the fair culprit at his princely mercy. His anticipations mingled with the visions of his slumber, and he dreamed of wounds and drums, and sacking and firing the castle, and bearing off in his arms the beautiful prize through the midst of fire and smoke. In the height of this imaginary turmoil, he awoke, and conceived for a few moments that certain sounds which rang in his ears, were the continuation of those of his dream, in that sort of half-consciousness between sleeping and waking, when reality and phantasy meet and mingle in dim and confused resemblance. He was, however, very soon fully awake to the fact of his guards calling on him to arm, which he did in haste, and beheld the machine in flames, and a furious conflict raging around it. He hurried to the spot, and found that his camp had been suddenly assailed from one side by a party of foresters, and that the baron's people had made a sortie on the other, and that they had killed the guards, and set fire to the machine, before the rest of the camp could come to the assistance of their fellows.

The night was in itself intensely dark, and the firelight shed around it a vivid and unnatural radiance. On one side, the crimson light quivered by its own agitation on the waveless moat, and on the bastions and buttresses of the castle, and their shadows lay in massy blackness on the illuminated walls. On the other, it shone upon the woods, streaming far within among the open trunks, or resting on the closer foliage. The circumference of darkness bounded the scene on all sides, and in the centre raged the war, shields, helmets, and bucklers gleaming and glittering as they rang and clashed against each other, plumes confusedly tossing in the crimson light, and the massy light and shade that fell on the faces of the combatants giving additional energy to their ferocious expression.

John, drawing nearer to the scene of action, observed two young warriors fighting side by side, one of whom wore the habit of a forester, the other that of a retainer of Arlingford. He looked intently on them both, their position towards the fire favoured the scrutiny, and the hawk's eye of love very speedily discovered that the latter was the fair Matilda. The forester he did not know, but he had sufficient tact to discern that his success would be very much facilitated by separating her from this companion, above all others. He therefore formed a party of men into a wedge, only taking especial care not to be the point of it himself, and drove it between them with so much precision, that they were in a moment far asunder.

'Lady Matilda,' said John, 'yield yourself my prisoner.'

‘If you would wear me, prince,’ said Matilda, ‘you must win me’ and without giving him time to deliberate on the courtesy of fighting with the lady of his love, she raised her sword in the air, and lowered it on his head with an impetus that would have gone nigh to fathom even that extraordinary depth of brain which always by divine grace furnishes the interior of a head-royal, if he had not very dexterously parried the blow. Prince John wished to disarm and take captive, not in any way to wound or injure, least of all to kill, his fair opponent. Matilda was only intent to get rid of her antagonist at any rate. The edge of her weapon painted his complexion with streaks of very unlovelike crimson, and she would probably have marred John’s hand for ever signing Magna Charta, but that he was backed by the advantage of numbers, and that her sword broke short on the boss of his buckler. John was following up his advantage to make a captive of the lady, when he was suddenly felled to the earth by an unseen antagonist. Some of his men picked him carefully up, and conveyed him to his tent, stunned and stupefied.

When he recovered he found Harpiton diligently assisting in his recovery, more in the fear of losing his place than in that of losing his master. The prince’s first inquiry was for the prisoner he had been on the point of taking at the moment when his *habeas corpus* was so unseasonably suspended. He was told that his people had been on the point of securing the said prisoner, when the devil suddenly appeared among them in the likeness of a tall friar, having his grey frock cinctured with a sword-belt, and his crown, which

whether it were shaven or no they could not see, surmounted with a helmet, and flourishing an eight-foot staff, with which he laid about him to the right and to the left, knocking down the prince and his men as if they had been so many ninepins in fine, he had rescued the prisoner, and made a clear passage through friend and foe, and in conjunction with a chosen party of archers, had covered the retreat of the baron's men and the foresters, who had all gone off in a body towards Sherwood Forest — *Maid Marian*

ROBIN HOOD FORBIDS THE BANNS

What can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man ?—

BURNS

‘ HERE is but five shillings and a ring,’ said Little John, ‘ and the young man has spoken true ’

‘ Then,’ said Robin to the stranger, ‘ if want of money be the cause of your melancholy, speak Little John is my treasurer, and he shall disburse to you ’

‘ It is, and it is not,’ said the stranger, ‘ it is, because had I not wanted money I had never lost my love, it is not, because, now that I have lost her, money would come too late to regain her ’

‘ In what way have you lost her ? ’ said Robin ‘ let us clearly know that she is past regaining, before we give up our wishes to restore her to you ’

‘ She is to be married this day,’ said the stranger, ‘ and perhaps is married by this, to a rich old knight, and yesterday I knew it not ’

‘ What is your name ? ’ said Robin

‘ Allen,’ said the stranger

'And where is the marriage to take place, Allen?' said Robin

'At Edwinstow church' said Allen, 'by the bishop of Nottingham'

'I know that bishop,' said Robin, 'he dined with me a month since, and paid three hundred pounds for his dinner. He has a good ear and loves music. The friar sang to him to some tune. Give me my harper's cloak, and I will play a part at this wedding'

'These are dangerous times, Robin,' said Marian, 'for playing pranks out of the forest'

'Fear not,' said Robin, 'Edwinstow lies not Nottingham-ward, and I will take my precautions'

Robin put on his harper's cloak, while Little John painted his eyebrows and cheeks, tipped his nose with red, and tied him on a comely beard. Marian confessed, that had she not been present at the metamorphosis, she should not have known her own true Robin. Robin took his harp and went to the wedding.

Robin found the bishop and his train in the church porch, impatiently expecting the arrival of the bride and bridegroom. The clerk was observing to the bishop that the knight was somewhat gouty, and that the necessity of walking the last quarter of a mile from the road to the churchyard probably detained the lively bridegroom rather longer than had been calculated upon.

'Oh! by my fay,' said the music-loving bishop, 'here comes a harper in the nick of time, and now I care not how long they tarry. Ho! honest friend, are you come to play at the wedding?'

'I am come to play anywhere,' answered Robin,

‘ where I can get a cup of sack , for which I will sing the praise of the donor in lofty verse, and emblazon him with any virtue which he may wish to have the credit of possessing, without the trouble of practising ’

‘ A most courtly harper,’ said the bishop, ‘ I will fill thee with sack, I will make thee a walking butt of sack, if thou wilt delight my ears with thy melodies ’

‘ That will I,’ said Robin , ‘ in what branch of my art shall I exert my faculty ? I am passing well in all, from the anthem to the glee, and from the dirge to the coranto ’

‘ It would be idle,’ said the bishop, ‘ to give thee sack for playing me anthems, seeing that I myself do receive sack for hearing them sung Therefore, as the occasion is festive, thou shalt play me a coranto ’

Robin struck up and played away merrily, the bishop all the while, in great delight, nodding his head, and beating time with his foot, till the bride and bridegroom appeared The bridegroom was richly apparelled, and came slowly and painfully forward, hobbling and leering, and pursing up his mouth into a smile of resolute defiance to the gout, and of tender complacency towards his lady-love, who, shining like gold at the old knight’s expense, followed slowly between her father and mother, her checks pale, her head drooping, her steps faltering, and her eyes reddened with tears

Robin stopped his minstrelsy, and said to the bishop, ‘ This seems to me an unfit match ’

‘ What do you say, rascal ? ’ said the old knight, hobbling up to him

‘ I say,’ said Robin, ‘ this seems to me an unfit match What in the devil’s name can you want with a young wife, who have one foot in flannels and the other in the grave ? ’

‘ What is that to thee, sirrah varlet ? ’ said the old knight, ‘ stand away from the porch, or I will fracture thy sconce with my cane ’

‘ I will not stand away from the porch,’ said Robin, ‘ unless the bride bid me, and tell me that you are her own true love ’

‘ Speak,’ said the bride’s father, in a severe tone, and with a look of significant menace The girl looked alternately at her father and Robin She attempted to speak, but her voice failed in the effort, and she burst into tears

‘ Here is lawful cause and just impediment,’ said Robin, ‘ and I forbid the banns ’

‘ Who are you, villain ? ’ said the old knight, stamping his sound foot with rage

‘ I am the Roman law,’ said Robin, ‘ which says that there shall not be more than ten years between a man and his wife, and here are five times ten and so says the law of nature ’

‘ Honest harper,’ said the bishop, ‘ you are somewhat over-officious here, and less courtly than I deemed you If you love sack, forbear, for this course will never bring you a drop As to your Roman law, and your law of nature, what right have they to say anything which the law of Holy Writ says not ? ’

‘ The law of Holy Writ does say it,’ said Robin, ‘ I expound it so to say, and I will produce sixty commentators to establish my exposition ’

And so saying, he produced a horn from beneath his cloak, and blew three blasts, and threescore

bowmen in green came leaping from the bushes and trees, and young Allen was the first among them to give Robin his sword, while Friar Tuck and Little John marched up to the altar. Robin stripped the bishop and clerk of their robes, and put them on the friar and Little John, and Allen advanced to take the hand of the bride. Her cheeks grew red and her eyes grew bright, as she locked her hand in her lover's, and tripped lightly with him into the church.

'This marriage will not stand,' said the bishop, 'for they have not been thrice asked in church.'

'We will ask them seven times,' said Little John, 'lest three should not suffice.'

'And in the meantime,' said Robin, 'the knight and the bishop shall dance to my harping.'

So Robin sat in the church porch and played away merrily, while his foresters formed a ring, in the centre of which the knight and bishop danced with exemplary alacrity, and if they relaxed their exertions, Scarlet gently touched them up with the point of an arrow.

The knight grimaced ruefully, and begged Robin to think of his gout.

'So I do,' said Robin, 'this is the true anti-podagron. you shall dance the gout away, and be thankful to me while you live. I told you,' he added, to the bishop, 'I would play at this wedding, but you did not tell me that you would dance at it. The next couple you marry, think of the Roman law.'

The bishop was too much out of breath to reply, and now the young couple issued from church and the bride having made a farewell obeisance to her parents, they departed together with the

foresters, the parents storming, the attendants laughing, the bishop puffing and blowing, and the knight rubbing his gouty foot, and uttering doleful lamentations for the gold and jewels with which he had so unwittingly adorned and dowered the bride — *Maid Marian*

THE DRUNKENNESS OF SEITHENYN

THE sun had sunk beneath the waves when they reached the castle of Seithenyn. The sound of the harp and the song saluted them as they approached it. As they entered the great hall, which was already blazing with torchlight, they found his highness, and his highness's household, convincing themselves and each other, with wine and wassail, of the excellence of their system of virtual superintendence, and the following jovial chorus broke on the ears of the visitors

THE CIRCLING OF THE MEAD HORNS

Fill the blue horn, the blue buffalo horn
 Natural is mead in the buffalo horn
 As the cuckoo in spring, as the lark in the morn,
 So natural is mead in the buffalo horn

As the cup of the flower to the bee when he sips,
 Is the full cup of mead to the true Briton's lips
 From the flower-cups of summer, on field and on tree,
 Our mead cups are filled by the vintager bee

Seithenyn ¹ ap Seithyn, the generous, the bold,
 Drinks the wine of the stranger from vessels of gold, ²
 But we from the horn, the blue silver-rimmed horn,
 Drink the ale and the mead in our fields that were born.

¹ The accent is on the second syllable Seithényn

² Gwin o eur ANEURIN

The ale-froth is white, and the mead sparkles bright,
 They both smile apart, and with smiles they unite ¹
 The mead from the flower, and the ale from the corn,
 Smile, sparkle, and sing in the buffalo horn

The horn, the blue horn, cannot stand on its tip,
 Its path is right on from the hand to the lip
 Though the bowl and the wine-cup our tables adorn,
 More natural the draught from the buffalo horn

But Seithenyn ap Seithyn, the generous, the bold,
 Drinks the bright-flowing wine from the fair-gleaming
 gold

The wine, in the bowl by his lip that is worn,
 Shall be glorious as mead in the buffalo horn

The horns circle fast, but their fountains will last,
 As the stream passes ever, and never is past
 Exhausted so quickly, replenished so soon,
 They wax and they wane like the horns of the moon

Fill high the blue horn, the blue buffalo horn,
 Fill high the long silver-rimmed buffalo horn
 While the roof of the hall by our chorus is torn,
 Fill, fill to the brim, the deep silver-rimmed horn

Elphin and Teithrin stood some time on the floor
 of the hall before they attracted the attention of
 Seithenyn, who, during the chorus, was tossing and
 flourishing his golden goblet. The chorus had
 scarcely ended when he noticed them, and immediately
 roared aloud, 'You are welcome all four'

Elphin answered, 'We thank you we are but
 two'

'Two or four,' said Seithenyn, 'all is one. You
 are welcome all. When a stranger enters, the
 custom in other places is to begin by washing his
 feet. My custom is to begin by washing his throat.
 Seithenyn ap Seithyn Saidi bids you welcome'

¹ The mixture of ale and mead made *bradawd*, a
 favourite drink of the Ancient Britons

Elphin, taking the wine-cup, answered, ' Elphin ap Gwythno Garanhir thanks you '

Seithenyn started up He endeavoured to straighten himself into perpendicularity, and to stand steadily on his legs He accomplished half his object by stiffening all his joints but those of his ankles, and from these the rest of his body vibrated upwards with the inflexibility of a bar After thus oscillating for a time, like an inverted pendulum, finding that the attention requisite to preserve his rigidity absorbed all he could collect of his dissipated energies, and that he required a portion of them for the management of his voice, which he felt a dizzy desire to wield with peculiar steadiness in the presence of the son of the king, he suddenly relaxed the muscles that perform the operation of sitting, and dropped into his chair like a plummet He then, with a gracious gesticulation, invited Prince Elphin to take his seat on his right hand, and proceeded to compose himself into a dignified attitude, throwing his body back into the left corner of his chair, resting his left elbow on its arm and his left cheekbone on the middle of the back of his left hand, placing his left foot on a footstool, and stretching out his right leg as straight and as far as his position allowed He had thus his right hand at liberty, for the ornament of his eloquence and the conduct of his liquor

Elphin seated himself at the right hand of Seithenyn Teithrin remained at the end of the hall on which Seithenyn exclaimed, ' Come on, man, come on What, if you be not the son of a king, you are the guest of Seithenyn ap Seithyn Saidi The most honourable place to the most

honourable guest, and the next most honourable place to the next most honourable guest, the least honourable guest above the most honourable inmate, and, where there are but two guests, be the most honourable who he may, the least honourable of the two is next in honour to the most honourable of the two, because they are no more but two, and, where there are only two, there can be nothing between. Therefore sit, and drink GWIN O EUR wine from gold'

Elphin motioned Teithrin to approach, and sit next to him

Prince Seithenyn, whose liquor was 'his eating and his drinking solely', seemed to measure the gastronomy of his guests by his own, but his groom of the pantry thought the strangers might be disposed to eat, and placed before them a choice of provision, on which Teithrin ap Tathral did vigorous execution

'I pray your excuses,' said Seithenyn, 'my stomach is weak, and I am subject to dizziness in the head, and my memory is not so good as it was, and my faculties of attention are somewhat impaired, and I would dilate more upon the topic, whereby you should hold me excused, but I am troubled with a feverishness and paiching of the mouth, that very much injures my speech, and impedes my saying all I would say, and will say before I have done, in token of my loyalty and fealty to your highness and your highness's house I must just moisten my lips, and I will then proceed with my observations. Cupbearer, fill'

'Prince Seithenyn,' said Elphin, 'I have visited you on a subject of deep moment. Reports have been brought to me that the embankment, which

has been so long entrusted to your care, is in a state of dangerous decay'

'Decay,' said Seithenyn, 'is one thing, and danger is another. Everything that is old must decay. That the embankment is old, I am free to confess, that it is somewhat rotten in parts, I will not altogether deny, that it is any the worse for that, I do most sturdily gainsay. It does its business well. It works well. It keeps out the water from the land, and it lets in the wine upon the High Commission of Embankment. Cup-bearer, fill. Our ancestors were wiser than we. They built it in their wisdom, and, if we should be so rash as to try to mend it, we should only mar it.'

'The stonework,' said Teithrin, 'is sapped and mined. The piles are rotten, broken, and dislocated. The floodgates and sluices are leaky and creaky.'

'That is the beauty of it,' said Seithenyn. 'Some parts of it are rotten, and some parts of it are sound.'

'It is well,' said Elphin, 'that some parts are sound. It were better that all were so.'

'So I have heard some people say before,' said Seithenyn, 'perverse people, blind to venerable antiquity. That very unamiable sort of people who are in the habit of indulging their reason. But I say, the parts that are rotten give elasticity to those that are sound. They give them elasticity, elasticity, elasticity. If it were all sound, it would break by its own obstinate stiffness. The soundness is checked by the rottenness, and the stiffness is balanced by the elasticity. There is nothing so dangerous as innovation. See the waves in the equinoctial storms, dashing and clashing, roaring and pouring, spattering and battering, rattling and

batting against it I would not be so presumptuous as to say, I could build anything that would stand against them half-an-hour, and here this immortal old work, which God forbid the finger of modern mason should bring into jeopardy, this immortal work has stood for centuries, and will stand for centuries more, if we let it alone It is well it works well let well alone Cupbearer, fill It was half rotten when I was born, and that is a conclusive reason why it should be three parts rotten when I die '

The whole body of the High Commission roared approbation

'And after all,' said Seithenyn, 'the worst that could happen would be the overflow of a spring-tide, for that was the worst that happened before the embankment was thought of, and, if the high water should come in, as it did before, the low water would go out again, as it did before We should be no deeper in it than our ancestors were, and we could mend as easily as they could make '

'The level of the sea,' said Teithrin, 'is materially altered '

'The level of the sea !' exclaimed Seithenyn 'Who ever heard of such a thing as altering the level of the sea ? Alter the level of that bowl of wine before you, in which, as I sit here, I see a very ugly reflection of your very good-looking face Alter the level of that drink up the reflection let me see the face without the reflection, and leave the sea to level itself '

'Not to level the embankment,' said Teithrin

'Good, very good,' said Seithenyn 'I love a smart saying, though it hits at me But, whether yours is a smart saying or no, I do not very clearly

see, and, whether it hits at me or no, I do not very sensibly feel But all is one Cupbearer, fill

'I think,' pursued Seithenyn, looking as intently as he could at Teithrin ap Tathral, 'I have seen something very like you before There was a fellow here the other day very like you he stayed here some time he would not talk he did nothing but drink he used to drink till he could not stand, and then he went walking about the embankment I suppose he thought it wanted mending, but he did not say anything If he had, I should have told him to embank his own throat, to keep the liquor out of that That would have posed him he could not have answered that he would not have had a word to say for himself after that'

'He must have been a miraculous person,' said Teithrin, 'to walk when he could not stand'

'All is one for that,' said Seithenyn 'Cupbearer, fill'

'Prince Seithenyn,' said Elphin, 'if I were not aware that wine speaks in the silence of reason, I should be astonished at your strange vindication of your neglect of duty, which I take shame to myself for not having sooner known and remedied The wise bard has well observed, "Nothing is done without the eye of the king"'

'I am very sorry,' said Seithenyn, 'that you see things in a wrong light but we will not quarrel for three reasons first, because you are the son of the king, and may do and say what you please, without any one having a right to be displeased second, because I never quarrel with a guest, even if he grows riotous in his cups third, because there is nothing to quarrel about, and perhaps that is the best reason of the three, or rather the first is the

best, because you are the son of the king , and the third is the second, that is, the second best, because there is nothing to quarrel about , and the second is nothing to the purpose, because, though guests will grow riotous in their cups, in spite of my good orderly example, God forbid I should say, that is the case with you And I completely agree in the truth of your remark, that reason speaks in the silence of wine ’

Seithenyn accompanied his speech with a vehement swinging of his right hand in so doing, at this point, he dropped his cup a sudden impulse of rash volition to pick it dexterously up before he resumed his discourse, ruined all his devices for maintaining dignity , in stooping forward from his chair he lost his balance, and fell prostrate on the floor

The whole body of the High Commission arose in simultaneous confusion, each zealous to be the foremost in uplifting his fallen chief In the vehemence of their uprise, they hurled the benches backward and the tables forward the crash of cups and bowls accompanied their overthrow , and rivulets of liquor ran gurgling through the hall The household wished to redeem the credit of their leader in the eyes of the Prince , but the only service they could render him was to participate in his discomfiture , for Seithenyn, as he was first in dignity, was also, as was fitting, hardest in skull , and that which had impaired his equilibrium had utterly destroyed theirs Some fell, in the first impulse, with the tables and benches , others were tripped up by the rolling bowls , and the remainder fell at different points of progression, by jostling against each other, or stumbling over those who had fallen before them —*The Misfortunes of Elphin*

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD

1787-1855

COUNTRY PICTURES

OF all situations for a constant residence, that which appears to me most delightful is a little village far in the country, a small neighbourhood, not of fine mansions finely peopled, but of cottages and cottage-like houses, 'messuages or tenements,' as a friend of mine calls such ignoble and nondescript dwellings, with inhabitants whose faces are as familiar to us as the flowers in our garden, a little world of our own, close-packed and insulated like ants in an ant-hill, or bees in a hive, or sheep in a fold, or nuns in a convent, or sailors in a ship, where we know every one, are known to every one, interested in every one, and authorized to hope that every one feels an interest in us. How pleasant it is to slide into these true-hearted feelings from the kindly and unconscious influence of habit, and to learn to know and to love the people about us, with all their peculiarities, just as we learn to know and to love the nooks and turns of the shady lanes and sunny commons that we pass every day! Even in books I like a confined locality, and so do the critics when they talk of the unities. Nothing is so tiresome as to be whirled half over Europe at the chariot-wheels of a hero, to go to sleep at Vienna, and awaken at Madrid, it produces a real fatigue, a weariness of spirit. On the other hand, nothing is so delightful as to sit down in a country village in one of Miss Austen's delicious novels, quite sure before we leave it to become intimate

with every spot and every person it contains , or to ramble with Mr White¹ over his own parish of Selborne, and form a friendship with the fields and coppices, as well as with the birds, mice, and squirrels, who inhabit them , or to sail with Robinson Crusoe to his island, and live there with him, and his goats, and his man Friday,—how much we dread any new comers, any fresh importation of savage or sailor ! we never sympathize for a moment in our hero's want of company, and are quite grieved when he gets away,—or to be shipwrecked with Ferdinand on that other lovelier island—the island of Prospero, and Miranda, and Caliban, and Ariel, and nobody else, none of Dryden's exotic inventions—that is best of all. And a small neighbourhood is as good in sober waking reality as in poetry or prose , a village neighbourhood, such as this Berkshire hamlet in which I write, a long, straggling, winding street, at the bottom of a fine eminence, with a road through it, always abounding in carts, horsemen, and carriages, and lately enlivened by a stage-coach from B—— to S——, which passed through about ten days ago, and will, I suppose, return some time or other. There are coaches of all varieties now-a-days, perhaps this may be intended for a monthly diligence, or a fortnightly fly. Will you walk with me through our village, courteous reader ? The journey is not long. We will begin at the lower end, and proceed up the hill.

The tidy, square, red cottage on the right hand, with the long well-stocked garden by the side of

¹ White's *Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne*, one of the most fascinating books ever written. I wonder that no naturalist has adopted the same plan.

the road, belongs to a retired publican, from a neighbouring town, a substantial person, with a comely wife, one who piques himself on independence and idleness, talks politics, reads newspapers, hates the minister, and cries out for reform. He introduced into our peaceful vicinage the rebellious innovation of an illumination on the queen's acquittal. Remonstrance and persuasion were in vain, he talked of liberty and broken windows—so we all lighted up. Oh! how he shone that night with candles, and laurel, and white bows, and gold paper, and a transparency (originally designed for a pocket-handkerchief) with a flaming portrait of her Majesty, hatted and feathered, in red ochre. He had no rival in the village, that we all acknowledged, the very bonfire was less splendid, the little boys reserved their best crackers to be expended in his honour, and he gave them full sixpence more than any one else. He would like an illumination once a month, for it must not be concealed, that in spite of gardening, of newspaper reading, of jaunting about in his little cart, and frequenting both church and meeting, our worthy neighbour begins to feel the weariness of idleness. He hangs over his gate, and tries to entice passengers to stop and chat, he volunteers little jobs all round, smokes cherry-trees to cure the blight, and traces and blows up all the wasp nests in the parish. I have seen a great many wasps in our garden to-day, and shall enchant him with the intelligence. He even assists his wife in her sweepings and dustings. Poor man! he is a very respectable person, and would be a very happy one, if he would add a little employment to his dignity. It would be the salt of life to him.

Next to his house, though parted from it by another long garden with a yew arbour at the end, is the pretty dwelling of the shoemaker, a pale, sickly-looking, black-haired man, the very model of sober industry. There he sits in his little shop, from early morning till late at night. An earthquake would hardly stir him: the illumination did not. He stuck immovably to his last, from the first lighting up, through the long blaze and the slow decay, till his large solitary candle was the only light in the place. One cannot conceive anything more perfect than the contempt which the man of transparencies and the man of shoes must have felt for each other on that evening. There was at least as much vanity in the sturdy industry as in the strenuous idleness, for our shoemaker is a man of substance: he employs three journeymen, two lame, and one a dwarf, so that his shop looks like an hospital; he has purchased the lease of his commodious dwelling—some even say that he has bought it out and out, and he has only one pretty daughter, a light, delicate, fair-haired girl of fourteen, the champion, protectress, and playfellow of every brat under three years old, whom she jumps, dances, dandles, and feeds all day long. A very attractive person is that child-loving girl. I have never seen any one in her station who possessed so thoroughly that undefinable charm, the lady-look. See her on a Sunday in her simplicity and her white frock, and she might pass for an earl's daughter. She likes flowers, too, and has a profusion of white stocks under her window, as pure and delicate as herself.

The first house on the opposite side of the way is the blacksmith's, a gloomy dwelling, where the

sun never seems to shine, dark and smoky within and without, like a forge. The blacksmith is a high officer in our little state, nothing less than a constable, but, alas! alas! when tumults arise, and the constable is called for, he will commonly be found in the thickest of the fray. Lucky would it be for his wife and her eight children if there were no public-house in the land. an inveterate inclination to enter those bewitching doors is Mr Constable's only fault.

Next to this official dwelling is a spruce brick tenement, red, high, and narrow, boasting, one above another, three sash-windows, the only sash-windows in the village, with a clematis on one side and a rose on the other, tall and narrow like itself. That slender mansion has a fine, genteel look. The little parlour seems made for Hogarth's old maid and her stunted footboy, for tea and card-parties—it would just hold one table, for the rustle of faded silks, and the splendour of old china, for the delight of four by honours, and a little snug quiet scandal between the deals, for affected gentility and real starvation. This should have been its destiny, but fate has been unpropitious. it belongs to a plump, merry, bustling dame, with four fat, rosy, noisy children, the very essence of vulgarity and plenty.

Then comes the village shop, like other village shops, multifarious as a bazaar, a repository for bread, shoes, tea, cheese, tape, ribands, and bacon, for everything, in short, except the one particular thing which you happen to want at the moment and will be sure not to find. The people are civil and thriving, and frugal withal, they have let the upper part of their house to two young women (one of them is a pretty blue-eyed girl) who teach little

children their A B C, and make caps and gowns for their mammas—parcel schoolmistress, parcel mantua-maker I believe they find adorning the body a more profitable vocation than adorning the mind

Divided from the shop by a narrow yard, and opposite the shoemaker's, is a habitation of whose inmates I shall say nothing A cottage—no—a miniature house, with many additions, little odds and ends of places, pantries, and what not, all angles, and of a charming in-and-outness, a little bricked court before one half, and a little flower-yard before the other, the walls, old and weather-stained, covered with hollyhocks, roses, honeysuckles, and a great apricot-tree, the casements full of geraniums (ah, there is our superb white cat peeping out from amongst them), the closets (our landlord has the assurance to call them rooms) full of contrivances and corner cupboards, and the little garden behind full of common flowers, tulips, pinks, larkspurs, peonies, stocks, and carnations, with an arbour of privet, not unlike a sentry-box, where one lives in a delicious green light, and looks out on the gayest of all gay flower-beds That house was built on purpose to show in what an exceeding small compass comfort may be packed Well, I will loiter there no longer

The next tenement is a place of importance, the Rose Inn, a white-washed building, retired from the road behind its fine swinging sign, with a little bow-window room coming out on one side, and forming, with our stable on the other, a sort of open square, which is the constant resort of carts, waggons, and return chaises There are two carts there now, and mine host is serving them with beer in his eternal red waistcoat He is a thriving

man and a portly, as his waistcoat attests, which has been twice let out within this twelvemonth. Our landlord has a stirring wife, a hopeful son, and a daughter, the belle of the village, not so pretty as the fair nymph of the shoe-shop, and far less elegant, but ten times as fine, all curl-papers in the morning, like a porcupine, all curls in the afternoon, like a poodle, with more flounces than curl papers, and more lovers than curls. Miss Phoebe is fitter for town than country, and to do her justice, she has a consciousness of that fitness, and turns her steps townward as often as she can. She is gone to B—— to-day with her last and principal lover, a recruiting sergeant—a man as tall as Sergeant Kite, and as impudent. Some day or other he will carry off Miss Phoebe.

In a line with the bow-window room is a low garden wall, belonging to a house under repair — the white house opposite the collar-maker's shop with four lime-trees before it, and a waggon-load of bricks at the door. That house is the plaything of a wealthy, well-meaning, whimsical person, who lives about a mile off. He has a passion for brick and mortar, and, being too wise to meddle with his own residence, diverts himself with altering and realtering, improving and re-improving, doing and undoing here. It is a perfect Penelope's web. Carpenters and bricklayers have been at work for these eighteen months, and yet I sometimes stand and wonder whether anything has really been done. One exploit in last June was, however, by no means equivocal. Our good neighbour fancied that the limes shaded the rooms, and made them dark (there was not a creature in the house but the workmen), so he had all the leaves stripped from

every tree There they stood, poor miserable skeletons, as bare as Christmas under the glowing midsummer sun Nature revenged herself, in her own sweet and gracious manner, fresh leaves sprang out, and at nearly Christmas the foliage was as brilliant as when the outrage was committed

Next door lives a carpenter, 'famed ten miles round and worthy all his fame'—few cabinet-makers surpass him, with his excellent wife, and their little daughter Lizzy, the plaything and queen of the village, a child three years old according to the register, but six in size and strength and intellect, in power and in self-will She manages everybody in the place, her school-mistress included, turns the wheeler's children out of their own little cart, and makes them draw her, seduces cakes and lollypops from the very shop window, makes the lazy carry her, the silent talk to her, the grave romp with her, does anything she pleases, is absolutely irresistible Her chief attraction lies in her exceeding power of loving, and her firm reliance on the love and indulgence of others How impossible it would be to disappoint the dear little girl when she runs to meet you, slides her pretty hand into yours, looks up gladly in your face, and says, 'Come!' You must go you cannot help it Another part of her charm is her singular beauty Together with a good deal of the character of Napoleon, she has something of his square, sturdy, upright form, with the finest limbs in the world, a complexion purely English, a round laughing face, sunburnt and rosy, large merry blue eyes, curling brown hair, and a wonderful play of countenance She has the imperial attitudes too, and loves to stand with her

hands behind her, or folded over her bosom, and sometimes, when she has a little touch of shyness, she clasps them together on the top of her head, pressing down her shining curls, and looking so exquisitely pretty! Yes, Lizzy is queen of the village! She has but one rival in her dominions, a certain white greyhound called Mayflower, much her friend, who resembles her in beauty and strength, in playfulness, and almost in sagacity, and reigns over the animal world as she over the human. They are both coming with me, Lizzy and Lizzy's 'pretty May'. We are now at the end of the street, a cross-lane, a rope-walk, shaded with limes and oaks, and a cool clear pond overhung with elms, lead us to the bottom of the hill. There is still one house round the corner, ending in a picturesque wheeler's shop. The dwelling-house is more ambitious. Look at the fine flowered window-blinds, the green door with the brass knocker, and the somewhat prim but very civil person, who is sending off a labouring man with sirs and curtsies enough for a prince of the blood. Those are the curate's lodgings—apartments his landlady would call them, he lives with his own family four miles off, but once or twice a week he comes to his neat little parlour to write sermons, to marry, or to bury, as the case may require. Never were better or kinder people than his host and hostess, and there is a reflection of clerical importance about them, since their connexion with the Church, which is quite edifying—a decorum, a gravity, a solemn politeness. Oh, to see the worthy wheeler carry the gown after his lodger on a Sunday, nicely pinned up in his wife's best handkerchief,—or to hear him rebuke a squalling

child or a squabbling woman ! The curate is nothing to him He is fit to be perpetual church-warden

We must now cross the lane into the shady rope-walk That pretty white cottage opposite which stands straggling at the end of the village in a garden full of flowers, belongs to our mason, the shortest of men, and his handsome, tall wife he, a dwarf, with the voice of a giant, one starts when he begins to talk as if he were shouting through a speaking-trumpet, she, the sister, daughter, and grand-daughter, of a long line of gardeners, and no contemptible one herself It is very magnanimous in me not to hate her, for she beats me in my own way, in chrysanthemums, and dahlias, and the like gauds Her plants are sure to live, mine have a sad trick of dying, perhaps because I love them, 'not wisely, but too well,' and kill them with over-kindness Half-way up the hill is another detached cottage, the residence of an officer, and his beautiful family That eldest boy, who is hanging over the gate, and looking with such intense childish admiration at my Lizzy, might be a model for a Cupid

How pleasantly the road winds up the hill, with its broad green borders and hedgerows so thickly timbered ! How finely the evening sun falls on that sandy excavated bank, and touches the farm-house on the top of the eminence ! and how clearly defined and relieved is the figure of the man who is just coming down ! It is poor John Evans, the gardener—an excellent gardener till about ten years ago, when he lost his wife, and became insane He was sent to St Luke's, and dismissed as cured, but his power was gone and his strength, he could no longer manage a garden,

nor submit to the restraint, nor encounter the fatigue of regular employment so he retreated to the workhouse, the pensioner and factotum of the village, amongst whom he divides his services. His mind often wanders, intent on some fantastic and impracticable plan, and lost to present objects, but he is perfectly harmless, and full of a child-like simplicity, a smiling contentedness, a most touching gratitude. Every one is kind to John Evans, for there is that about him which must be loved, and his unprotectedness, his utter defencelessness, have an irresistible claim on every better feeling. I know nobody who inspires so deep and tender a pity, he improves all around him. He is useful, too, to the extent of his little power, will do anything, but loves gardening best, and still piques himself on his old arts of pruning fruit-trees, and raising cucumbers. He is the happiest of men just now, for he has the management of a melon bed—a melon bed!—fie! What a grand pompous name was that for three melon plants under a hand-light! John Evans is sure that they will succeed. We shall see as the chancellor said, 'I doubt.'

We are now on the very brow of the eminence, close to the Hill-house and its beautiful garden. On the outer edge of the paling, hanging over the bank that skirts the road, is an old thorn—such a thorn! The long sprays covered with snowy blossoms, so graceful, so elegant, so lightsome, and yet so rich! There only wants a pool under the thorn to give a still lovelier reflection, quivering and trembling, like a tuft of feathers, whiter and greener than the life, and more prettily mixed with the bright blue sky. There should indeed be a pool, but on the dark grass-plot, under the

high bank, which is crowned by that magnificent plume, there is something that does almost as well, —Lizzy and Mayflower in the midst of a game at romps, ‘making a sun-shine in the shady place,’ Lizzy rolling, laughing, clapping her hands, and glowing like a rose, Mayflower playing about her like summer lightning, dazzling the eyes with her sudden turns, her leaps, her bounds, her attacks, and her escapes. She darts round the lovely little girl, with the same momentary touch that the swallow skims over the water, and has exactly the same power of flight, the same matchless ease and strength and grace. What a pretty picture they would make, what a pretty foreground they do make to the real landscape! The road winding down the hill with a slight bend, like that in the High Street at Oxford, a waggon slowly ascending, and a horseman passing it at a full trot—(ah! Lizzy, Mayflower will certainly desert you to have a gambol with that blood-horse!) half-way down, just at the turn, the red cottage of the lieutenant, covered with vines, the very image of comfort and content, farther down, on the opposite side, the small white dwelling of the little mason, then the limes and the rope-walk, then the village street, peeping through the trees, whose clustering tops hide all but the chimneys, and various roofs of the houses, and here and there some angle of a wall, farther on, the elegant town of B——, with its fine old church towers and spires, the whole view shut in by a range of chalky hills, and over every part of the picture, trees so profusely scattered, that it appears like a woodland scene, with glades and villages intermixed. The trees are of all kinds and

all hues, chiefly the finely shaped elm, of so bright and deep a green, the tips of whose high outer branches drop down with such a crisp and garland-like richness, and the oak, whose stately form is just now so splendidly adorned by the sunny colouring of the young leaves. Turning again up the hill, we find ourselves on that peculiar charm of English scenery, a green common divided by the road, the right side fringed by hedgerows and trees, with cottages and farm-houses irregularly placed, and terminated by a double avenue of noble oaks, the left, prettier still, dappled by bright pools of water, and islands of cottages and cottage gardens, and sinking gradually down to cornfields and meadows, and an old farm-house, with pointed roofs and clustered chimneys, looking out from its blooming orchard, and backed by woody hills. The common is itself the prettiest part of the prospect, half covered with low furze, whose golden blossoms reflect so intensely the last beams of the setting sun, and alive with cows and sheep, and two sets of cricketers, one of young men, surrounded by spectators, some standing, some sitting, some stretched on the grass, all taking a delighted interest in the game, the other, a merry group of little boys, at a humble distance, for whom even cricket is scarcely lively enough, shouting, leaping, and enjoying themselves to their hearts' content. But cricketers and country boys are too important persons in our village to be talked of merely as figures in the landscape. They deserve an individual introduction—an essay to themselves—and they shall have it. No fear of forgetting the good-humoured faces that meet us in our walks every day—*Our Village*

MRS SALLY MEARING

MRS SALLY MEARING, when I first became acquainted with her, occupied, together with her father (a superannuated man of ninety), a large farm very near our former habitation. It had been anciently a great manor-farm or court-house, and was still a stately substantial building, whose lofty halls and spacious chambers gave an air of grandeur to the common offices to which they were applied. Traces of gilding might yet be seen on the panels which covered the walls, and on the huge carved chimney-pieces which rose almost to the ceilings, and the marble tables and the inlaid oak staircase still spoke of the former grandeur of the court. Mrs Sally corresponded well with the date of her mansion, although she troubled herself little with its dignity. She was thoroughly of the old school, and had a most comfortable contempt for the new rose at four in winter and summer, breakfasted at six, dined at eleven in the forenoon, supped at five, and was regularly in bed before eight, except when the hay-time or the harvest imperiously required her to sit up till sunset—a necessity to which she submitted with no very good grace. To a deviation from these hours, and to the modern iniquities of white aprons, cotton stockings, and muslin handkerchiefs (Mrs Sally herself always wore check, black worsted, and a sort of yellow compound which she was wont to call *susy*), together with the invention of drill ploughs and threshing machines, and other agricultural novelties, she failed not to attribute all the mishaps or misdoings of the whole parish. The last-mentioned discovery especially

aroused her indignation Oh ! to hear her descant on the merits of the flail, wielded by a stout right arm, such as she had known in her youth (for by her account there was as great a deterioration in bones and sinews as in the other implements of husbandry), was enough to make the very inventor break his machine She would even take up her favourite instrument, and thrash the air herself, by way of illustrating her argument, and to say truth, few men in these degenerate days, could have matched the stout brawny muscular limb which Mrs Sally displayed t sixty-five

In spite of this contumacious rejection of agricultural improvements, the world went well with her at Court-Farm A good landlord, an easy rent, incessant labour, unremitting frugality, and excellent times, ensured a regular though moderate profit , and she lived on, grumbling and prospering, flourishing and complaining, till two misfortunes befell her at once—her father died, and her lease expired The loss of her father, although a bedridden man, turned of ninety, who could not in the course of nature have been expected to live long, was a terrible shock to a daughter, who was not so much younger as to be without fears for her own life, and who had besides been so used to nursing the good old man, and looking to his little comforts, that she missed him as a mother would miss an ailing child The expiration of the lease was a grievance and a puzzle of a different nature Her landlord would have willingly retained his excellent tenant, but not on the terms on which she then held the land, which had not varied for fifty years so that poor Mrs Sally had the misfortune to find rent rising and prices

sinking both at the same moment—a terrible solecism in political economy Even this, however, I believe she would have endured, rather than have quitted the house where she was born, and to which all her ways and notions were adapted, had not a priggish steward, as much addicted to improvement and reform as she was to precedent and established usages, insisted on binding her by lease to spread a certain number of loads of chalk on every field This tremendous innovation, for never had that novelty in manure whitened the crofts and pightles of Court-Farm, decided her at once She threw the proposals into the fire, and left the place in a week

Her choice of a habitation occasioned some wonder and much amusement in our village world To be sure, upon the verge of seventy, an old maid may be permitted to dispense with the more rigid punctilio of her class, but Mrs Sally had always been so tenacious on the score of character, so very a prude, so determined an avoider of the 'men folk' (as she was wont contemptuously to call them), that we all were conscious of something like astonishment, on finding that she and her little handmaid had taken up their abode in one end of a spacious farm-house belonging to the bluff old bachelor, George Robinson, of the Lea Now Farmer Robinson was quite as notorious for his aversion to petticoated things, as Mrs Sally for her hatred to the unfeathered bipeds who wear doublet and hose, so that there was a little astonishment in that quarter too, and plenty of jests, which the honest farmer speedily silenced, by telling all who joked on the subject that he had given his lodger fair warning,

that, let people say what they would, he was quite determined not to marry her so that if she had any views that way, it would be better for her to go elsewhere. This declaration, which must be admitted to have been more remarkable for frankness than civility, made, however, no ill impression on Mrs Sally. To the farmer's she went, and at his house she lives still, with her little maid, her tabby cat, a decrepit sheep-dog, and much of the lumber of Court-Farm, which she could not find in her heart to part from. There she follows her old ways and her old hours, untempted by matrimony, and unassailed (as far as I hear) by love or by scandal, with no other grievance than an occasional dearth of employment for herself and her young lass (even pewter dishes do not always want scouring), and now and then a twinge of the rheumatism.

Here she is, that good relique of the olden time—for, in spite of her whims and prejudices, a better and a kinder woman never lived—here she is, with the hood of her red cloak pulled over her close black bonnet, of that silk which once (it may be presumed) was fashionable, since it is still called mode, and her whole stout figure huddled up in a miscellaneous and most substantial covering of thick petticoats, gowns, aprons, shawls, and cloaks—a weight which it requires the strength of a thresher to walk under—here she is, with her square honest visage, and her loud frank voice,—and we hold a pleasant disjointed chat of rheumatisms and early chickens, bad weather, and hats with feathers in them,—the last exceedingly sore subject being introduced by poor Jane Davis (a cousin of Mrs Sally), who, passing

us in a beaver bonnet, on her road from school, stopped to drop her little curtsy, and was soundly scolded for her civility Jane, who is a gentle, humble, smiling lass, about twelve years old, receives so many rebukes from her worthy relative, and bears them so meekly, that I should not wonder if they were to be followed by a legacy I sincerely wish they may Well, at last we said goodbye, when, on inquiring my destination, and hearing that I was bent to the ten-acre copse (part of the farm which she ruled so long), she stopped me to tell a dismal story of two sheep-stealers who sixty years ago were found hidden in that copse, and only taken after great difficulty and resistance, and the maiming of a peace-officer — 'Pray don't go there, Miss ! For mercy's sake don't be so venturesome ! Think if they should kill you !' were the last words of Mrs Sally

Our Village.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

1788-1824

A TRAGIC INCIDENT AT RAVENNA

Ravenna December 9, 1820

I OPEN my letter to tell you a fact, which will show the state of this country better than I can The commandant of the troops is *now* lying dead in my house He was shot at a little past eight o'clock, about two hundred paces from my door I was putting on my great-coat to visit Madame la Contessa G when I heard the shot On coming into the hall, I found all my servants on the

balcony, exclaiming that a man was murdered I immediately ran down, calling on Tita (the bravest of them) to follow me. The rest wanted to hinder us from going, as it is the custom for everybody here, it seems, to run away from 'the stricken deer'.

However, down we ran, and found him lying on his back, almost, if not quite, dead with five wounds, one in the heart, two in the stomach, one in the finger, and the other in the arm. Some soldiers cocked their guns, and wanted to hinder me from passing. However we passed, and I found Diego, the adjutant, crying over him like a child—a surgeon, who said nothing of his profession—a priest, sobbing a frightened prayer—and the commandant, all this time, on his back, on the hard, cold pavement, without light or assistance, or anything around him but confusion and dismay.

As nobody could, or would, do anything but howl and pray, and as no one would stir a finger to move him, for fear of consequences, I lost my patience—made my servant and a couple of the mob take up the body—sent off two soldiers to the guard—despatched Diego to the Cardinal with the news, and had the commandant carried upstairs into my own quarter. But it was too late, he was gone—not at all disfigured—bled inwardly—not above an ounce or two came out.

I had him partly stripped—made the surgeon examine him, and examined him myself. He had been shot by cut balls, or slugs. I felt one of the slugs, which had gone through him, all but the skin. Everybody conjectures why he was killed, but no one knows how. The gun was found close by him—an old gun, half filed down.

He only said, 'O Dio!' and 'Gesù!' two or three times, and appeared to have suffered very little. Poor fellow! he was a brave officer, but had made himself much disliked by the people. I knew him personally, and had met with him often at conversazioni and elsewhere. My house is full of soldiers, dragoons, doctors, priests, and all kinds of persons—though I have now cleared it, and clapt sentinels at the doors. To-morrow the body is to be moved. The town is in the greatest confusion, as you may suppose.

You are to know that, if I had not had the body moved, they would have left him there till morning in the street, for fear of consequences. I would not choose to let even a dog die in such a manner, without succour—and, as for consequences, I care for none in a duty.

Yours, &c

P S The lieutenant on duty by the body is smoking his pipe with great composure—A queer people this.

Letter to Thomas Moore

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

1789–1851

THE PATHFINDER AND HIS COMPANIONS PURSUED BY THE IROQUOIS

AN ANXIOUS MOMENT

It was truly an alarming instant. Just as Mabel touched the shoulder of her guide, three of the Iroquois had appeared in the water, at the bend of the river, within a hundred yards of the cover, and halted to examine the stream below. They

were all naked to the waist, armed for an expedition against their foes, and in their war-paint. It was apparent that they were undecided as to the course they ought to pursue in order to find the fugitives. One pointed down the river, a second up the stream, and the third towards the opposite bank. They evidently doubted.

It was a breathless moment. The only clue the fugitives possessed to the intentions of their pursuers, was in their gestures, and the indications that escaped them in the fury of disappointment. That a party had returned already, on their own footsteps, by land, was pretty certain, and all the benefit expected from the artifice of the fire was necessarily lost. But that consideration became of little moment, just then, for the party was menaced with an immediate discovery, by those who had kept on a level with the river. All the facts presented themselves clearly, and as it might be, by intuition, to the mind of Pathfinder, who perceived the necessity of immediate decision, and of being in readiness to act in concert. Without making any noise, therefore, he managed to get the two Indians and Jasper near him, when he opened his communications in a whisper.

'We must be ready—we must be ready,' he said. 'There are but three of the scalping devils, and we are five, four of whom may be set down as manful warriors for such a scrimmage. Eau-douce, do you take the fellow that is painted like death, Chingachgook, I give you the chief, and Arrowhead must keep his eye on the young one. There must be no mistake, for two bullets in the same body would be sinful waste, with one like the sergeant's daughter in danger. I shall hold

myself in resarve against accident, lest a fourth reptile appear, for one of your hands may prove unsteady By no means fire until I give the word, we must not let the crack of the rifle be heard except in the last resort, since all the rest of the miscreants are still within hearing Jasper, boy, in case of any movement behind us, on the bank, I trust to you to run out the canoe with the sergeant's daughter, and to pull for the garrison, by God's leave'

The Pathfinder had no sooner given these directions than the near approach of their enemies rendered profound silence necessary The Iroquois in the river were slowly descending the stream, keeping of necessity near the bushes that overhung the water, while the rustling of leaves and the snapping of twigs soon gave fearful evidence that another party was moving along the bank at an equally graduated pace and directly abreast of them In consequence of the distance between the bushes planted by the fugitives and the true shore the two parties became visible to each other when opposite that precise point Both stopped, and a conversation ensued, that may be said to have passed directly over the heads of those who were concealed Indeed nothing sheltered the travellers, but the branches and leaves of plants, so pliant that they yielded to every current of air, and which a puff of wind, a little stronger than common, would have blown away Fortunately the line of sight carried the eyes of the two parties of savages, whether they stood in the water or on the land, above the bushes, and the leaves appeared blended in a way to excite no suspicion Perhaps the very boldness of the expedient alone

prevented an immediate exposure. The conversation that took place was conducted earnestly, but in guarded tones, as if those who spoke wished to defeat the intentions of any listeners. It was in a dialect that both the Indian warriors beneath, as well as the Pathfinder, understood. Even Jasper comprehended a portion of what was said.

'The trail is washed away by the water!' said one from below, who stood so near the artificial cover of the fugitives, that he might have been struck by the salmon-spear that lay in the bottom of Jasper's canoe. 'Water has washed it so clear that a Yengeese hound could not follow.'

'The pale-faces have left the shore in their canoes,' answered the speaker on the bank.

'It cannot be. The rifles of our warriors below are certain.'

The Pathfinder gave a significant glance at Jasper, and he clenched his teeth in order to suppress the sound of his own breathing.

'Let my young men look as if their eyes were eagles,' said the eldest warrior among those who were wading in the river. 'We have been a whole moon on the warpath, and have found but one scalp. There is a maiden among them, and some of our braves want wives.'

Happily these words were lost on Mabel, but Jasper's frown became deeper, and his face fiercely flushed.

The savages now ceased speaking, and the party that was concealed heard the slow and guarded movements of those who were on the bank, as they pushed the bushes aside in their wary progress. It was soon evident that the latter had passed the cover, but the group in the water still remained,

scanning the shore with eyes that glared through their war-paint, like coals of living fire After a pause of two or three minutes, these three began also to descend the stream, though it was step by step, as men move who look for an object that has been lost In this manner they passed the artificial screen, and Pathfinder opened his mouth, in that hearty but noiseless laugh, that nature and habit had contributed to render a peculiarity of the man His triumph, however, was premature, for the last of the retiring party, just at this moment casting a look behind him, suddenly stopped and his fixed attitude and steady gaze at once betrayed the appalling fact that some neglected bush had awakened his suspicions

It was, perhaps, fortunate for the concealed, that the warrior who manifested these fearful signs of distrust was young, and had still a reputation to acquire He knew the importance of discretion and modesty in one of his years, and most of all did he dread the ridicule and contempt that would certainly follow a false alarm Without recalling any of his companions, therefore, he turned on his own footsteps, and while the others continued to descend the river, he cautiously approached the bushes, on which his looks were still fastened, as by a charm Some of the leaves which were exposed to the sun had drooped a little, and this slight departure from the usual natural laws had caught the quick eyes of the Indian, for so practised and acute do the senses of the savage become, more especially when he is on the warpath, that trifles apparently of the most insignificant sort often prove to be clues to lead him to his object

The trifling nature of the change which had aroused the suspicion of this youth, was an additional motive for not acquainting his companions with his discovery. Should he really detect anything, his glory would be the greater for being unshared, and should he not, he might hope to escape that derision which the young Indian so much dreads. Then there were the dangers of an ambush and a surprise, to which every warrior of the woods is keenly alive, to render his approach slow and cautious. In consequence of the delay that proceeded from these combined causes, the two parties had descended some fifty or sixty yards before the young savage was again near enough to the bushes of the Pathfinder to touch them with his hand.

Notwithstanding their critical situation, the whole party behind the cover had their eyes fastened on the working countenance of the young Iroquois, who was agitated by conflicting feelings. First came the eager hope of obtaining success where some of the most experienced of his tribe had failed, and with it a degree of glory that had seldom fallen to the share of one of his years or a brave on his first war-path, then followed doubts, as the drooping leaves seemed to rise again, and to revive in the currents of air, and distrust of hidden danger lent its exciting feeling to keep the eloquent features in play. So very slight, however, had been the alteration produced by the heat on bushes of which the stems were in the water, that when the Iroquois actually laid his hand on the leaves, he fancied that he had been deceived. As no man ever distrusts strongly without using all convenient means of satisfying

his doubts, however, the young warrior cautiously pushed aside the branches, and advanced a step within the hiding-place, when the forms of the concealed party met his gaze, resembling so many breathless statues. The low exclamation, the slight start, and the glaring eye, were hardly seen and heard, before the arm of Chingachgook was raised, and the tomahawk of the Delaware descended on the shaven head of his foe. The Iroquois raised his hands frantically, bounded backward, and fell into the water, at a spot where the current swept the body away, the struggling limbs still tossing and writhing in the agony of death. The Delaware made a vigorous but unsuccessful attempt to seize an arm, with the hope of securing the scalp, but the bloodstained waters whirled down the current, carrying with them their quivering burthen.

The Pathfinder

HENRY HART MILMAN

1791-1868

THE BURNING OF THE TEMPLE

It was August 10, the day already darkened in the Jewish calendar by the destruction of the former Temple by the king of Babylon. That day was almost past. Titus withdrew again into the Antonia, intending the next morning to make a general assault. The quiet summer evening came on, the setting sun shone for the last time on the snow-white walls and glistening pinnacles of the Temple roof. Titus had retired to rest, when suddenly a wild and terrible cry was heard, and

a man came rushing in, announcing that the Temple was on fire. Some of the besieged, notwithstanding their repulse in the morning, had sallied out to attack the men who were busily employed in extinguishing the fires about the cloisters. The Romans not merely drove them back, but, entering the sacred space with them, forced their way to the door of the Temple. A soldier, without orders, mounting on the shoulders of one of his comrades, threw a blazing brand into a small gilded door on the north side of the chambers, in the outer building or porch. The flames sprang up at once. The Jews uttered one simultaneous shriek, and grasped their swords with a furious determination of revenging and perishing in the ruins of the Temple. Titus rushed down with the utmost speed. he shouted, he made signs to his soldiers to quench the fire. his voice was drowned, and his signs unnoticed, in the blind confusion. The legionaries either could not or would not hear. they rushed on, trampling each other down in their furious haste, or, stumbling over the crumbling ruins, perished with the enemy. Each exhorted the other, and each hurled his blazing brand into the inner part of the edifice, and then hurried to his work of carnage. The unarmed and defenceless people were slain in thousands, they lay heaped like sacrifices, round the altar, the steps of the Temple ran with streams of blood, which washed down the bodies that lay about.

Titus found it impossible to check the rage of the soldiery, he entered with his officers, and surveyed the interior of the sacred edifice. The splendour filled them with wonder, and as the flames had not yet penetrated to the Holy Place,

he made a last effort to save it, and springing forth, again exhorted the soldiers to stay the progress of the conflagration. The centurion Liberalis endeavoured to force obedience with his staff of office, but even respect for the emperor gave way to the furious animosity against the Jews, to the fierce excitement of battle, and to the insatiable hope of plunder. The soldiers saw everything around them radiant with gold, which shone dazzlingly in the wild light of the flames, they supposed that incalculable treasures were laid up in the sanctuary. A soldier, unperceived, thrust a lighted torch between the hinges of the door: the whole building was in flames in an instant. The blinding smoke and fire forced the officers to retreat, and the noble edifice was left to its fate.

It was an appalling spectacle to the Roman—what was it to the Jew? The whole summit of the hill which commanded the city blazed like a volcano. One after another the buildings fell in, with a tremendous crash, and were swallowed up in the fiery abyss. The roofs of cedar were like sheets of flame: the gilded pinnacles shone like spikes of red light: the gate towers sent up tall columns of flame and smoke. The neighbouring hills were lighted up, and dark groups of people were seen watching in horrible anxiety the progress of the destruction: the walls and heights of the upper city were crowded with faces, some pale with the agony of despair, others scowling unavailing vengeance. The shouts of the Roman soldiery as they ran to and fro, and the howlings of the insurgents who were perishing in the flames, mingled with the roaring of the conflagration and the thundering sound of falling timbers. The

echoes of the mountains replied or brought back the shrieks of the people on the heights all along the walls resounded screams and wailings men who were expiring with famine, rallied their remaining strength to utter a cry of anguish and desolation

The slaughter within was even more dreadful than the spectacle from without Men and women, old and young, insurgents and priests, those who fought and those who entreated mercy, were hewn down in indiscriminate carnage The number of the slain exceeded that of the slayers The legionaries had to clamber over heaps of dead to carry on the work of extermination John, at the head of some of his troops, cut his way through, first into the outer court of the Temple, afterwards into the upper city Some of the priests upon the roof wrenched off the gilded spikes, with their sockets of lead, and used them as missiles against the Romans below Afterwards they fled to a part of the wall, about fourteen feet wide, they were summoned to surrender, but two of them, Mair, son of Belga, and Joseph, son of Dalai, plunged headlong into the flames

No part escaped the fury of the Romans The treasures with all their wealth of money, jewels, and costly robes—the plunder which the Zealots had laid up—were totally destroyed Nothing remained but a small part of the outer cloister, in which about 6000 unarmed and defenceless people, with women and children, had taken refuge These poor wretches, like multitudes of others, had been led up to the Temple by a false prophet, who had proclaimed that God commanded all the Jews to go up to the Temple, where he would display his

Almighty power to save his people The soldiers
set fire to the building every soul perished

For during all this time false prophets, suborned by the Zealots, had kept the people in a state of feverish excitement, as though the appointed Deliverer would still appear. They could not, indeed, but remember the awful, the visible signs which had preceded the siege—the fiery sword, the armies fighting in the air, the opening of the great gate, the fearful voice within the sanctuary, ‘Let us depart,’ the wild cry of Jesus, son of Ananus—*Woe, woe to the city!* which he had continued from the government of Albinus to the time of the siege, when he suddenly stopped, shrieked out—*Woe to myself!* and was struck dead by a stone. Yet the undying hopes of fierce fanaticism were kept alive by the still renewed prediction of that Great One, who would at this time arise out of Judæa, and assume the dominion of the world. This prophecy the flattering Josephus declared to be accomplished in the Roman, Vespasian, but more patriotic interpreters still, to the last, expected to see it fulfilled in the person of the conquering Messiah, who would reveal himself in the darkest hour, wither the Roman legions with one word, and then transfer the seat of empire from the Capitol to Sion.

The whole Roman army entered the sacred precincts, and pitched their standards among the smoking ruins, they offered sacrifice for the victory, and with loud acclamations saluted Titus as emperor. Their joy was not a little enhanced by the value of the plunder they had obtained, which was so great that gold fell in Syria to half its former value.

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON

1792-1867

THE TAKING OF THE BASTILLE

THE old castle of the Bastille was surrounded by eight lofty round towers, the walls of which were six feet in thickness, and they were joined to each other by a wall still more massy, being no less than nine feet across. Its entry was at the extremity of the Rue St Antoine above the principal gate was a considerable magazine of arms, but they had all been removed to the Invalides shortly before, with the exception of six hundred muskets, which had been withdrawn into the interior of the building. Within the exterior walls was, as in all other castles of considerable extent, an interior court, in which were the barracks of the troops and stables of the governor, access could be obtained to this court both by the principal gate, fronting the Rue St Antoine, and by another entrance on the side of the Arsenal, which was, in the same manner as the first, defended by a drawbridge over the ditch, which entirely surrounded the edifice. Within this outer was another inner court, separated from the first by a dry ditch, traversed by a drawbridge, defended by a strong guardhouse intended as the last refuge of the besieged if the outer house was carried, and in it was the governor's house. After passing through this interior court, access was obtained by an iron gate to the great court, within the donjon, which was a hundred feet long by seventy broad, surrounded by the state prison, flanked by lofty

towers, and in which the captives were allowed to take the air. The exterior ditch was usually dry, except in wet weather, or when the Seine with which it communicated was high, but as the outer wall of the donjon was thirty-six feet in height, and exposed to a flanking fire from the towers, which were forty-six feet in elevation, the place was considered impregnable, except by regular approaches—and so it was, if it had been regularly garrisoned and provisioned.

Belon and Thuriot, being satisfied that no offensive measures were intended by the governor, withdrew, and endeavoured to persuade the crowd that their alarm was groundless. But the capture of the fortress had been resolved on, and the multitude, every instant increasing, surged round the walls. While the whole attention of the garrison was fixed on the principal gate, two old soldiers named Louis Tournay and Aubin Bonnemère mounting on the roof of a house which rested on the ramparts, contrived to reach the top of the parapet, and descended into the court where the governor's house stood, which they found deserted, as the garrison, with the exception of the guard at the outer gate, had all been withdrawn into the keep. Seizing a hatchet which they found lying in the court, these brave men succeeded in cutting the chains of a little drawbridge which admitted foot-passengers from the outside, and thus gave an entry to several of the insurgents, who speedily cut the chains of the principal bridge, which fell with a terrible crash. Instantly the crowd rushed in, the governor's house was immediately inundated, and pillage had already commenced when de Launay ordered a fire of musketry from

the top of the walls of the donjon into the court, which was filled with people, and the ditches. Several of the assailants fell, the court was cleared in an instant, but the combat continued round the drawbridge, and a sharp fire of musketry was kept up on both sides. Still the governor declined to fire the great guns on the top of the castle, which, loaded with grape, and discharged down on the dense crowd in front of the fortress, would have occasioned a frightful loss of human life, but must speedily have driven back the assailants.

Matters were in this state when a battalion of the Gardes Françaises arrived, with part of the guns taken that morning from the Invalides. This powerful reinforcement, and still more, the skill which they communicated to the assault, had a decisive effect. Their first care was to station a large part of their number on the roofs and at the windows of the adjoining houses, who kept up a heavy and well-sustained fire on the ramparts, while at the same time, the guns began to batter the exterior walls. Meanwhile the crowd, who had broken into the outer court, returned under cover of the fire of the cannon, and set fire to the governor's house, which was speedily in flames. Furious at the resistance they experienced, the mob seized hold of a young and beautiful girl, daughter of an officer in the garrison, named Monsigni, whom they had found in the governor's house and mistook for his child. Exclaiming that she should be burned alive if the place was not instantly surrendered, they stretched her on a bundle of straw, to which they were just applying the torches, when the dreadful spectacle caught

the eye of her father, who was on the top of one of the towers. Uttering the most piercing cries, he descended and rushed into the court, when he fell pierced by two balls, and the flames were just reaching Mademoiselle Monsigni, when the brave Aubin Bonnemère, coming forward, succeeded in undeceiving the mob as to who she was, and conducting her to a place of safety.

After the conflict had continued in this manner for above three hours, without the guns of the fortress being once fired, the besieged repelling the attack with musketry only, a deputation from the Hotel de Ville, preceded by a flag of truce, and headed by Ethys de Corny, who had succeeded in getting possession of the Invalides, arrived at the principal gate of the Bastille. They were admitted into the first court, but de Launay, perceiving that the pillage of his house and the conflagration of the buildings around it continued, and that the attack on the inner drawbridge went on with undiminished vigour, ordered the fire of musketry to be renewed, which, without injuring any person, drove the deputation back out of the court. At the same time one of the great guns, the only one which was fired during the assault, was discharged from the top of the towers down the Rue St Antoine, but did very little damage. Two other deputations afterwards arrived, but they returned to the Hotel de Ville without even entering the fortress, alleging they could not do so for the fire of the garrison. Meanwhile de Launay was sorely beset—the French Invalids, swayed by seeing the uniforms of the Gardes Françaises among the assailants, vehemently urging him to surrender, the Swiss, who, though only thirty in number, had

alone been hearty in the cause, with the heroic constancy of their nation insisting that he should hold out. Finding the outer gate carried, he withdrew the garrison into the inner court or keep of the castle, hoping he would be able to hold out till the Baron de Besenval, who commanded the troops in the Champ de Mars, should send forces to his succour, as he had promised. But Besenval had himself received no orders from the Duc de Broglie that day, though three successive couriers had been sent soliciting them: his previous orders were, not to fire on the people. The disposition of his troops was more than doubtful, and he had found that acting with energy at Réveillon's only brought him into obloquy with the court. In these circumstances, after remaining for some hours a prey to the most cruel irresolution, he took the determination of retiring with his whole troops—which he did, first to Sèvres, and before night to Versailles.

Deserted thus in his last extremity by the external aid on which he had calculated, with a garrison of eighty wavering French, and only thirty Swiss on whom he could rely in the midst of fifty thousand insurgents and two thousand French Guards, the brave de Launay took the only resolution which a high sense of military honour permitted—he resolved to perish rather than submit. Taking a lighted match from one of the gunners on the ramparts, he rushed towards the magazine, which contained two hundred and fifty barrels of powder, with the design of blowing the whole fortress into the air, but he was seized and forcibly withheld by the soldiers. With piteous entreaties he besought these men to give

him one barrel of powder, but they sternly repelled him with the bayonet at his breast 'Let us then,' said he, 'at least, reascend the towers, and since we must die, let us die with arms in our hands, bury ourselves under the ruins of the Bastille, and render our death fatal to our implacable enemies' But the French soldiers, crowding round him, all declared that they would no longer fight against their fellow citizens, and that they insisted on a capitulation 'Well then,' said de Launay at last, 'beat a parley, hoist a white flag, and see if you can obtain a promise that you shall not be massacred' Upon this M de Flue, a Swiss ensign, wrote on a piece of paper these words 'We have twenty thousand barrels of powder, we will blow up the Bastille and all the adjacent quarter of Paris if you do not agree to a capitulation, and guarantee our lives' With some difficulty one of the insurgents, named Maillaïrd, who will again appear in the bloodiest days of the Revolution, got possession of this writing, which was pushed on the end of a pike over the drawbridge, and being brought to Elie and Hullin, officers of the Gardes Françaises, who commanded the assalants, they exclaimed—'On the honour of French soldiers, no injury shall be done to you' Upon this assurance, de Launay lowered the drawbridge leading to the inner tower, and the infuriated multitude instantly rushed in

History of Europe

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

1792-1822

ITALIAN SCENERY

Naples, December 22, 1818

MY DEAR PEACOCK,

I have received a letter from you here, dated November 1st, you see the reciprocation of letters from the term of our travels is more slow. I entirely agree with what you say about *Childe Harold*. The spirit in which it is written is, if insane, the most wicked and mischievous insanity that ever was given forth. It is a kind of obstinate and self-willed folly, in which he hardens himself. I remonstrated with him in vain on the tone of mind from which such a view of things alone arises. For its real root is very different from its apparent one. Nothing can be less sublime than the true source of these expressions of contempt and desperation. The fact is, that first, the Italian women with whom he associates, are perhaps the most contemptible of all who exist under the moon—the most ignorant, the most disgusting, the most bigoted, countesses smell so strongly of garlic, that an ordinary Englishman cannot approach them. Well, L B is familiar with the lowest sort of these women, the people his gondolieri pick up in the streets. He associates with wretches who seem almost to have lost the gait and physiognomy of man, and who do not scruple to avow practices which are not only not named, but I believe seldom even conceived in England.

He says he disapproves, but he endures He is heartily and deeply discontented with himself, and contemplating in the distorted mirror of his own thoughts the nature and the destiny of man, what can he behold but objects of contempt and despair? But that he is a great poet, I think the address to Ocean proves And he has a certain degree of candour while you talk to him, but unfortunately it does not outlast your departure No, I do not doubt, and, for his sake, I ought to hope, that his present career must end soon in some violent circumstance

Since I last wrote to you, I have seen the ruins of Rome, the Vatican, St Peter's, and all the miracles of ancient and modern art contained in that majestic city The impression of it exceeds anything I have ever experienced in my travels We stayed there only a week, intending to return at the end of February, and devote two or three months to its mines of inexhaustible contemplation, to which period I refer you for a minute account of it We visited the Forum and the ruins of the Coliseum every day The Coliseum is unlike any work of human hands I ever saw before It is of enormous height and circuit, and the arches built of massy stones are piled on one another, and jut into the blue air, shattered into the forms of overhanging rocks It has been changed by time into the image of an amphitheatre of rocky hills overgrown by the wild olive, the myrtle, and the fig-tree, and threaded by little paths, which wind among its ruined stairs and immeasurable galleries the copsewood overshadows you as you wander through its labyrinths, and the wild weeds of this climate of flowers bloom under your feet The

aïena is covered with grass, and pierces, like the skirts of a natural plain, the chasms of the broken arches around. But a small part of the exterior circumference remains—it is exquisitely light and beautiful, and the effect of the perfection of its architecture, adorned with ranges of Corinthian pilasters, supporting a bold cornice, is such as to diminish the effect of its greatness. The interior is all ruin. I can scarcely believe that when encrusted with Dorian marble and ornamented by columns of Egyptian granite, its effect could have been so sublime and so impressive as in its present state. It is open to the sky, and it was the clear and sunny weather of the end of November in this climate when we visited it, day after day.

Near it is the arch of Constantine, or rather the arch of Trajan, for the servile and avaricious senate of degraded Rome ordered that the monument of his predecessor should be demolished in order to dedicate one to the Christian reptile, who had crept among the blood of his murdered family to the supreme power. It is exquisitely beautiful and perfect. The Forum is a plain in the midst of Rome, a kind of desert full of heaps of stones and pits, and though so near the habitations of men, is the most desolate place you can conceive. The ruins of temples stand in and around it, shattered columns and ranges of others complete, supporting cornices of exquisite workmanship, and vast vaults of shattered domes distinct with regular compartments once filled with sculptures of ivory or brass. The temples of Jupiter, and Concord, and Peace, and the Sun, and the Moon, and Vesta, are all within a short distance of this spot. Behold the wrecks of what a great nation

once dedicated to the abstractions of the mind ! Rome is a city, as it were, of the dead, or rather of those who cannot die, and who survive the puny generations which inhabit and pass over the spot which they have made sacred to eternity In Rome, at least in the first enthusiasm of your recognition of ancient time, you see nothing of the Italians The nature of the city assists the delusion, for its vast and antique walls describe a circumference of sixteen miles, and thus the population is thinly scattered over this space, nearly as great as London Wide wild fields are enclosed within it, and there are grassy lanes and copses winding among the ruins, and a great green hill, lonely and bare, which overhangs the Tiber The gardens of the modern palaces are like wild woods of cedar, and cypress, and pine, and the neglected walks are overgrown with weeds The English burying-place is a green slope near the walls, under the pyramidal tomb of Cestius, and is, I think, the most beautiful and solemn cemetery I ever beheld To see the sun shining on its bright grass, fresh, when we first visited it, with the autumnal dews, and hear the whispering of the wind among the leaves of the trees which have overgrown the tomb of Cestius, and the soil which is stirring in the sun-warm earth, and to mark the tombs, mostly of women and young people who were buried there, one might, if one were to die, desire the sleep they seem to sleep Such is the human mind, and so it peoples with its wishes vacancy and oblivion

I have told you little about Rome , but I reserve the Pantheon, and St Peter's, and the Vatican, and Raphael, for my return About a fortnight

ago I left Rome, and Mary and Claire followed in three days, for it was necessary to procure lodgings here without alighting at an inn. From my peculiar mode of travelling I saw little of the country, but could just observe that the wild beauty of the scenery and the barbarous ferocity of the inhabitants progressively increased. On entering Naples, the first circumstance that engaged my attention was an assassination. A youth ran out of a shop, pursued by a woman with a bludgeon, and a man armed with a knife. The man overtook him, and with one blow in the neck laid him dead in the road. On my expressing the emotions of horror and indignation which I felt, a Calabrian priest, who travelled with me, laughed heartily, and attempted to quiz me, as what the English call a flat. I never felt such an inclination to beat any one. Heaven knows I have little power, but he saw that I looked extremely displeased and was silent. This same man, a fellow of gigantic strength and stature, had expressed the most frantic terror of robbers on the road. he cried at the sight of my pistol, and it had been with great difficulty that the joint exertions of myself and the vetturino had quieted his hysterics.

But external nature in these delightful regions contrasts with and compensates for the deformity and degradation of humanity. We have a lodging divided from the sea by the royal gardens, and from our windows we see perpetually the blue waters of the bay, forever changing, yet forever the same, and encompassed by the mountainous island of Capreae, the lofty peaks which overhang Salerno, and the woody hill of Posilipo, whose promontories hide from us Misenum and the lofty

isle Inarime, which, with its divided summit, forms the opposite horn of the bay From the pleasant walks of the garden we see Vesuvius, a smoke by day and a fire by night is seen upon its summit, and the glassy sea often reflects its light or shadow The climate is delicious We sit without a fire, with the windows open, and have almost all the productions of an English summer The weather is usually like what Wordsworth calls 'the first fine day of March', sometimes very much warmer, though perhaps it wants that 'each minute sweeter than before', which gives an intoxicating sweetness to the awakening of the earth from its winter's sleep in England We have made two excursions, one to Baiæ and one to Vesuvius, and we propose to visit, successively, the islands, Paestum, Pompeii, and Beneventum

We set off an hour after sunrise one radiant morning in a little boat, there was not a cloud in the sky nor a wave upon the sea, which was so translucent that you could see the hollow caverns clothed with the glaucous sea-moss, and the leaves and branches of those delicate weeds that pave the unequal bottom of the water As noon approached, the heat, and especially the light, became intense We passed Posilipo, and came first to the eastern point of the bay of Puzzoli, which is within the great bay of Naples, and which again incloses that of Baiæ Here are lofty rocks and craggy islets, with arches and portals of precipice standing in the sea, and enormous caverns, which echoed faintly with the murmur of the languid tide This is called La Scuola di Virgilio We then went directly across

to the promontory of Misenum, leaving the precipitous island of Nesida on the right. Here we were conducted to see the Mare Morto, and the Elysian fields, the spot on which Virgil places the scenery of the Sixth *Aeneid*. Though extremely beautiful, as a lake, and woody hills, and this divine sky must make it, I confess my disappointment. The guide showed us an antique cemetery, where the niches used for placing the cinerary urns of the dead yet remain. We then coasted the Bay of Baiæ to the left, in which we saw many picturesque and interesting ruins, but I have to remark that we never disembarked but we were disappointed—while from the boat the effect of the scenery was inexpressibly delightful. The colours of the water and the air breathe over all things here the radiance of their own beauty. After passing the Bay of Baiæ, and observing the ruins of its antique grandeur standing like rocks in the transparent sea under our boat, we landed to visit lake Avernus. We passed through the cavern of the Sibyl (not Virgil's Sibyl) which pierces one of the hills which circumscribe the lake, and came to a calm and lovely basin of water, surrounded by dark woody hills, and profoundly solitary. Some vast ruins of the temple of Pluto stand on a lawny hill on one side of it, and are reflected in its windless mirror. It is far more beautiful than the Elysian fields—but there are all the materials for beauty in the latter, and the Avernus was once a chasm of deadly and pestilential vapours. About half a mile from Avernus, a high hill, called Monte Novo, was thrown up by volcanic fire.

Passing onward we came to Pozzoli, the ancient

Dicaearchæa, where there are the columns remaining of a temple to Serapis, and the wreck of an enormous amphitheatre, changed, like the Coliseum, into a natural hill of the overteeming vegetation. Here also is the Solfatara, of which there is a poetical description in the *Civil War* of Petronius, beginning — ‘Est locus,’ and in which the verses of the poet are infinitely finer than what he describes, for it is not a very curious place. After seeing these things we returned by moonlight to Naples in our boat. What colours there were in the sky, what radiance in the evening star, and how the moon was encompassed by a light unknown to our regions!

Our next excursion was to Vesuvius. We went to Resina in a carriage, where Mary and I mounted mules, and Claire was carried in a chair on the shoulders of four men, much like a Member of Parliament after he has gained his election, and looking, with less reason, quite as frightened. So we arrived at the hermitage of San Salvador, where an old hermit, belted with rope, set forth the plates for our refreshment.

Vesuvius is, after the glaciers, the most impressive exhibition of the energies of nature I ever saw. It has not the immeasurable greatness, the overpowering magnificence, nor, above all, the radiant beauty of the glaciers, but it has all their character of tremendous and irresistible strength. From Resina to the hermitage you wind up the mountain, and cross a vast stream of hardened lava, which is an actual image of the waves of the sea, changed into hard black stone by enchantment. The lines of the boiling flood seem to hang in the air, and it is difficult to believe that the billows which seem hurrying

down upon you are not actually in motion. This plain was once a sea of liquid fire. From the hermitage we crossed another vast stream of lava, and then went on foot up the cone—this is the only part of the ascent in which there is any difficulty, and that difficulty has been much exaggerated. It is composed of rocks of lava, and declivities of ashes, by ascending the former and descending the latter, there is very little fatigue. On the summit is a kind of irregular plain, the most horrible chaos that can be imagined, riven into ghastly chasms, and heaped up with tumuli of great stones and cinders, and enormous rocks blackened and calcined, which had been thrown from the volcano upon one another in terrible confusion. In the midst stands the conical hill from which volumes of smoke, and the fountains of liquid fire, are rolled forth forever. The mountain is at present in a slight state of eruption, and a thick heavy white smoke is perpetually rolled out, interrupted by enormous columns of an impenetrable black bituminous vapour, which is hurled up, fold after fold, into the sky with a deep hollow sound, and fiery stones are rained down from its darkness, and a black shower of ashes fell even where we sat. The lava, like the glacier, creeps on perpetually, with a crackling sound as of suppressed fire. There are several springs of lava, and in one place it rushes precipitously over a high crag, rolling down the half-molten rocks and its own overhanging waves, a cataract of quivering fire. We approached the extremity of one of the rivers of lava, it is about twenty feet in breadth and ten in height, and as the inclined plane was not rapid, its motion was very

slow We saw the masses of its dark exterior surface detach themselves as it moved, and betray the depth of the liquid flame In the day the fire is but slightly seen, you only observe a tremulous motion in the air, and streams and fountains of white sulphurous smoke

At length we saw the sun sink between Capreae and Inarime, and, as the darkness increased, the effect of the fire became more beautiful We were, as it were, surrounded by streams and cataracts of the red and radiant fire, and in the midst, from the column of bituminous smoke shot up into the air, fell the vast masses of rock, white with the light of their intense heat, leaving behind them through the dark vapour trains of splendour We descended by torch-light, and I should have enjoyed the scenery on my return, but they conducted me, I know not how, to the hermitage in a state of intense bodily suffering, the worst effect of which was spoiling the pleasure of Mary and Claire Our guides on the occasion were complete savages You have no idea of the horrible cries which they suddenly utter, no one knows why, the clamour, the vociferation, the tumult Claire in her palanquin suffered most from it, and when I had gone on before, they threatened to leave her in the middle of the road, which they would have done had not my Italian servant promised them a beating, after which they became quiet Nothing, however, can be more picturesque than the gestures and the physiognomies of these savage people And when, in the darkness of night, they unexpectedly begin to sing in chorus some fragments of their wild but sweet national music, the effect is exceedingly fine

Since I wrote this, I have seen the museum of this city Such statues ! There is a Venus , an ideal shape of the most winning loveliness A Bacchus, more sublime than any living being A Satyr, making love to a youth in which the expressed life of the sculpture, and the inconceivable beauty of the form of the youth, overcome one's repugnance to the subject There are multitudes of wonderfully fine statues found in Herculaneum and Pompeii We are going to see Pompeii the first day that the sea is waveless Herculaneum is almost filled up , no more excavations are made , the king bought the ground and built a palace upon it

You don't see much of Hunt I wish you could contrive to see him when you go to town, and ask him what he means to answer to Lord Byron's invitation He has now an opportunity, if he likes, of seeing Italy What do you think of joining his party, and paying us a visit next year , I mean as soon as the reign of winter is dissolved ? Write to me your thoughts upon this I cannot express to you the pleasure it would give me to welcome such a party

I have depression enough of spirits and not good health, though I believe the warm air of Naples does me good We see absolutely no one here

Adieu, my dear Peacock,

Affectionately your friend,

P B S

Letter to Thomas Love Peacock

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART

1794-1854

SCOTT'S FIRST RAID INTO LIDDESDALE

It was, however, within a few days after Scott's return from his excursion to Hexham, that he made another expedition of more importance to the history of his life. While attending the Michaelmas head-court at Jedburgh, he was introduced to Mr Robert Shortreed, who spent the greater part of his life in the enjoyment of much respect as Sheriff-substitute of Roxburghshire. Scott expressed his wish to visit the then wild and inaccessible district of Liddesdale, particularly with a view to examine the ruins of the famous castle of Hermitage, and to pick up some of the ancient *riding ballads*, said to be still preserved among the descendants of the moss-troopers who had followed the banner of the Douglasses, when lords of that grim and remote fastness, and his new acquaintance offered to be his guide.

During seven successive years he made a *raid*, as he called it, into Liddesdale, in company with Mr Shortreed, exploring every rivulet to its source, and every ruined *peel* from foundation to battlement. At this time no wheeled carriage had ever been seen in the district—the first, indeed, that ever appeared there was a gig, driven by Scott himself for a part of his way, when on the last of these seven excursions. There was no inn nor public-house of any kind in the whole valley, the travellers passed from the shepherd's hut to

the minister's manse, and again from the cheerful hospitality of the manse to the rough and jolly welcome of the homestead, gathering, wherever they went, songs and tunes, and occasionally more tangible relics of antiquity—even such 'a rowth of auld nicknackets' as Burns ascribes to Captain Grose. To these rambles Scott owed much of the materials of his *Minstrelsy of the Border*, and not less of that intimate acquaintance with the living manners of these unsophisticated regions, which constitutes the chief charm of one of the most charming of his prose works. But how soon he had any definite object before him in his researches seems very doubtful. 'He was *makin'* *himsell* a' the time,' said Mr Shortreed, 'but he didna ken maybe what he was about till years had passed. At first he thought o' little, I dare say, but the queerness and the fun.'

'In those days', says the Memorandum before me, 'advocates were not so plenty—at least about Liddesdale,' and the worthy Sheriff-substitute goes on to describe the sort of bustle, not unmixed with alarm, produced at the first farm-house they visited (Willie Elliot's at Millburnholm), when the honest man was informed of the quality of one of his guests. When they dismounted, accordingly, he received the stranger with great ceremony, and insisted upon himself leading his horse to the stable. Shortreed accompanied Willie, however, and the latter, after taking a deliberate peep at Scott, 'out by the edge of the door-cheek,' whispered, 'Weel, Robin, I say, de'il hae me if I's be a bit feared for him now, he's just a chield like ourselves, I think.' Half-a-dozen dogs of all degrees had already gathered round 'the advocate', and

his way of returning their compliments had set Willie at his ease

According to Mr Shortreed, this goodman of Millburnholm was the great original of Dandie Dinmont. As he seems to have been the first of these upland sheep-farmers that Scott ever knew, there can be little doubt that he sat for some parts of that inimitable portraiture

On reaching, one evening, some *Charlieshope* or other (I forget the name) among those wildernesses, they found a kindly reception as usual, but to their agreeable surprise, after some days of hard living, a measured and orderly hospitality as respected liquor. Soon after supper, at which a bottle of elderberry wine alone had been produced, a young student of divinity, who happened to be in the house, was called upon to take the 'big ha' Bible,' in the good old fashion of Burns's Saturday Night, and some progress had been already made in the service, when the goodman of the farm, whose 'tendency was soporific', scandalized his wife and the dominie by starting suddenly from his knees, and rubbing his eyes, with a stentorian exclamation of 'By——, here's the keg at last!' and in tumbled, as he spake the word, a couple of sturdy herdsman, whom, on hearing a day before of the advocate's approaching visit, he had dispatched to a certain smuggler's haunt, at some considerable distance, in quest of a supply of *run* brandy from the Solway Frith. The pious 'exercise' of the household was hopelessly interrupted. With a thousand apologies for his hitherto shabby entertainment, this jolly Elliot, or Armstrong, had the welcome *keg* mounted on the table without a moment's delay,—and gentle and

simple, not forgetting the domnie, continued carousing about it until daylight streamed in upon the party Sir Walter Scott seldom failed, when I saw him in company with his Liddesdale companion, to mimic the sudden outburst of his old host, on hearing the clatter of horses' feet, which he knew to indicate the arrival of the keg—the consternation of the dame—and the rueful despair with which the young clergyman closed the book

'It was in that same season, I think,' says Mr Shortreed, 'that Sir Walter got from Dr Elliot the large old border war-horn, which ye may still see hanging in the armoury at Abbotsford How *great* he was when he was made master o' *that* ! I believe it had been found in Hermitage Castle—and one of the Doctor's servants had used it many a day as a grease-horn for his scythe, before they discovered its history When cleaned out, it was never a hair the worse—the original chain, hoop, and mouth-piece of steel, were all entire, just as you now see them Sir Walter carried it home all the way from Liddesdale to Jedburgh, slung about his neck like Johnny Gilpin's bottle, while I was intrusted with an ancient bridle-bit, which we had likewise picked up

The feint o' pride—na pride had he

A lang kail-gully hung down by his side,

And a great meikle nowt-horn to rout on had he,

and meikle and sair we routed on't, and "hotched and blew, wi' micht and main" O what pleasant days ! And then a' the nonsense we had cost us naething We never put hand in pocket for a week on end Toll-bars there were nane—and indeed I think our haill charges were a feed o' corn to our horses in the gangin' and comin' at Riccartoun mill'—*Life of Sir Walter Scott*

MEETING OF SCOTT AND HOGG, THE ETTRICK
SHEPHERD

I HAVE already said something of the beginning of Scott's acquaintance with 'the Ettrick Shepherd'. Shortly after their first meeting, Hogg, coming into Edinburgh with a flock of sheep, was seized with a sudden ambition of seeing himself in type, and he wrote out that same night a few ballads, already famous in the Forest, which some obscure bookseller gratified him by printing accordingly, but they appear to have attracted no notice beyond their original sphere. Hogg then made an excursion into the Highlands, in quest of employment as overseer of some extensive sheep-farm, but, though Scott had furnished him with strong recommendations to various friends, he returned without success. He printed an account of his travels, however, in a set of letters in the *Scots Magazine*, which, though exceedingly rugged and uncouth, had abundant traces of the native shrewdness and genuine poetical feeling of this remarkable man. These also failed to excite attention, but, undeterred by such disappointments, the Shepherd no sooner read the third volume of the *Minstrelsy* than he made up his mind that the Editor's 'Imitations of the Ancients' were by no means what they should have been. 'Immediately', he says, in one of his many memoirs of himself, 'I chose a number of traditional facts, and set about imitating the manner of the ancients myself'. These imitations he transmitted to Scott, who warmly praised the many striking beauties scattered over their rough surface. The next time that business carried him to Edinburgh,

Scott invited him to dinner, in company with Laidlaw, who happened also to be in town, and some other admirers of the rustic genius. When Hogg entered the drawing-room, Mrs Scott, being at the time in a delicate state of health, was reclining on a sofa. The Shepherd, after being presented, and making his best bow, took possession of another sofa placed opposite to hers, and stretched himself thereupon at all his length, for, as he said afterwards, 'I thought I could never do wrong to copy the lady of the house.' As his dress at this period was precisely that in which any ordinary herdsman attends cattle to the market, and his hands, moreover, bore most legible marks of a recent sheep-smearing, the lady of the house did not observe with perfect equanimity the novel usage to which her chintz was exposed. The Shepherd, however, remarked nothing of all this—dined heartily and drank freely, and, by jest, anecdote, and song, afforded plentiful merriment. As the liquor operated, his familiarity increased, from 'Mr Scott', he advanced to 'Sherra', and thence to 'Scott,' 'Walter', and 'Wattie',—until, at supper, he fairly convulsed the whole party by addressing Mrs Scott as 'Charlotte'—*Life of Sir Walter Scott*

SCOTT'S DEN

HE at this time occupied as his *den* a small square room, behind the dining parlour in Castle Street. It had but a single Venetian window, opening on a patch of turf not much larger than itself, and the aspect of the place was on the whole sombrous. The walls were entirely clothed with

books, most of them folios and quartos, and all in that complete state of repair which at a glance reveals a tinge of bibliomania. A dozen volumes or so needful for immediate purposes of reference, were placed close by him on a small movable frame—something like a dumb-waiter. All the rest were in their proper niches, and wherever a volume had been lent, its room was occupied by a wooden block of the same size, having a card with the name of the borrower and date of the loan, tacked on its front. The old bindings had obviously been retouched and regilt in the most approved manner, the new, when the books were of any mark, were rich, but never gaudy—a large proportion of blue morocco—all stamped with his *device* of the portcullis, and its motto, *clausus tulus ero*—being an anagram of his name in Latin. Every case and shelf was accurately lettered, and the works arranged systematically, history and biography on one side—poetry and the drama on another—law books and dictionaries behind his own chair. The only table was a massive piece of furniture which he had had constructed on the model of one at Rokeby, with a desk and all its appurtenances on either side, that an amanuensis might work opposite to him when he chose, and with small tiers of drawers, reaching all round to the floor. The top displayed a goodly array of session papers, and on the desk below were, besides the MS at which he was working, sundry parcels of letters, proof-sheets, and so forth, all neatly done up with red tape. His own writing apparatus was a very handsome old box, richly carved, lined with crimson velvet, and containing ink-bottles, taper-stand, &c in silver—the whole in such

order that it might have come from the silver-smith's window half an hour before. Besides his own huge elbow-chair, there were but two others in the room, and one of these seemed, from its position, to be reserved exclusively for the amanuensis. I observed, during the first evening I spent with him in this *sanctum*, that while he talked, his hands were hardly ever idle, sometimes he folded letter-covers—sometimes he twisted paper into matches, performing both tasks with great mechanical expertness and nicety, and when there was no loose paper fit to be so dealt with, he snapped his fingers, and the noble Maida aroused himself from his lair on the hearthrug, and laid his head across his master's knees, to be caressed and fondled. The room had no space for pictures except one, a portrait of Claverhouse, which hung over the chimneypiece, with a Highland target on either side, and broadswords and dirks (each having its own story) disposed star-fashion round them. A few green tin-boxes, such as solicitors keep title-deeds in, were piled over each other on one side of the window, and on the top of these lay a fox's tail, mounted on an antique silver handle, wherewith, as often as he had occasion to take down a book, he gently brushed the dust off the upper leaves before opening it. I think I have mentioned all the furniture of the room except a sort of ladder, low, broad, well carpeted, and strongly guarded with oaken rails, by which he helped himself to books from his higher shelves. On the top step of this convenience, Hinse of Hinsfeldt (so called from one of the German *Kinder-Maschen*), a venerable tom-cat, fat and sleek, and no longer very locomotive,

usually lay watching the proceedings of his master and Maida with an air of dignified equanimity, but when Maida chose to leave the party, he signified his inclinations by thumping the door with his huge paw, as violently as ever a fashionable footman handled a knocker in Grosvenor Square, the Sheriff rose and opened it for him with courteous alacrity,—and then Hinse came down purring from his perch, and mounted guard by the footstool, *vice* Maida absent upon furlough. Whatever discourse might be passing, was broken every now and then by some affectionate apostrophe to these four-footed friends. He said they understood everything he said to them—and I believe they did understand a great deal of it. But at all events, dogs and cats, like children, have some infallible tact for discovering at once who is, and who is not, really fond of their company, and I venture to say, Scott was never five minutes in any room before the little pets of the family, whether dumb or lispig, had found out his kindness for all their generation—*Life of Sir Walter Scott*

SCOTT AT BREAKFAST

SCOTT had a story of a topping goldsmith on the Bridge, who prided himself on being the mirror of Amphitryons, and accounted for his success by stating that it was his invariable custom to set his own stomach at ease, by a beef-steak and a pint of port in his back-shop, half-an-hour before the arrival of his guests. But the host of Castle Street had no occasion to imitate this prudent arrangement, for his appetite at dinner was neither keen nor nice. Breakfast was his

chief meal Before that came, he had gone through the severest part of his day's work, and then he set to with the zeal of Crabbe's Squire Tovell—

And laid at once a pound upon his plate

No foxhunter ever prepared himself for the field by more substantial appliances His table was always provided, in addition to the usually plentiful delicacies of a Scotch breakfast, with some solid article, on which he did most lusty execution—a round of beef—a pasty, such as made Gil Blas's eyes water—or, most welcome of all, a cold sheep's head, the charms of which primitive dainty he has so gallantly defended against the disparaging sneers of Dr Johnson and his bear-leader A huge brown loaf flanked his elbow, and it was placed upon a broad wooden trencher, that he might cut and come again with the bolder knife Often did the *Clerks' coach*, commonly called among themselves *the Lovely*—which trundled round every morning to pick up the brotherhood, and then deposited them at the proper minute in the Parliament Close—often did this lumbering hackney arrive at his door before he had fully appeased what Homer calls 'the sacred rage of hunger', and vociferous was the merriment of the learned *uncles*, when the surprised poet swung forth to join them, with an extemporized sandwich, that looked like a ploughman's luncheon in his hand But this robust supply would have served him in fact for the day He never tasted anything more before dinner, and at dinner he ate almost as sparingly as Squire Tovell's niece from the boarding-school—

Who cut the sanguine flesh in frustums fine,
And marvelled much to see the creatures dine

The only dishes he was at all fond of were the old-fashioned ones to which he had been accustomed in the days of Saunders Fairford, and which really are excellent dishes—such, in truth, as Scotland borrowed from France before Catherine de Medicis brought in her Italian *virtuosi* to revolutionize the kitchen like the court. Of most of these, I believe, he has in the course of his novels found some opportunity to record his esteem. But, above all, who can forget that his King Jamie, amidst the splendours of Whitehall, thinks himself an ill-used monarch unless his first course includes *cockyleekie*?

It is a fact, which some philosophers may think worth setting down, that Scott's organization, as to more than one of the senses, was the reverse of exquisite. He had very little of what musicians call an ear, his smell was hardly more delicate. I have seen him stare about, quite unconscious of the cause, when his whole company betrayed their uneasiness at the approach of an over-kept haunch of venison, and neither by the nose or the palate could he distinguish corked wine from sound. He could never tell Madeira from Sherry, nay, an Oriental friend having sent him a butt of *sheeraz*, when he remembered the circumstance some time afterwards, and called for a bottle to have Sir John Malcolm's opinion of its quality, it turned out that his butler, mistaking the label, had already served up half the binn as *sherry*. Port he considered as physic; he never willingly swallowed more than one glass of it, and was sure to anathematize a second, if offered, by repeating John Home's epigram—

Bold and erect the Caledonian stood,
Old was his mutton, and his claret good,
Let him drink port, the English statesman cried—
He drank the poison, and his spirit died

In truth, he liked no wines except sparkling champagne and claret, but even as to this last he was no connoisseur, and sincerely preferred a tumbler of whisky-toddy to the most precious 'liquid ruby' that ever flowed in the cup of a prince. He rarely took any other potation when quite alone with his family, but at the Sunday board he circulated the champagne briskly during dinner, and considered a pint of claret each man's fair share afterwards. I should not omit, however, that his Bordeaux was uniformly preceded by a small libation of the genuine *mountain dew*, which he poured with his own hand, *more majorem*, for each guest—making use for the purpose of such a multifarious collection of ancient Highland *quarhs* (little cups of curiously dovetailed wood, inlaid with silver) as no Lowland sideboard but his was ever equipped with—but commonly reserving for himself one that was peculiarly precious in his eyes, as having travelled from Edinburgh to Derby in the canteen of Prince Charlie. This relic had been presented to 'the wandering Ascanius' by some very careful follower, for its bottom is of glass, that he who quaffed might keep his eye the while upon the dirk hand of his companion—*Life of Sir Walter Scott*

SCOTT'S DOMESTIC LIFE

For the rest, I presume, it will be allowed that no human character, which we have the opportunity of studying with equal minuteness, had fewer faults mixed up in its texture. The grand virtue of fortitude, the basis of all others, was never displayed in higher perfection than in him, and it

was as perhaps true courage always is, combined with an equally admirable spirit of kindness and humanity. His pride, if we must call it so, undebased by the least tincture of mere vanity, was intertwined with a most exquisite charity, and was not inconsistent with true humility. If ever the principle of kindness was incarnated in a mere man, it was in him, and real kindness can never be but modest. In the social relations of life, where men are most effectually tried, no spot can be detected in him. He was a patient, dutiful, reverent son, a generous, compassionate, tender husband, an honest, careful, and most affectionate father. Never was a more virtuous or a happier fireside than his. The influence of his mighty genius shadowed it imperceptibly, his calm good sense, and his angelic sweetness of heart and temper, regulated and softened a strict but paternal discipline. His children, as they grew up, understood by degrees the high privilege of their birth, but the profoundest sense of his greatness never disturbed their confidence in his goodness. The buoyant play of his spirits made him sit young among the young, parent and son seemed to live in brotherhood together, and the chivalry of his imagination threw a certain air of courteous gallantry into his relations with his daughters, which gave a very peculiar grace to the fondness of their intercourse. Though there could not be a gentler mother than Lady Scott, on those delicate occasions most interesting to young ladies, they always made their father the first confidant.

Perhaps the most touching evidence of the lasting tenderness of his early domestic feelings

was exhibited to his executors, when they opened his repositories in search of his testament, the evening after his burial. On lifting up his desk, we found arranged in careful order a series of little objects, which had obviously been so placed there that his eye might rest on them every morning before he began his tasks. These were the old-fashioned boxes that had garnished his mother's toilet, when he, a sickly child, slept in her dressing-room—the silver taper-stand which the young advocate had bought for her with his first five-guinea fee—a row of small packets inscribed with her hand, and containing the hair of those of her offspring that had died before her—his father's snuff-box and *étui*-case—and more things of the like sort, recalling the 'old familiar faces'. The same feeling was apparent in all the arrangement of his private apartment. Pictures of his father and mother were the only ones in his dressing-room. The clumsy antique cabinets that stood there, things of a very different class from the beautiful and costly productions in the public rooms below, had all belonged to the furniture of George's Square. Even his father's rickety washing-stand, with all its cramped appurtenances, though exceedingly unlike what a man of his very scrupulous habits would have selected in these days, kept its ground. The whole place seemed fitted up like a little chapel of the lares.

Such a son and parent could hardly fail in any of the other social relations. No man was a firmer or more indefatigable friend. I knew not that he ever lost one, and a few, with whom, during the energetic middle stage of life, from political differences or other accidental circumstances, he lived

less familiarly, had all gathered round him, and renewed the full warmth of early affection in his later days. There was enough to dignify the connection in their eyes, but nothing to chill it on either side. The imagination that so completely mastered him when he chose to give her the rein was kept under most determined control when any of the positive obligations of active life came into question. A high and pure sense of duty presided over whatever he had to do as a citizen and a magistrate, and as a landlord, he considered his estate as an extension of his hearth — *Life of Sir Walter Scott*

THOMAS ARNOLD

1795–1842

HANNIBAL'S INVASION OF ITALY

1 *Hannibal's Address to his Soldiers his sacrifice and vision*

THEN Hannibal called his soldiers together, and told them openly that he was going to lead them into Italy. 'The Romans', he said, 'have demanded that I and my principal officers should be delivered up to them as malefactors. Soldiers, will you suffer such an indignity? The Gauls are holding out their arms to us, inviting us to come to them, and to assist them in revenging their manifold injuries. And the country which we shall invade, so rich in corn and wine and oil, so full of flocks and herds, so covered with flourishing cities, will be the richest prize that could be offered by the gods to reward your valour.' One common shout from

the soldiers assured him of their readiness to follow him. He thanked them, fixed the day on which they were to be ready to march, and then dismissed them.

In this interval, and now on the very eve of commencing his appointed work, to which for eighteen years he had been solemnly devoted, and to which he had so long been looking forward with almost sickening hope, he left the head-quarters of his army to visit Gades, and there, in the temple of the supreme god of Tyre, and all the colonies of Tyre, to offer his prayers and vows for the success of his enterprise. He was attended only by those immediately attached to his person, and amongst these was a Sicilian Greek, Silenus, who followed him throughout his Italian expedition, and lived at his table. When the sacrifice was over, Hannibal returned to his army at New Carthage, and everything being ready, and the season sufficiently advanced, for it was now late in May, he set out on his march for the Iberus.

And here the fulness of his mind, and his strong sense of being the devoted instrument of his country's gods to destroy their enemies, haunted him by night as they possessed him by day. In his sleep, so he told Silenus, he fancied that the supreme god of his fathers had called him into the presence of all the gods of Carthage, who were sitting on their thrones in council. There he received a solemn charge to invade Italy, and one of the heavenly council went with him, and with his army, to guide him on his way. He went on, and his divine guide commanded him, 'See that thou look not behind thee.' But after a while, impatient of the restraint, he turned to look back,

and there he beheld a huge and monstrous form, thick set all over with serpents, wherever it moved, orchards and woods and houses fell crashing before it. He asked his guide in wonder, what that monster form was? The god answered, 'Thou seest the desolation of Italy, go on thy way, straight forwards, and cast no look behind.' Thus, with no divided heart, and with an entire resignation of all personal and domestic enjoyments for ever, Hannibal went forth, at the age of twenty-seven, to do the work of his country's gods, and to redeem his early vow — *History of Rome*

II *Passage of the Rhone*

We must understand that Hannibal kept his army as far away from the sea as possible, in order to conceal his movements from the Romans, therefore he came upon the Rhone, not on the line of the later Roman road from Spain to Italy, which crossed the river at Tarasco, between Avignon and Arles, but at a point much higher up, above its confluence with the Durance, and nearly half way, if we can trust Polybius' reckoning, from the sea to its confluence with the Isere. Here he obtained from the natives on the right bank, by paying a fixed price, all their boats and vessels of every description, with which they were accustomed to traffic down the river. They allowed him also to cut timber for the construction of others, and thus in two days he was provided with the means of transporting his army. But finding that the Gauls were assembled on the eastern bank to oppose his passage, he sent off a detachment of his army by night with native guides, to ascend the right bank, for about two and twenty miles,

and there to cross as they could, where there was no enemy to stop them. The woods which then lined the river, supplied this detachment with the means of constructing barks and rafts enough for the passage, they took advantage of one of the many islands in this part of the Rhone, to cross where the stream was divided, and thus they all reached the left bank in safety. There they took up a strong position, probably one of those strange masses of rock which rise here and there with steep chffy sides, like islands out of the vast plain, and rested for four and twenty hours after their exertions in the march and the passage of the river.

Hannibal allowed eight and forty hours to pass from the time when the detachment left his camp, and then on the morning of the fifth day after his arrival on the Rhone, he made his preparations for the passage of his main army. The mighty stream of the river, fed by the snows of the high Alps, is swelled rather than diminished by the heats of summer, so that, although the season was that when the southern rivers are generally at their lowest, it was rolling the vast mass of its waters along with a startling fulness and rapidity. The heaviest vessels were therefore placed on the left, highest up the stream, to form something of a breakwater for the smaller craft crossing below, the small boats held the flower of the light-armed foot, while the cavalry were in the larger vessels, most of the horses being towed astern swimming, and a single soldier holding three or four together by their bridles. Everything was ready, and the Gauls on the opposite side had poured out of their camp, and lined the bank in scattered groups at the most accessible points, thinking that their task

of stopping the enemy's landing would be easily accomplished. At length Hannibal's eye observed a column of smoke rising on the farther shore, above or on the right of the barbarians. This was the concerted signal which assured him of the arrival of his detachment, and he instantly ordered his men to embark, and to push across with all possible speed. They pulled vigorously against the rapid stream, cheering each other to the work, while behind them were their friends, cheering them also from the bank, and before them were the Gauls singing their war songs, and calling them to come on with tones and gestures of defiance. But on a sudden a mass of fire was seen on the rear of the barbarians, the Gauls on the bank looked behind, and began to turn away from the river, and presently the bright arms and white linen coats of the African and Spanish soldiers appeared above the bank, breaking in upon the disorderly line of the Gauls. Hannibal himself, who was with the party crossing the river, leaped on shore amongst the first, and forming his men as fast as they landed, led them instantly to the charge. But the Gauls, confused and bewildered, made little resistance, they fled in utter rout, whilst Hannibal, not losing a moment, sent back his vessels and boats for a fresh detachment of his army, and before night his whole force, with the exception of his elephants, was safely established on the eastern side of the Rhone — *History of Rome*

111 *The Elephants carried over*

Meanwhile Hannibal, on the day after the skirmish with Scipio's horse, had sent forward

his infantry, keeping the cavalry to cover his operations, as he still expected the Romans to pursue him, while he himself waited to superintend the passage of the elephants. These were thirty-seven in number, and their dread of the water made their transport a very difficult operation. It was effected by fastening to the bank large rafts of 200 feet in length, covered carefully with earth. To the end of these, smaller rafts were attached, covered with earth in the same manner, and with towing lines extended to a number of the largest barks, which were to tow them over the stream. The elephants, two females leading the way, were brought upon the rafts by their drivers without difficulty, and as soon as they became upon the smaller rafts, these were cut loose at once from the larger, and towed out into the middle of the river. Some of the elephants in their terror leaped overboard, and drowned their drivers, but they themselves, it is said, held their huge trunks above water, and struggled to the shore, so that the whole thirty-seven were landed in safety. Then Hannibal called in his cavalry, and covering his march with them and with the elephants, set forward up the left bank of the Rhone to overtake the infantry—*History of Rome*

IV *March through Gaul*

In four days they reached the spot where the Isere, coming down from the main Alps, brings to the Rhone a stream hardly less full or mighty than his own. In the plains above the confluence two Gaulish brothers were contending which should be chief of their tribe, and the elder called in the

stranger general to support his cause Hannibal readily complied, established him firmly on the throne, and received important aid from him in return He supplied the Carthaginian army plentifully with provisions, furnished them with new arms, gave them new clothing, especially shoes, which were found very useful in the subsequent march, and accompanied them to the first entrance on the mountain country, to secure them from attacks on the part of his countrymen

The attentive reader, who is acquainted with the geography of the Alps and their neighbourhood, will perceive that this account of Hannibal's march is vague It does not appear whether the Carthaginians ascended the left bank of the Isere, or the right bank, or whether they continued to ascend the Rhone for a time, and leaving it only so far as to avoid the great angle which it makes at Lyons, rejoined it again just before they entered the mountain country, a little to the left of the present road from Lyons to Chamberri But these uncertainties cannot now be removed, because Polybius neither possessed a sufficient knowledge of the bearings of the country, nor sufficient liveliness as a painter, to describe the line of the march so as to be clearly recognized I believe, however, that Hannibal crossed the Isere, and continued to ascend the Rhone, and that afterwards, striking off to the right across the plains of Dauphiné, he reached what Polybius calls the first ascent of the Alps, at the northern extremity of that ridge of limestone mountains, which, rising abruptly from the plain to the height of 4,000 or 5,000 feet, and filling up the whole space between

the Rhone at Belley and the Isere below Grenoble, first introduces the traveller coming from Lyons to the remarkable features of Alpine scenery
—*History of Rome*

PASSAGE OF THE ALPS

AT the end of the lowland country, the Gaulish chief, who had accompanied Hannibal thus far, took leave of him his influence probably did not extend to the Alpine valleys, and the mountaineers, far from respecting his safe conduct, might be in the habit of making plundering inroads on his own territory Here then Hannibal was left to himself, and he found that the natives were prepared to beset his passage They occupied all such points as commanded the road, which, as usual, was a sort of terrace cut in the mountain side, overhanging the valley whereby it penetrated to the central ridge But as the mountain line is of no great breadth here, the natives guarded the defile only by day, and withdrew when night came on to their own homes, in a town or village among the mountains, and lying in the valley behind them Hannibal having learnt this from some of his Gaulish guides whom he sent among them, encamped in their sight just below the entrance of the defile, and as soon as it was dusk, he set out with a detachment of light troops, made his way through the pass, and occupied the positions which the barbarians, after their usual practice, had abandoned at the approach of night

Day dawned, the main army broke up from its camp, and began to enter the defile, while

the natives, finding their positions occupied by the enemy, at first looked on quietly, and offered no disturbance to the march. But when they saw the long narrow line of the Carthaginian army winding along the steep mountain side, and the cavalry and baggage cattle struggling at every step with the difficulties of the road, the temptation to plunder was too strong to be resisted, and from many points of the mountain above the road they rushed down upon the Carthaginians. The confusion was terrible, for the road or track was so narrow, that the least crowd or disorder pushed the heavily loaded baggage cattle down the steep below, and the horses, wounded by the barbarians' missiles, and plunging about wildly in their pain and terror, increased the mischief. At last Hannibal was obliged to charge down from his position, which commanded the whole scene of confusion, and to drive the barbarians off. This he effected yet the conflict of so many men on the narrow road made the disorder worse for a time, and he unavoidably occasioned the destruction of many of his own men. At last, the barbarians being quite beaten off, the army wound its way out of the defile in safety, and rested in the wide and rich valley which extends from the lake of Bourget, with scarcely a perceptible change of level, to the Isere at Montmeillan. Hannibal meanwhile attacked and stormed the town, which was the barbarians' principal stronghold, and here he not only recovered a great many of his own men, horses, and baggage cattle, but also found a large supply of corn and cattle belonging to the barbarians, which he immediately made use of for the consumption of his soldiers.

In the plain which he had now reached, he halted for a whole day, and then, resuming his march, proceeded for three days up the valley of the Isere on the right bank, without encountering any difficulty. Then the natives met him with branches of trees in their hands, and wreaths on their heads, in token of peace. They spoke fairly, offered hostages, and wished, they said, neither to do the Carthaginians any injury, nor to receive any from them. Hannibal mistrusted them, yet did not wish to offend them, he accepted their terms, received their hostages, and obtained large supplies of cattle, and their whole behaviour seemed so trustworthy, that at last he accepted their guidance, it is said, through a difficult part of the country, which he was now approaching. For all the Alpine valleys become narrower, as they draw nearer to the central chain, and the mountains often come so close to the stream, that the roads in old times were often obliged to leave the valley and ascend the hills by any accessible point, to descend again when the gorge became wider, and follow the stream as before. If this is not done, and the track is carried nearer the river, it passes often through defiles of the most formidable character, being no more than a narrow ledge above a furious torrent, with cliffs rising above it absolutely precipitous, and coming down on the other side of the torrent abruptly to the water, leaving no passage by which man or even goat could make its way.

It appears that the barbarians persuaded Hannibal to pass through one of these defiles, instead of going round it, and while his army was involved in it, they suddenly, and without a provocation,

as we are told, attacked him Making their way along the mountain sides above the defile, they rolled down masses of rock on the Carthaginians below, or even threw stones upon them from their hands, stones and rocks being equally fatal against an enemy so entangled It was well for Hannibal, that, still doubting the barbarians' faith, he had sent forward his cavalry and baggage, and covered the march with his infantry, who thus had to sustain the brunt of the attack Foot soldiers on such ground were able to move, where horses would be quite helpless, and thus at last Hannibal, with his infantry, forced his way to the summit of one of the bare cliffs overhanging the defile, and remained there during the night, whilst the cavalry and baggage slowly struggled out of the defile Thus again baffled, the barbarians made no more general attacks on the army, some partial annoyance was occasioned at intervals, and some baggage was carried off, but it was observed, that wherever the elephants were, the line of march was secure, for the barbarians beheld those huge creatures with terror, having never had the slightest knowledge of them, and not daring to approach when they saw them

Without any farther recorded difficulty, the army on the ninth day after they had left the plains of Dauphiné arrived at the summit of the central ridge of the Alps Here there is always a plain of some extent, immediately overhung by the snowy summits of the high mountains, but itself in summer presenting in many parts a carpet of the freshest grass, with the chalets of the shepherds scattered over it, and gay with a thousand flowers But far different is its aspect through the

greatest part of the year then it is one unvaried waste of snow, and the little lakes, which on many of the passes enliven the summer landscape, are now frozen over, and covered with snow, so as to be no longer distinguishable Hannibal was on the summit of the Alps about the end of October the first winter snows had already fallen, but two hundred years before the Christian era, when all Germany was one vast forest, the climate of the Alps was far colder than at present, and the snow lay on the passes all through the year Thus the soldiers were in dreary quarters they remained two days on the summit, resting from their fatigues, and giving opportunity to many of the stragglers, and of the horses and cattle, to rejoin them by following their track, but they were cold and worn and disheartened, and mountains still rose before them, through which, as they knew too well, even their descent might be perilous and painful

But their great general, who felt that he now stood victorious on the ramparts of Italy, and that the torrent which rolled before him was carrying its waters to the rich plains of Cisalpine Gaul, endeavoured to kindle his soldiers with his own spirit of hope He called them together, he pointed out the valley beneath, to which the descent seemed the work of a moment 'That valley', he said, 'is Italy, it leads us to the country of our friends the Gauls, and yonder is our way to Rome' His eyes were eagerly fixed on that point of the horizon, and as he gazed, the distance between seemed to vanish, till he could almost fancy that he was crossing the Tiber, and assailing the Capitol

After the two days' rest the descent began Hannibal experienced no more open hostility from the barbarians, only some petty attempts here and there to plunder, a fact strange in itself, but doubly so, if he was really descending the valley of the Doria Baltea, through the country of the Salassians, the most untameable robbers of all the Alpine barbarians. It is possible that the influence of the Insubrians may partly have restrained the mountaineers, and partly also they may have been deterred by the ill success of all former attacks, and may by this time have regarded the strange army and its monstrous beasts with something of superstitious terror. But the natural difficulties of the ground on the descent were greater than ever. The snow covered the track so that the men often lost it, and fell down the steep below. At last they came to a place where an avalanche had carried it away altogether for about three hundred yards, leaving the mountain side a mere wreck of scattered rocks and snow. To go round was impossible, for the depth of the snow on the heights above rendered it hopeless to scale them, nothing therefore was left but to repair the road. A summit of some extent was found, and cleared of the snow, and here the army were obliged to encamp, whilst the work went on. There was no want of hands, and every man was labouring for his life, the road therefore was restored, and supported with solid substructions below, and in a single day it was made practicable for the cavalry and baggage cattle, which were immediately sent forward, and reached the lower valley in safety, where they were turned out to pasture. A harder labour was required to make

a passage for the elephants the way for them must be wide and solid, and the work could not be accomplished in less than three days. The poor animals suffered severely in the interval from hunger, for no forage was to be found in that wilderness of snow, nor any trees whose leaves might supply the place of other herbage. At last they too were able to proceed with safety. Hannibal overtook his cavalry and baggage, and in three days more the whole army had got clear of the Alpine valleys, and entered the country of their friends, the Insubrians, on the wide plain of northern Italy
—*History of Rome*

THOMAS CARLYLE

1795–1881

THE FALL OF THE BASTILLE

BUT, to the living and the struggling, a new, Fourteenth morning dawns. Under all roofs of this distracted City is the nodus of a drama, not untragical, crowding towards solution. The bustlings and preparings, the tremors and menaces, the tears that fell from old eyes! This day, my sons, ye shall quit you like men. By the memory of your fathers' wrongs, by the hope of your children's rights! Tyranny impends in red wrath. help for you is none, if not in your own right hands. This day ye must do or die.

From earliest light, a sleepless Permanent Committee has heard the old cry, now waxing almost frantic, mutinous. Arms! Arms! Provost Flesselles, or what traitors there are among you,

may think of those Charleville Boxes A hundred-and-fifty thousand of us, and but the third man furnished with so much as a pike! Arms are the one thing needful with arms we are an unconquerable man-defying National Guard, without arms, a rabble to be whiffed with grapeshot

Happily the word has arisen, for no secret can be kept,—that there lie muskets at the *Hôtel des Invalides* Thither will we King's Procureur M Ethys de Corny, and whatsoever of authority a Permanent Committee can lend, shall go with us Besenval's Camp is there, perhaps he will not fire on us, if he kill us, we shall but die

Alas, poor Besenval, with his troops melting away in that manner, has not the smallest humour to fire! At five o'clock this morning, as he lay dreaming, oblivious in the *Ecole Militaire*, a figure stood suddenly at his bedside, 'with face rather handsome, eyes inflamed, speech rapid and curt, air audacious' such a figure drew Priam's curtains! The message and monition of the figure was, that resistance would be hopeless, that if blood flowed, woe to him who shed it Thus spoke the figure and vanished 'Withal there was a kind of eloquence that struck one' Besenval admits that he should have arrested him, but did not Who this figure with inflamed eyes, with speech rapid and curt, might be? Besenval knows, but mentions not Camille Desmoulins? Pythagorean Marquis Valadé, inflamed with 'violent motions all night at the Palais Royal'? Fame names him, 'Young M Meillar,' then shuts her lips about him for ever

In any case, behold about nine in the morning, our National Volunteers rolling in long wide flood,

south-westward to the *Hotel des Invalides*, in search of the one thing needful King's Procureur M Ethys de Corny and officials are there, the Curé of Saint-Etienne du Mont marches unpacific, at the head of his militant Parish, the Clerks of the Basoche in red coats we see marching, now Volunteers of the Basoche, the Volunteers of the Palais Royal —National Volunteers, numerable by tens of thousands, of one heart and mind The King's muskets are the Nation's, think, old M de Sombreuil, how, in this extremity, thou wilt refuse them! Old M de Sombreuil would fain hold parley, send couriers, but it skills not the walls are scaled, no Invalide firing a shot, the gates must be flung open Patriotism rushes in, tumultuous, from grunsel up to ridge-tile, through all rooms and passages, rummaging distractedly for arms What cellar, or what cranny can escape it? The arms are found, all safe there, lying packed in straw,—apparently with a view to being burnt! More ravenous than famishing lions over dead prey, the multitude, with clangour and vociferation, pounces on them, struggling, dashing, clutching—to the jamming-up, to the pressure, fracture, and probable extinction of the weaker Patriot And so, with such protracted crash of deafening, most discordant Orchestra-music, the Scene is changed, and eight-and-twenty thousand sufficient firelocks are on the shoulders of as many National Guards, lifted thereby out of darkness into fiery light

Let Besenval look at the glitter of these muskets, as they flash by! Gardes Françaises, it is said, have cannon levelled on him, ready to open, if need were, from the other side of the River Motionless

sits he, 'astonished,' one may flatter oneself, 'at the proud bearing (*fière contenance*) of the Parisians'—And now, to the Bastille, ye intrepid Parisians! There grapeshot still threatens thither all men's thoughts and steps are now tending

Old De Launay, as we hinted, withdrew 'into his interior' soon after midnight of Sunday. He remains there ever since, hampered, as all military gentlemen now are, in the saddest conflict of uncertainties. The Hôtel-de-Ville 'invites' him to admit National Soldiers, which is a soft name for surrendering. On the other hand, His Majesty's orders were precise. His garrison is but eighty-two old Invalides, reinforced by thirty-two young Swiss, his walls indeed are nine feet thick, he has cannon and powder, but, alas, only one day's provision of victuals. The city too is French, the poor garrison mostly French. Rigorous old De Launay, think what thou wilt do!

All morning, since nine, there has been a cry everywhere. 'To the Bastille!' Repeated 'deputations of citizens' have been here, passionate for arms, whom De Launay has got dismissed by soft speeches through port-holes. Towards noon, Elector Thuriot de la Rosière gains admittance, finds De Launay indisposed for surrender, nay disposed for blowing up the place rather. Thuriot mounts with him to the battlements. Heaps of paving-stones, old iron and missiles he piled, cannon all duly levelled, in every embrasure a cannon,—only drawn back a little! But outwards, behold, O Thuriot, how the multitude flows on, welling through every street. Tocsin furiously pealing, all drums beating the *générale* the Suburb Saint-Antoine rolling hitherward wholly,

as one man ! Such vision (spectral yet real) thou, O Thuriot, as from thy Mount of Vision, beholdest in this moment prophetic of what other Phantasmagories, and loud-gibbering Spectral Realities, which thou yet beholdest not, but shalt ! ‘ *Que voulez-vous ?* ’ said De Launay, turning pale at the sight, with an air of reproach, almost of menace

‘ Monsieur,’ said Thuriot, rising into the moral-sublime, ‘ what mean *you* ? Consider if I could not precipitate *both* of us from this height,’—say only a hundred feet, exclusive of the walled ditch ! Whereupon De Launay fell silent Thuriot shows himself from some pinnacle, to comfort the multitude becoming suspicious, fremescent then descends, departs with protest, with warning addressed also to the Invalides,—on whom, however, it produces but a mixed indistinct impression The old heads are none of the clearest, besides, it is said, De Launay has been profuse of beverages (*prodigua des buissons*) They think, they will not fire,—if not fired on, if they can help it, but must, on the whole, be ruled considerably by circumstances

Woe to thee, De Launay, in such an hour, if thou canst not, taking some one firm decision, *rule* circumstances ! Soft speeches will not serve, hard grapeshot is questionable, but hovering between the two is *unquestionable* Ever wilder swells the tide of men, their infinite hum waxing ever louder, into imprecations, perhaps into crackle of stray musketry,—which latter, on walls nine feet thick, cannot do execution The Outer Drawbridge has been lowered for Thuriot, new *deputation of citizens* (it is the third, and noisiest of all) penetrates that way into the Outer Court soft speeches

producing no clearance of these, De Launay gives fire, pulls up his Drawbridge. A slight sputter,—which has *kindled* the too combustible chaos, made it a roaring fire-chaos! Bursts forth Insurrection, at sight of its own blood (for there were deaths by that sputter of fire), into endless rolling explosion of musketry, distraction, execration,—and over head, from the Fortress, let one great gun, with its grapeshot, go booming, to show what we *could* do. The Bastille is besieged!

On, then, all Frenchmen, that have hearts in your bodies! Roar with all your throats, of cartilage and metal, ye Sons of Liberty, stir spasmodically whatsoever of utmost faculty is in you, soul, body, or spirit, for it is the hour! Smite, thou Louis Tournay, cartwright of the Marais, old-soldier of the Regiment Dauphiné, smite at that Outer Drawbridge chain, though the fiery hail whistles round thee! Never, over nave or felloe, did thy axe strike such a stroke. Down with it, man, down with it to Orcus! let the whole accursed Edifice sink thither, and Tyranny be swallowed up for ever! Mounted, some say, on the roof of the guard-room, some 'on bayonets stuck into joints of the wall', Louis Tournay smites, brave Aubin Bonnemère (also an old soldier) seconding him the chain yields, breaks, the huge Drawbridge slams down, thundering (*avec fracas*) Glorious and yet, alas, it is still but the outworks. The Eight grim Towers, with their Invalid musketry, their paving stones and cannon-mouths, still roar aloft intact,—Ditch yawning impassable, stone-faced, the inner Drawbridge with its *back* towards us the Bastille is still to take!

To describe this Siege of the Bastille (thought to be one of the most important in History) perhaps transcends the talent of mortals. Could one but, after infinite reading, get to understand so much as the plan of the building! But there is open Esplanade, at the end of the Rue Saint-Antoine, there are such Forecourts, *Cour Avancé*, *Cour de l'Orme*, arched Gateway (where Louis Tournay now fights), then new drawbridges, dormant-bridges, rampart-bastions, and the grim Eight Towers a labyrinthic Mass, high-frowning there, of all ages from twenty years to four hundred and twenty,—beleaguered, in this its last hour, as we said, by mere Chaos come again! Ordnance of all calibres, throats of all capacities, men of all plans, every man his own engineer—seldom since the war of Pygmies and Cranes was there seen so anomalous a thing. Half-pay Elie is home for a suit of regimentals, no one would heed him in coloured clothes. Half-pay Hulin is haranguing Gaides Françaises in the Place de Grève. Fiantic Patriots pick up the grapeshots, bear them, still hot (or seemingly so), to the Hôtel-de-Ville—Paris, you perceive, is to be burnt! Flesselles is 'pale to the very lips', for the roar of the multitude grows deep. Paris wholly has got to the acme of its frenzy, whirled, all ways, by panic madness. At every street-barricade, there whirls simmering a minor whirlpool,—strengthening the barricade, since God knows what is coming, and all minor whirlpools play distractedly into that grand Fire-Mahlstrom which is lashing round the Bastille.

And so it lashes and it roars. Cholat the wine merchant has become an impromptu cannoneer. See Georget, of the Marine Service, fresh from

Brest, ply the King of Siam's cannon Singular (if we were not used to the like) Georget lay, last night, taking his ease at his inn, the King of Siam's cannon also lay, knowing nothing of *him*, for a hundred years Yet now, at the right instant, they have got together, and discourse eloquent music For, hearing what was toward, Georget sprang from the Brest Diligence, and ran Gardes Françaises also will be here, with real artillery were not the walls so thick!—Upwards from the Esplanade, horizontally from all neighbouring roofs and windows, flashes one irregular deluge of musketry, without effect The Invalides lie flat, firing comparatively at their ease from behind stone, hardly through portholes, show the tip of a nose We fall, shot, and make no impression!

Let conflagration rage, of whatsoever is combustible! Guard-rooms are burnt, Invalides mess-rooms A distracted 'Peukemaker with two fiery torches' is for burning 'the saltpetres of the Arsenal',—had not a woman run screaming, had not a Patriot, with some tincture of Natural Philosophy, instantly struck the wind out of him (butt of musket on pit of stomach), overturned barrels, and stayed the devouring element A young beautiful lady, seized escaping in these Outer Courts, and thought falsely to be De Launay's daughter, shall be burnt in De Launay's sight, she lies swooned on a pailasse but again a Patriot, it is brave Aubin Bonnemère the old soldier, dashes in, and rescues her Straw is burnt, three cart-loads of it, hauled thither, go up in white smoke almost to the choking of Patriotism itself, so that Elie had, with singed brows, to drag back one cart, and Réole the 'gigantic haberdasher' another

Smoke as of Tophet, confusion as of Babel, noise as of the Crack of Doom !

Blood flows, the ailment of new madness The wounded are carried into houses of the Rue Censale, the dying leave then last mandate not to yield till the accursed Stronghold fall And yet, alas, how fall ? The walls are so thick ! Deputations, three in number, arrive from the Hôtel-de-Ville, Abbé Fauchet (who was of one) can say, with what almost superhuman courage of benevolence These wave their Town-flag in the arched Gateway, and stand, rolling their drum, but to no purpose In such Crack of Doom, De Launay cannot hear them, dare not believe them they return, with justified rage, the whew of lead still singing in their ears What to do ? The Firemen are here, squirting with their fire-pumps on the Invalides cannon, to wet the touchholes, they unfortunately cannot squirt so high, but produce only clouds of spray Individuals of classical knowledge propose *cata-pults* Santeine, the sonorous Brewer of the Suburb Saint-Antoine, advises rather that the place be fired, by a 'mixture of phosphorus and oil-of-turpentine spouted up through forcing pumps' O Spinola-Santeine, hast thou the mixture *ready* ? Every man his own engineer ! And still the fire-deluge abates not even women are firing, and Turks, at least one woman (with her sweetheart), and one Turk Gardes Françaises have come real cannon, real cannoneers Usher Maillaid is busy, half-pay Elie, half-pay Hulin rage in the midst of thousands

How the great Bastille Clock ticks (inaudible) in its Inner Court there, at its ease, hour after hour, as if nothing special, for it or the world, were

passing ! It tolled One when the firing began , and is now pointing towards Five, and still the firing slakes not —Far down, in their vaults, the seven Prisoners hear muffled din as of earthquakes , their Turnkeys answer vaguely

Woe to thee, De Launay, with thy poor hundred Invalides ! Broglie is distant, and his ears heavy Besenval heais, but can send no help One poor troop of Hussars has crept, reconnoitring, cautiously along the Quais, as far as the Pont Neuf ' We are come to join you,' said the Captain , for the crowd seemsshoreless A large-headed dwarfish individual, of smoke-bleared aspect, shambles forward, opening his blue lips, for there is sense in him , and croaks ' Alight then, and give up your aims ! ' The Hussar-Captain is too happy to be escorted to the Barriers, and dismissed on parole Who the squat individual was ? Men answer, It is M Marat, author of the excellent pacific *Avs au Peuple* ! Great truly, O thou remarkable Dogleech, is this thy day of emergence and new-birth and yet this same day come four years—— !—But let the curtains of the Future hang

What shall De Launay do ? One thing only De Launay could have done what he said he would do Fancy him sitting, from the first, with lighted taper, within arm's length of the Powder-Magazine , motionless, like old Roman Senator, or Bronze Lamp-holder , coldly apprising Thuriot, and all men, by a slight motion of his eye, what his resolution was —Harmless he sat there, while unharmed , but the King's Fortress, meanwhile, could, might, would, or should, in nowise be surrendered, save to the King's Messenger one old man's life is worthless, so it be lost with

honour, but think, ye bawling *canaille*, how will it be when a whole Bastille springs skyward!—In such statuesque, taper-holding attitude, one fancies De Launay might have left Thuriot, the red Clerks of the Basoche, Cuié of Saint-Stephen and all the tag-rag-and-bobtail of the world, to work their will

And yet, withal, he could not do it. Hast thou considered how each man's heart is so tremulously responsive to the hearts of all men, hast thou noted how omnipotent is the very sound of many men? How their shriek of indignation palsies the strong soul, their howl of contumely withers with unfelt pangs? The Ritter Gluck confessed that the ground-tone of the noblest passage, in one of his noblest Operas, was the voice of the Populace he had heard at Vienna, crying to their Kaiser Bread! Bread! Great is the combined voice of men, the utterance of their *instincts*, which are truer than their *thoughts*—it is the greatest a man encounters, among the sounds and shadows which make up this World of Time. He who can resist that, has his footing somewhere *beyond* Time. De Launay could not do it. Distracted, he hovers between two, hopes in the middle of despair, surrenders not his Fortress, declares that he will blow it up, seizes torches to blow it up, and does not blow it. Unhappy old De Launay, it is the death-agony of thy Bastille and thee! Jail, Jailor-ing and Jailor, all three, such as they may have been, must finish

For four hours now has the World-Bedlam roared—call it the World-Chimera, blowing fire! The poor Invalides have sunk under their battlements, or use only with reversed muskets—they

have made a white flag of napkins, go beating the *chamade*, or seeming to beat, for one can hear nothing. The very Swiss at the Portcullis look weary of firing, disheartened in the fire-deluge a porthole at the drawbridge is opened, as by one that would speak. See Huissier Maillard, the shifty man! On his plank, swinging over the abyss of that stone Ditch, plank resting on parapet, balanced by weight of Patriots,—he hovers perilous such a Dove towards such an Ark! Deftly, thou shifty Usher one man already fell, and lies smashed, far down there, against the masonry! Usher Maillard falls not deftly, unerring he walks, with outspread palm. The Swiss holds a paper through his porthole, the shifty Usher snatches it, and returns. Terms of surrender. Pardon, immunity to all! Are they accepted?—‘*For d’officier*, On the word of an officer’, answers half-pay Huln,—or half-pay Elie, for men do not agree on it, ‘they are!’ Sinks the drawbridge,—Usher Maillard bolting it when down, rushes in the living deluge the Bastille is fallen! *Victoire! La Bastille est prise!*—*The French Revolution*

CHARLOTTE CORDAY

In the leafy months of June and July, several French Departments germinate a set of rebellious *paper-leaves*, named Proclamations, Resolutions, Journals, or Diurnals, ‘of the Union for Resistance to Oppression’ In particular, the Town of Caen, in Calvados, sees its paper-leaf of *Bulletin de Caen* suddenly bud, suddenly establish itself as Newspaper there, under the Editorship of Guondin National Representatives!

For among the proscribed Girondins are certain of a more desperate humour. Some, as Vergniaud, Valazé, Gensonné, 'arrested in their own houses', will await with stoical resignation what the issue may be. Some, as Brissot, Rabaut, will take to flight, to concealment, which, as the Paris Barriers are open again in a day or two, is not yet difficult. But others there are who will rush, with Buzot, to Calvados, or far over France, to Lyons, Toulon, Nantes and elsewhere, and then rendezvous at Caen to awaken as with war-trumpet the respectable Departments, and strike down an anachoric Mountain Faction, at least not yield without a stroke at it. Of this latter temper we count some score or more, of the Arrested, and of the Not-yet-arrested—a Buzot, a Barbaroux, Louvet, Guadet, Pétion, who have escaped from Arrestment in their own homes, a Salles, a Pythagorean Valady, a Duchâtel, the Duchâtel that came in blanket and nightcap to vote for the life of Louis, who have escaped from danger and likelihood of Arrestment. These, to the number at one time of Twenty-seven, do accordingly lodge here, at the '*Intendance*, or Departmental Mansion', of the town of Caen in Calvados, welcomed by Persons in Authority, welcomed and defrayed, having no money of their own. And the *Bulletin de Caen* comes forth, with the most animating paragraphs. How the Bordeaux Department, the Lyons Department, this Department after the other is declaring itself, sixty, or say sixty-nine, or seventy-two respectable Departments either declaring, or ready to declare. Nay Marseilles, it seems, will march on Paris by itself, if need be. So has Marseilles Town said, That she will march. But on the other

hand, that Montélimart Town has said, No thoroughfare, and means even to 'bury herself' under her own stone and mortar fist,—of this be no mention in *Bulletin de Caen*

Such animating paragraphs we read in this new Newspaper, and fervours and eloquent sarcasm tirades against the Mountain, from the pen of Deputy Salles, which resemble, say friends, Pascal's *Provincials*. What is more to the purpose, these Girondins have got a General in chief, one Wimpfen, formerly under Dumouriez, also a secondary questionable General Puisaye, and others, and are doing their best to raise a force for war. National Volunteers, whosoever is of right heart gather in, ye national Volunteers, friends of Liberty, from our Calvados Townships, from the Eure, from Brittany, from far and near forward to Paris, and extinguish Anarchy! Thus at Caen, in the early July days, there is a drumming and parading, a perorating and consulting. Staff and Army, Council, Club of *Carabots*, Antijacobin friends of Freedom, to denounce atrocious Marat. With all which, and the editing of *Bulletins*, a National Representative has his hands full.

At Caen it is most animated, and, as one hopes, more or less animated in the 'Seventy-two Departments that adhere to us'. And in a France begirt with Cimmerian invading Coalitions, and torn with an internal La Vendée, *this* is the conclusion we have arrived at. To put down Anarchy by Civil War! *Durum et durum*, the Proverb says, *non faciunt murum*. La Vendée burns. Santerre can do nothing there, he may return home and brew beer. Cimmerian bombshells fly all along the North. That Siege of Mentz is become famed,—

lovers of the Picturesque (as Goethe will testify), washed country-people of both sexes, stroll thither on Sundays, to see the artillery work and counter-work, 'you only duck a little while the shot whizzes past' Condé is capitulating to the Austrians, Royal Highness of York, these several weeks, fiercely batters Valenciennes For, alas, our fortified Camp of Famais was stormed, General Dampierre was killed, General Custine was blamed—and indeed is now come to Paris to give 'explanations'

Against all which the Mountain and atrocious Marat must even make head as they can They, anarchic Convention as they are, publish Decrees, expostulatory explanatory, yet not without severity, they ray forth Commissioners, singly or in pairs, the olive-branch in one hand, yet the sword in the other Commissioners come even to Caen, but without effect Mathematical Romme, and Prieur named of the Côte d'Or, venturing thither, with their olive and sword, are packed into prison there may Romme lie, under lock and key, 'for fifty days', and meditate his New Calendar, if he please Cimmericia, La Vendée, and Civil War! Never was Republic One and Indivisible at a lower ebb —

Amid which dim ferment of Caen and the World, History specially notices one thing in the lobby of the Mansion *de l'Intendance*, where busy Deputies are coming and going, a young Lady with an aged valet, taking grave graceful leave of Deputy Barbaïoux She is of stately Norman figure, in her twenty-fifth year, of beautiful still countenance her name is Charlotte Corday, heretofore

styled D'Armans, while Nobility still was Barbaroux has given her a Note to Deputy Dupeiret, —him who once drew his sword in the effervescence Apparently she will to Paris on some errand? 'She was a Republican before the Revolution, and never wanted energy' A completeness, a decision is in this fair female Figure 'by energy she means the spirit that will prompt one to sacrifice himself for his country' What if she, this fair young Charlotte, had emerged from her secluded stillness, suddenly like a Star, cruel-lovely, with half-angelic, half-daemonic splendour, to gleam for a moment, and in a moment be extinguished to be held in memory, so bright complete was she, through long centuries! — Quitting Cimmerian Coalitions without, and the dim-simmering Twenty-five millions within, History will look fixedly at this one fair Apparition of a Charlotte Corday, will note whither Charlotte moves, how the little Life burns forth so radiant, then vanishes swallowed of the Night

With Barbaroux's Note of Introduction, and slight stock of luggage, we see Charlotte on Tuesday the ninth of July seated in the Caen Diligence, with a place for Paris None takes farewell of her, wishes her Good-journey her Father will find a line left, signifying that she is gone to England, that he must pardon her, and forget her The drowsy Diligence lumbers along, amid drowsy talk of Politics, and praise of the Mountain, in which she mingles not all night, all day, and again all night On Thursday, not long before noon, we are at the bridge of Neuilly, here is Paris with her thousand black domes, the goal and purpose of thy journey! Arrived at the Inn

de la Providence in the Rue des Vieux Augustins, Charlotte demands a room, hastens to bed, sleeps all afternoon and night, till the morrow morning

On the morrow morning, she delivers her Note to Duperret. It relates to certain Family Papers which are in the Minister of the Interior's hand, which a Nun at Caen, an old Convent-friend of Charlotte's, has need of, which Duperret shall assist her in getting. This then was Charlotte's errand to Paris? She has finished this, in the course of Friday,—yet says nothing of returning. She has seen and silently investigated several things. The Convention, in bodily reality, she has seen, what the Mountain is like. The living physiognomy of Marat she could not see, he is sick at present, and confined to home.

About eight on the Saturday morning, she purchases a large sheath-knife in the Palais Royal, then straightway, in the Place des Victoires, takes a hackney-coach. 'To the Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine, No 44.' It is the residence of the Citoyen Marat!—The Citoyen Marat is ill, and cannot be seen, which seems to disappoint her much. Her business is with Marat, then? Hapless beautiful Charlotte, hapless squalid Marat! From Caen in the utmost West, from Neuchâtel in the utmost East, they two are drawing nigh each other, they two have, very strangely, business together—Charlotte, returning to her Inn, dispatches a short Note to Marat, signifying that she is from Caen, the seat of rebellion, that she desires earnestly to see him, and 'will put it in his power to do France a great service.' No answer. Charlotte writes another Note, still more pressing, sets out with it by coach, about seven in the evening, herself

Tired day-labourers have again finished their Week, huge Paris is circling and simmering, manifold, according to its vague wont this one fair Figure has decision in it, drives straight,—towards a purpose

It is yellow July evening, we say, the thirteenth of the month, eve of the Bastille day,—when 'M Marat', four years ago, in the crowd of the Pont Neuf, shrewdly required of that Besenval Hussar-party, which had such friendly dispositions, 'to dismount, and give up their arms, then', and became notable among Patriot men Four years what a road he has travelled,—and sits now, about half-past seven of the clock, stewing in slipper-bath, sore afflicted, ill of Revolution Fever,—of what other malady this History had rather not name Excessively sick and worn, poor man with precisely eleven-pence-halfpenny of ready money, in paper, with slipper-bath, strong three-footed stool for writing on, the while, and a squalid—Washerwoman, one may call her that is his civic establishment in Medical-School Street, thither and not elsewhere has his road led him Not to the reign of Brotherhood and Perfect Felicity, yet surely on the way towards that?—Hark, a rap again! A musical woman's voice, refusing to be rejected it is the Citoyenne who would do France a service Marat, recognizing from within, cries, Admit her Charlotte Corday is admitted

Citoyen Marat, I am from Caen the seat of rebellion, and wished to speak with you—Be seated, *mon enfant* Now what are the Traitors doing at Caen? What Deputies are at Caen?—Charlotte names some Deputies 'Their heads shall fall within a fortnight', croaks the eager

People's-friend, clutching his tablets to write *Barbaroux, Pétion*, writes he with bare shrunk arm, turning aside in the bath *Petion*, and *Louvet*, and—Charlotte has drawn her knife from the sheath, plunges it, with one sure stroke, into the writer's heart 'A moi, chère amie, Help, dear!' no more could the Death-choked say or shriek The helpful Washerwoman running in, there is no Friend of the People, or Friend of the Washerwoman left, but his life with a groan gushes out, indignant, to the shades below

And so Marat People's-friend is ended, the lone Stylites has got hurled down suddenly from his Pillar—*whitherward* He that made him knows Patriot Paris may sound triple and tenfold, in dole and wail, re-echoed by Patriot France, and the Convention, 'Chabot, pale with terror, declaring that they are to be all assassinated', may decree him Pantheon Honours, Public Funeral, Mirabeau's dust making way for him, and Jacobin Societies, in lamentable oratory, summing up his character, parallel him to One, whom they think it honour to call 'the good Sansculotte',—whom we name not here, also a Chapel may be made, for the urn that holds his Heart, in the Place du Carrousel, and new-born children be named Marat, and Lago-di-Como Hawkers bake mountains of stucco into unbeautiful Busts, and David paint his Picture, or Death-Scene, and such other Apotheosis take place as the human genius, in these circumstances, can devise but Marat returns no more to the light of this Sun One sole circumstance we have read with clear sympathy, in the old *Moniteur* Newspaper how Marat's Brother comes from Neuchâtel to ask of the Convention,

‘ that the deceased Jean-Paul Marat’s musket be given him ’ For Marat too had a brother, and natural affections, and was wrapt once in swaddling-clothes, and slept safe in a cradle like the rest of us Ye children of men !—A sister of his, they say, lives still to this day in Paris

As for Charlotte Corday, her work is accomplished, the recompense of it is near and sure The *chère amie*, and neighbours of the house, flying at her, she ‘ overturns some movables ’, entrenches herself till the gendarmes arrive, then quietly surrenders, goes quietly to the Abbaye Prison she alone quiet, all Paris sounding, in wonder, in rage or admiration, round her Duperret is put in arrest, on account of her, his Papers sealed,—which may lead to consequences Fauchet, in like manner, though Fauchet had not so much as heard of her Charlotte, confronted with these two Deputies, praises the grave firmness of Duperret, censures the dejection of Fauchet

On Wednesday morning, the thronged Palais de Justice and Revolutionary Tribunal can see her face, beautiful and calm she dates it ‘ fourth day of the Preparation of Peace ’ A strange murmur ran through the Hall, at sight of her, you could not say of what character Tinville has his indictments and tape-papers the cutler of the Palais Royal will testify that he sold her the sheath-knife, ‘ All these details are needless,’ interrupted Charlotte, ‘ it is I that killed Marat ’ By whose instigation ?—‘ By no one’s ’ What tempted you, then ? His crimes ‘ I killed one man ’, added she, raising her voice extremely (*extrêmement*), as they went on with their questions, ‘ I killed one man to save a hundred thousand, a villain to save inno-

cents, a savage wild-beast to give repose to my country I was a Republican before the Revolution, I never wanted energy' There is therefore nothing to be said The public gazes astonished the hasty limners sketch her features, Charlotte not disapproving the men of law proceed with their formalities The doom is Death as a murderess To her Advocate she gives thanks, in gentle phrase, in high-flown classical spirit To the Priest they send her she gives thanks, but needs not any shriving, any ghostly or other aid from him

On the same evening therefore, about half-past seven o'clock, from the gate of the Conciergerie, to a City all on tiptoe, the fatal Cart issues, seated on it a fair young creature, sheeted in red smock of Murderess, so beautiful, serene, so full of life, journeying towards death,—alone amid the World Many take off their hats, saluting reverently, for what heart but must be touched? Others growl and howl Adam Lux, of Mentz, declares that she is greater than Brutus, that it were beautiful to die with her the head of this young man seems turned At the Place de la Révolution, the countenance of Charlotte wears the same still smile The executioners proceed to bind her feet. she resists, thinking it meant as an insult, on a word of explanation, she submits with cheerful apology As the last act, all being now ready, they take the neckerchief from her neck, a blush of maidenly shame overspreads that fair face and neck, the cheeks were still tinged with it when the executioner lifted the severed head, to show it to the people 'It is most true', says Forster, 'that he struck the cheek insultingly, for I saw it with my eyes the Police imprisoned him for it'

In this manner have the Beautifullest and the Squalidest come in collision, and extinguished one another Jean-Paul Marat and Marie-Anne Charlotte Corday both, suddenly, are no more 'Day of the Preparation of Peace'? Alas, how were peace possible or preparable, while, for example, the hearts of lovely Maidens, in their convent-stillness, are dreaming not of Love-paradises, and the light of Life, but of Codrus'-sacrifices, and Death well-earned? That Twenty-five million hearts have got to such temper, this is the Anarchy, the soul of it lies in this whereof not peace can be the embodiment! The death of Marat, whetting old animosities tenfold, will be worse than any life O ye hapless Two, mutually extinctive, the Beautiful and the Squalid, sleep ye well,—in the Mother's bosom that bore you both!

This is the History of Charlotte Corday, most definite, most complete, angelic-daemonic like a Star! Adam Lux goes home, half-delirious, to pour forth his Apotheosis of her, in paper and print, to propose that she have a statue with this inscription, *Greater than Brutus* Friends represent his danger, Lux is reckless, thinks it were beautiful to die with her —*The French Revolution*

MARIE-ANTOINETTE

ON Monday the Fourteenth of October 1793, a Cause is pending in the Palais de Justice, in the new Revolutionary Court, such as these old stone-walls never witnessed the Trial of Marie-Antoinette The once brightest of Queens, now tarnished, defaced, forsaken, stands here at Fouquier-Tinville's Judgement-bar, answering for her life

The Indictment was delivered her last night To such changes of human fortune what words are adequate ? Silence alone is adequate

There are few Printed things one meets with of such tragic, almost ghastly, significance as those bald Pages of the *Bulletin du Tribunal Révolutionnaire*, which bear title, *Trial of the Widow Capet* Dim, dim, as if in disastrous eclipse, like the pale kingdoms of Dis ! Plutonic Judges, Plutonic Tinville, encircled, nine times, with Styx and Lethe, with Fire-Phlegethon and Cocytus named of Lamentation ! The very witnesses summoned are like Ghosts exculpatory, inculpatory, they themselves are all hovering over death and doom, they are known, in our imagination, as the prey of the Guillotine Tall *ci-devant* Count d'Estaing, anxious to show himself Patriot, cannot escape, nor Bailly, who, when asked If he knows the Accused, answers with a reverent inclination towards her, ' Ah, yes, I know Madame ' Ex-Patriots are here, sharply dealt with, as Procureur Manuel, Ex-Ministers, shorn of their splendour We have cold Aristocratic impassivity, faithful to itself even in Tartarus, rabid stupidity, of Patriot Corporals, Patriot Washerwomen, who have much to say of Plots, Treasons, August Tenth, old Insurrection of Women For all now has become a crime, in her who has *lost*

Marie-Antoinette, in this her utter abandonment, and hour of extreme need, is not wanting to herself, the imperial woman Her look, they say, as that hideous Indictment was reading, continued calm, ' she was sometimes observed moving her fingers, as when one plays on the piano ' You discern, not without interest, across that dim Revolutionary

Bulletin itself, how she bears herself queenlike Her answers are prompt, clear, often of Laconic brevity, resolution, which has grown contemptuous without ceasing to be dignified, veils itself in calm words ‘ You persist, then, in denial ? ’—‘ My plan is not denial it is the truth I have said, and I persist in that ’ Scandalous Hébert has borne his testimony as to many things as to one thing, concerning Marie-Antoinette and her little Son,—wherewith Human Speech had better not further be soiled She has answered Hebert, a Juryman begs to observe that she has not answered as to *this* ‘ I have not answered ’, she exclaims with noble emotion, ‘ because Nature refuses to answer such a charge brought against a Mother I appeal to all the Mothers that are here ’ Robespierre, when he heard of it, broke out into something almost like swearing at the brutish blockheadism of this Hébert, on whose foul head his foul he has recoiled At four o’clock on Wednesday morning, after two days and two nights of interrogating, jury-charging, and other darkening of counsel, the result comes out sentence of Death ‘ Have you anything to say ? ’ The Accused shook her head, without speech Night’s candles are burning out, and with her too Time is finishing, and it will be Eternity and Day This Hall of Tinville’s is dark, ill-lighted except where she stands Silently she withdraws from it, to die

Two Processions, or Royal Progresses, three-and-twenty years apart, have often struck us with a strange feeling of contrast The first is of a beautiful Archduchess and Dauphiness, quitting her Mother’s City, at the age of Fifteen, towards hopes such as no other Daughter of Eve then had ‘ On

the morrow', says Weber an eye-witness, 'the Dauphiness left Vienna. The whole city crowded out, at first with a sorrow which was silent. She appeared you saw her sunk back into her carriage, her face bathed in tears, hiding her eyes now with her handkerchief, now with her hands, several times putting out her head to see yet again this Palace of her Fathers, whither she was to return no more. She motioned her regret, her gratitude to the good Nation, which was crowding here to bid her farewell. Then arose not only tears, but piercing cries, on all sides. Men and women alike abandoned themselves to such expression of their sorrow. It was an audible sound of wail, in the streets and avenues of Vienna. The last Courier that followed her disappeared, and the crowd melted away.'

The young imperial Maiden of Fifteen has now become a worn discrowned Widow of Thirty-eight, grey before her time. this is the last Procession. 'Few minutes after the Trial ended, the drums were beating to arms in all Sections, at sunrise the armed force was on foot, cannons getting placed at the extremities of the Bridges, in the Squares, Crossways, all along from the Palais de Justice to the Place de la Révolution. By ten o'clock, numerous patrols were circulating in the Streets, thirty thousand foot and horse drawn up under arms. At eleven, Marie-Antoinette was brought out. She had on an undress of *piqué blanc* she was led to the place of execution, in the same manner as an ordinary criminal, bound, on a Cart, accompanied by a Constitutional Priest in Lay dress, escorted by numerous detachments of infantry and cavalry. These, and the double row

of troops all along her road, she appeared to regard with indifference. On her countenance there was visible neither abashment nor pride. To the cries of *Vive la République* and *Down with Tyranny*, which attended her all the way, she seemed to pay no heed. She spoke little to her Confessor. The tricolor Streamers on the housetops occupied her attention, in the Streets du Roule and Saint-Honoré, she also noticed the Inscriptions on the house-fronts. On reaching the Place de la Révolution, her looks turned towards the *Jardin National*, whilom Tulleries, her face at that moment gave signs of lively emotion. She mounted the Scaffold with courage enough, at a quarter past Twelve, her head fell, the Executioner showed it to the people amid universal long-continued cries of *Vive la République* — *The French Revolution*

THE WHIFF OF GRAPESHOT

IN fact, what can be more natural, one may say inevitable, as a Post-Sansculottic transitional state, than even this? Confused wreck of a Republic of the Poverties, which ended in Reign of Terror, is arranging itself into such composure as it can. Evangel of Jean-Jacques, and most other Evangels, becoming incredible, what is there for it but return to the old Evangel of Mammon? *Contrat-Social* is true or untrue, Brotherhood is Brotherhood or Death, but money always will buy money's worth. In the wreck of human dubitations, this remains indubitable, that Pleasure is pleasant. Aristocracy of Feudal Parchment has passed away with a mighty rushing, and now, by a natural course, we arrive at Aristocracy of the

Moneybag It is the course through which all European Societies are, at this hour, travelling Apparently a still baser sort of Aristocracy ? An infinitely baser , the basest yet known

In which, however, there is this advantage, that, like Anarchy itself, it cannot continue Hast thou considered how Thought is stronger than Artillery-parks, and (were it fifty years after death and martyrdom, or were it two thousand years) writes and unwrites Acts of Parliament, removes mountains , models the World like soft clay ? Also how the beginning of all Thought, worth the name, is Love , and the wise head never yet was, without first the generous heart ? The Heavens cease not their bounty , they send us generous hearts into every generation And now what generous heart can pretend to itself, or be hoodwinked into believing, that Loyalty to the Moneybag is a noble Loyalty ? Mammon, cries the generous heart out of all ages and countries, is the basest of known Gods, even of known Devils In him what glory is there, that ye should worship him ? No glory discernible , not even terror at best, detestability, ill-matched with despicability !—Generous hearts, discerning, on this hand, widespread Wretchedness, dark without and within, moistening its ounce-and-half of bread with tears , and, on that hand, mere Balls in flesh-coloured drawers, and inane or foul glitter of such sort,—cannot but ejaculate, cannot but announce Too much, O divine Mammon , somewhat too much !—The voice of these, once announcing itself, carries *fiat* and *percat* in it, for all things here below

Meanwhile we will hate Anarchy as Death, which it is , and the things worse than Anarchy shall be

hated *more* Surely Peace alone is fruitful Anarchy is destruction, a burning up, say, of Shams and Insupportabilities, but which leaves Vacancy behind Know this also, that out of a world of Unwise nothing but an Unwisdom can be made Arrange it, constitution-build it, sift it through ballot-boxes as thou wilt, it is and remains an Unwisdom,—the new prey of new quacks and unclean things, the latter end of it slightly better than the beginning Who can bring a wise thing out of men unwise? Not one And so Vacancy and general Abolition having come for this France, what can Anarchy do more? Let there be Order, were it under the Soldier's Sword, let there be Peace, that the bounty of the Heavens be not spilt, that what of Wisdom they do send us bring fruit in its season!—It remains to be seen how the quellers of Sansculottism were themselves quelled, and sacred right of Insurrection was blown away by gunpowder, wherewith this singular eventful History called *French Revolution* end

The Convention, driven such a course by wild wind, wild tide, and steerage and non-steerage, these three years, has become weary of its own existence, sees all men weary of it, and wishes heartily to finish To the last, it has to strive with contradictions it is now getting fast ready with a Constitution, yet knows no peace Sieyes, we say, is making the Constitution once more, has as good as made it Warned by experience, the great Architect alters much, admits much Distinction of Active and Passive Citizen, that is, Money-qualification for Electors nay Two Chambers, 'Council of Ancients', as well as 'Council of

Five-hundred', to that conclusion have we come ! In a like spirit, eschewing that fatal self-denying ordinance of your Old Constituents, we enact not only that actual Convention Members are re-eligible, but that Two-thirds of them must be re-elected. The Active Citizen Electors shall for this time have free choice of only One-third of their National Assembly. Such enactment, of Two-thirds to be re-elected, we append to our Constitution, we submit our Constitution to the Townships of France, and say, Accept *both*, or reject both. Unsavoury as this appendix may be, the Townships, by overwhelming majority, accept and ratify. With Directory of Five, with Two good Chambers, double-majority of them nominated by ourselves, one hopes this Constitution may prove final. *March* it will, for the legs of it, the re-elected Two-thirds, are already here, able to march. Sieyes looks at his paper-fabric with just pride.

But now see how the contumacious Sections, Lepelletier foremost, kick against the pricks ! Is it not manifest infraction of one's Elective Franchise, Rights of Man, and Sovereignty of the People, this appendix of re-electing *you* Two-thirds ? Greedy tyrants who would perpetuate yourselves !—For the truth is, victory over Saint-Antoine, and long right of Insurrection, has spoiled these men. Nay spoiled all men. Consider too how each man was free to hope what he liked, and now there is to be no hope, there is to be fruition, fruition of *this*.

In men spoiled by long right of Insurrection, what confused ferments will rise, tongues once begun wagging ! Journalists declaim, your Lacre-

telles, Laharpes, Orators spout There is Royalism traceable in it, and Jacobinism On the West Frontier, in deep secrecy, Pichegru, durst he trust his Army, is treating with Condé in these Sections, there spout wolves in sheep's clothing, masked Emigrants and Royalists All men, as we say, had hoped, each that the Election would do something for his own side and now there is no Election, or only the third of one Black is united with white against this clause of the Two-thirds, all the Unruly of France, who see their trade thereby near ending

Section Lepelletier, after Addresses enough, finds that such clause is a manifest infraction, that it, Lepelletier, for one, will simply not conform thereto, and invites all other free Sections to join it, 'in central Committee', in resistance to oppression The Sections join it, nearly all, strong with their Forty-thousand fighting men The Convention therefore may look to itself! Lepelletier, on this 12th day of Vendémiaire, 4th of October 1795, is sitting in open contravention, in its Convent of Filles Saint-Thomas, Rue Vivienne, with guns primed The Convention has some Five-thousand regular troops at hand, Generals in abundance, and a Fifteen-hundred of miscellaneous persecuted Ultra-Jacobins, whom in this crisis it has hastily got together and armed, under the title *Patriots of Eighty-nine* Strong in Law, it sends its General Menou to disarm Lepelletier

General Menou marches accordingly, with due summons and demonstration, with no result General Menou, about eight in the evening, finds that he is standing ranked in the Rue Vivienne, emitting vain summonses, with primed guns

pointed out of every window at him, and that he cannot disarm Lepelletier. He has to return with whole skin, but without success, and be thrown into arrest, as 'a traitor'. Whereupon the whole Forty-thousand join this Lepelletier which cannot be vanquished to what hand shall a quaking Convention now turn? Our poor Convention, after such voyaging, just entering harbour, so to speak, has *struck on the bar*,—and labours there frightfully, with breakers roaring round it, Forty-thousand of them, like to wash it, and its Sieyes Cargo and the whole future of France, into the deep! Yet one last time, it struggles, ready to perish.

Some call for Barras to be made Commandant, he conquered in Thermidor. Some, what is more to the purpose, bethink them of the Citizen Bonaparte, unemployed Artillery-Officer, who took Toulon. A man of head, a man of action. Barras is named Commandant's-Cloak, this young Artillery-Officer is named Commandant. He was in the Gallery at the moment, and heard it, he withdrew, some half-hour, to consider with himself, after a half-hour of grim compressed considering, to be or not to be, he answers *Yea*.

And now, a man of head being at the centre of it, the whole matter gets vital. Swift, to Camp of Sablons, to secure the Artillery, there are not twenty men guarding it! A swift Adjutant, Murat is the name of him, gallops, gets thither some minutes within time, for Lepelletier was also on march that way. The Cannon are ours. And now beset this post, and beset that, rapid and firm at Wicket of the Louvre, in Cul-de-sac Dauphin, in Rue Saint-Honoré from Pont-neuf all along the

north Quays, southward to Pont *ci-devant* Royal, —rank round the Sanctuary of the Tuileries, a ring of steel discipline, let every gunner have his match burning, and all men stand to their arms!

Thus there is Permanent-session through the night, and thus at sunrise of the morrow, there is seen sacred Insurrection once again vessel of State labouring on the bar, and tumultuous sea all round her, beating *générale*, arming and sounding,—not ringing tocsin, for we have left no tocsin but our own in the Pavilion of Unity. It is an imminence of shipwreck, for the whole world to gaze at. Frightfully she labours, that poor ship, within cable-length of port, huge peril for her. However, she has a man at the helm. Insurgent messages, received and not received, messenger admitted blindfolded, counsel and counter-counsel the poor ship labours!—Vendémiaire 13th, year 4. curious enough, of all days, it is the fifth day of October, eve of the anniversary of that Menad-march, six years ago, by sacred right of Insurrection we are got thus far.

Lepelletier has seized the Church of Saint-Roch, has seized the Pont-Neuf, our piquet there retreating without fire. Stray shots fall from Lepelletier, rattle down on the very Tuileries Staircase. On the other hand, women advance dishevelled, shrieking, Peace, Lepelletier behind them waving its hat in sign that we shall fraternize. Steady! The Artillery-Officer is steady as bronze, can, if need were, be quick as lightning. He sends eight-hundred muskets with ball-cartridges to the Convention itself, honourable Members shall act with these in case of extremity whereat they look grave enough. Four of the afternoon is struck

Lepelletier, making nothing by messengers, by fraternity or hatwaving, bursts out, along the Southern Quai Voltaire, along streets and passages, treble-quick, in huge veritable onslaught ! Whereupon, thou bronze Artillery-Officer— ? ‘ Fire ! ’ say the bronze lips And roar and thunder, roar and again roar, continual, volcano-like, goes his great gun, in the Cul-de-sac Dauphin against the Church of Saint-Roch , go his great guns on the Pont-Royal , go all his great guns,—blow to air some two-hundred men, mainly about the Church of Saint-Roch ! Lepelletier cannot stand such horseplay , no Sectioner can stand it , the Forty-thousand yield on all sides, scour towards covert ‘ Some hundred or so of them gathered about the Théâtre de la République , but ’, says he, ‘ a few shells dislodged them It was all finished at six ’

The Ship is *over* the bar, then , free she bounds shoreward,—amid shouting and vivats ! Citizen Bonaparte is ‘ named General of the Interior, by acclamation ’, quelled Sections have to disarm in such humour as they may, sacred right of Insurrection is gone for ever ! The Sieyes Constitution can disembark itself and begin marching The miraculous Convention Ship has got to land ,—and is there, shall we figuratively say, changed, as Epic Ships are wont, into a kind of *Sea Nymph*, never to sail more to roam the waste Azure, a Miracle in History !

‘ It is false ’, says Napoleon, ‘ that we fired first with blank charge , it had been a waste of life to do that ’ Most false the firing was with sharp and sharpest shot to all men it was plain that here was no sport , the rabbets and plinths of Saint-Roch Church show splintered by it to this

hour — Singular in old Broglie's time, six years ago, this Whiff of Grapeshot was promised, but it could not be given then, could not have profited then. Now, however, the time is come for it, and the man, and behold, you have it, and the thing we specifically call *French Revolution* is blown into space by it, and become a thing that was! — *The French Revolution*

MAN A TOOL-USING ANIMAL

'BUT, on the whole, continues our eloquent Professor, 'Man is a Tool-using Animal (*Hand-thierendes Thier*) weak in himself, and of small stature, he stands on a basis, at most for the flattest-soled, of some half-square foot, insecurely enough, has to straddle out his legs, lest the very wind supplant him. Feeblest of bipeds! Three quintals are a crushing load for him, the steer of the meadow tosses him aloft, like a waste rag. Nevertheless he can use Tools, can devise Tools with these the granite mountain melts into light dust before him, he kneads glowing iron, as if it were soft paste, seas are his smooth highway, winds and fire his unwearying steers. Nowhere do you find him without Tools, without Tools he is nothing, with Tools he is all.'

Here may we not, for a moment, interrupt the stream of Oratory with a remark, that this definition of the Tool-using Animal appears to us, of all that Animal-sort, considerably the precisest and best? Man is called a Laughing Animal but do not the apes also laugh, or attempt to do it, and is the manliest man the greatest and oftenest laugher? Teufelsdröckh himself, as we

said, laughed only once. Still less do we make of that other French Definition of the Cooking Animal, which, indeed, for vigorous scientific purposes, is as good as useless. Can a Tartar be said to cook, when he only readies his steak by riding on it? Again, what Cookery does the Greenlander use, beyond stowing-up his whale-bladder, as a marmot, in the like case, might do? Or how would Monsieur Ude prosper among those Orinocco Indians who, according to Humboldt lodge in crow-nests, on the branches of trees, and, for half the year, have no victuals but pipe-clay, the whole country being under water? But, on the other hand, show us the human being, of any period or climate, without his Tools—those very Caledonians, as we saw, had their Flint-ball, and Thong to it, such as no brute has or can have.

‘Man is a Tool-using Animal,’ concludes Teufelsdröckh in his abrupt way, ‘of which truth Clothes are but one example—and surely if we consider the interval between the first wooden Dibble fashioned by man, and those Liverpool Steam-carriages, or the British House of Commons, we shall note what progress he has made. He digs up certain black stones from the bosom of the earth, and says to them, *Transport me and this luggage at the rate of five-and-thirty miles an hour*, and they do it—he collects, apparently by lot, six-hundred and fifty-eight miscellaneous individuals, and says to them, *Make this nation toil for us, bleed for us, hunger and sorrow and sin for us*, and they do it’—*Santor Resartus*

THE TOIL-WORN CRAFTSMAN AND THE INSPIRED THINKER

Two men I honour, and no third First, the toil-worn Craftsman that with earth-made Implement labouriously conquers the Earth, and makes her man's Venerable to me is the hard Hand, crooked, coarse, wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the Sceptre of this Planet Venerable too is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence, for it is the face of a Man living manlike O, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly-entreated Brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed thou wert our Conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so maimed For in thee too lay a god-created Form, but it was not to be unfolded encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of Labour and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom Yet toil on, toil on *thou art in thy duty*, be out of it who may, thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread

A second man I honour, and still more highly Him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable, not daily bread, but the bread of Life Is not he too in his duty, endeavouring towards inward Harmony, revealing this, by act or by word, through all his outward endeavours, be they high or low? Highest of all, when his outward and his inward endeavour are one, when we can

name him Artist, not earthly Craftsman only, but inspired Thinker, who with heaven-made implement conquers Heaven for us ! If the poor and humble toil that we have Food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he have Light, have Guidance, Freedom, Immortality ? — These two, in all their degrees, I honour all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth

Unspeakably touching is it, however, when I find both dignities united, and he that must toil outwardly for the lowest of man's wants, is also toiling inwardly for the highest Sublimer in this world know I nothing than a Peasant Saint, could such now anywhere be met with Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself, thou wilt see the splendour of Heaven spring forth from the humblest depths of Earth, like a light shining in great darkness — *Sartor Resartus*

DR JOHNSON

As for Johnson, I have always considered him to be, by nature, one of our great English souls A strong and noble man, so much left undeveloped in him to the last in a kindlier element what might he not have been,—Poet, Priest, sovereign Ruler ! On the whole, a man must not complain of his 'element,' of his 'time,' or the like, he is thriftless work doing so His time is bad well then, he is there to make it better !—Johnson's youth was poor, isolated, hopeless, very miserable Indeed, it does not seem possible that, in any the favourable outward circumstances, Johnson's life could have been other than a painful one The world

might have had more of profitable *work* out of him, or less, but his *effort* against the world's work could never have been a light one. Nature, in return for his nobleness, had said to him, Live in an element of diseased sorrow. Nay, perhaps the sorrow and the nobleness were intimately and even inseparably connected with each other. At all events, poor Johnson had to go about girt with continual hypochondria, physical and spiritual pain. Like a Hercules with the burning Nessus'-shirt on him, which shoots-in on him dull incurable misery the Nessus'-shirt not to be stript-off, which is his own natural skin! In this manner *he* had to live. Figure him there, with his scrofulous diseases, with his great greedy heart, and unspeakable chaos of thoughts, stalking mournful as a stranger in this Earth, eagerly devouring what spiritual thing he could come at school-languages and other merely grammatical stuff, if there were nothing better! The largest soul that was in all England, and provision made for it of 'fourpence-halfpenny a day'. Yet a giant invincible soul, a true man's. One remembers always that story of the shoes at Oxford the rough, seamy-faced, raw-boned College Servitor stalking about, in winter-season, with his shoes worn-out, how the charitable Gentleman Commoner secretly places a new pair at his door, and the raw-boned Servitor, lifting them, looking at them near, with his dim eyes, with what thoughts,—pitches them out of window! Wet feet, mud, frost, hunger or what you will, but not beggary we cannot stand beggary! Rude stubborn self-help here, a whole world of squalor, rudeness, confused misery and want, yet of nobleness and manfulness withal. It

is a type of the man's life, this pitching-away of the shoes. An original man,—not a secondhand, borrowing or begging man. Let us stand on our own basis, at any rate! On such shoes as we ourselves can get. On frost and mud, if you will, but honestly on that,—on the reality and substance which Nature gives us, not on the semblance, on the thing she has given another than us!—

And yet with all this rugged pride of manhood and self-help, was there ever soul more tenderly affectionate, loyally submissive to what was really higher than he? Great souls are always loyally submissive, reverent to what is over them, only small mean souls are otherwise. I could not find a better proof of what I said the other day, That the sincere man was by nature the obedient man, that only in a World of Heroes was there loyal Obedience to the Heroic. The essence of *originality* is not that it be *new*. Johnson believed altogether in the old, he found the old opinions credible for him, fit for him, and in a right heroic manner lived under them. He is well worth study in regard to that. For we are to say that Johnson was far other than a mere man of words and formulas, he was a man of truths and facts. He stood by the old formulas, the happier was it for him that he could so stand. but in all formulas that *he* could stand by, there needed to be a most genuine substance. Very curious how, in that poor Paperage, so barren, artificial, thick-quilted with Pedantries, Hearsays, the great Fact of this Universe glared in, forever wonderful, indubitable, unspeakable, divine-infernal, upon this man too! How he harmonized his Formulas with it, how he managed at all under such circumstances that

is a thing worth seeing A thing 'to be looked at with reverence, with pity, with awe' That Church of St Clement Danes, where Johnson still *worshipped* in the era of Voltaire, is to me a venerable place

It was in virtue of his *sincerity*, of his speaking still in some sort from the heart of Nature, though in the current artificial dialect, that Johnson was a Prophet Are not all dialects 'artificial'? Artificial things are not all false,—nay every true Product of Nature will infallibly *shape* itself, we may say all artificial things are, at the starting of them, *true* What we call 'Formulas' are not in their origin bad, they are indispensably good Formula is *method*, habitude, found wherever man is found Formulas fashion themselves as Paths do, as beaten Highways, leading towards some sacred or high object, whither many men are bent Consider it One man, full of heartfelt earnest impulse, finds-out a way of doing somewhat,—were it of uttering his soul's reverence for the Highest, were it but of fitly saluting his fellow-man An inventor was needed to do that, a *poet*, he has articulated the dim-struggling thought that dwelt in his own and many hearts This is his way of doing that, these are his footsteps, the beginning of a 'Path' And now see the second man travels naturally in the footsteps of his foregoer, it is the *easiest* method In the footsteps of his foregoer, yet with improvements, with changes where such seem good, at all events with enlargements, the Path ever *widening* itself as more travel it,—till at last there is a broad Highway whereon the whole world may travel and drive While there remains a City or Shrine, or any Reality

to drive to, at the farther end, the Highway shall be right welcome ! When the City is gone, we will forsake the Highway In this manner all Institutions, Practices, Regulated Things in the world have come into existence, and gone out of existence Formulas all begin by being *full* of substance, you may call them the *skin*, the articulation into shape, into limbs and skin, of a substance that is already there *they* had not been there otherwise Idols as we said, are not idolatrous till they become doubtful, empty for the worshipper's heart Much as we talk against Formulas, I hope no one of us is ignorant withal of the high significance of *true* Formulas, that they were, and will ever be, the indispensablest furniture of our habitation in this world —

Mark, too, how little Johnson boasts of his 'sincerity' He has no suspicion of his being particularly sincere,—of his being particularly anything ! A hard-struggling, weary-hearted man, or 'scholar' as he calls himself, trying hard to get some honest livelihood in the world, not to starve, but to live—without stealing ! A noble unconsciousness is in him He does not 'engrave *Truth* on his watch-seal,' no, but he stands by truth, speaks by it, works and lives by it Thus it ever is Think of it once more The man whom Nature has appointed to do great things is, first of all, furnished with that openness to Nature which renders him incapable of being *insincere* ! To his large, open, deep-feeling heart Nature is a Fact all hearsay is hearsay, the unspeakable greatness of this Mystery of Life, let him acknowledge it or not, nay even though he seem to forget it or deny it, is ever present to *him*,—fearful and wonderful,

on this hand and on that He has a basis of sincerity, unrecognized, because never questioned or capable of question. Minabeau, Mahomet, Cromwell, Napoleon all the Great Men I ever heard-of have this as the primary material of them. Innumerable commonplace men are debating, are talking everywhere their commonplace doctrines, which they have learned by logic, by rote, at secondhand to that kind of man all this is still nothing. He must have truth truth which *he* feels to be true. How shall he stand otherwise? His whole soul, at all moments in all ways, tells him that there is no standing. He is under the noble necessity of being true. Johnson's way of thinking about this world is not mine any more than Mahomet's was but I recognize the everlasting element of heart-sincerity in both, and see with pleasure how neither of them remains ineffectual. Neither of them is as *chaff* sown, in both of them is something which the seed-field will *grow*.

Johnson was a Prophet to his people, preached a Gospel to them,—as all like him always do. The highest Gospel he preached we may describe as a kind of Moral Prudence 'in a world where much is to be done, and little is to be known,' see how you will *do it*! A thing well worth preaching 'A world where much is to be done, and little is to be known' do not sink yourselves in boundless bottomless abysses of Doubt, of wretched god-forgetting Unbelief,—you were miserable then, powerless, mad how could you *do* or work at all? Such Gospel Johnson preached and taught,—coupled, theoretically and practically, with this other great Gospel, 'Clear your mind of Cant!'

Have no trade with Cant stand on the cold mud in the frosty weather, but let it be in your own *real* torn shoes 'that will be better for you,' as Mahomet says ! I call this, I call these two things *joined together*, a great Gospel the greatest perhaps that was possible at that time

Johnson's Writings, which once had such currency and celebrity are now, as it were, disowned by the young generation It is not wonderful, Johnson's opinions are fast becoming obsolete but his style of thinking and of living, we may hope, will never become obsolete I find in Johnson's Books the indisputable traces of a great intellect and great heart,—ever welcome, under what obstructions and perversions soever They are *sincere* words, those of his, he means things by them A wondrous buckram style,—the best he could get to then, a measured grandiloquence, stepping or rather stalking along in a very solemn way, grown obsolete now, sometimes a tumid *size* of phraseology not in proportion to the contents of it all this you will put-up with For the phraseology, tumid or not, has always *something within it* So many beautiful styles and books, with *nothing* in them,—a man is a malefactor to the world who writes such ! *They* are the avoidable kind !—Had Johnson left nothing but his *Dictionary*, one might have traced there a great intellect, a genuine man Looking to its clearness of definition, its general solidity, honesty, insight and successful method, it may be called the best of all Dictionaries There is in it a kind of architectural nobleness, it stands there like a great solid square-built edifice, finished, symmetrically complete you judge that a true Builder did it

One word, in spite of our haste, must be granted to poor Boszy. He passes for a mean, inflated, gluttonous creature, and was so in many senses. Yet the fact of his reverence for Johnson will ever remain noteworthy. The foolish conceited Scotch Laird, the most conceited man of his time, approaching in such awestruck attitude the great dusty nascent Pedagogue in his mean garret there it is a genuine reverence for Excellence, a *worship* for Heroes, at a time when neither Heroes nor worship were surmised to exist. Heroes, it would seem, exist always, and a certain worship of them! We will also take the liberty to deny altogether that of the witty Frenchman, that no man is a Hero to his valet-de-chambre. Or if so, it is not the Hero's blame, but the Valet's, that his soul, namely, is a mean *valet-soul*! He expects his Hero to advance in royal stage-trappings, with measured step, trains borne behind him, trumpets sounding before him. It should stand rather, No man can be a *Grand-Monarque* to his valet-de-chambre. Strip your Louis Quatorze of his king-gear, and there is left nothing but a poor forked radish with a head fantastically carved,—admirable to no valet. The Valet does not know a Hero when he sees him! Alas, no—it requires a kind of *Hero* to do that,—and one of the world's wants, in *this* as in other senses, is for most part want of such.

On the whole, shall we not say, that Boswell's admiration was well bestowed, that he could have found no soul in all England so worthy of bending down before? Shall we not say, of this great mournful Johnson too, that he guided his difficult confused existence wisely, led it *well*, like a right-

valiant man ? That waste chaos of Authorship by trade , that waste chaos of Scepticism in religion and politics, in life-theory and life-practice , in his poverty, in his dust and dimness, with the sick body and the rusty coat he made it do for him, like a brave man Not wholly without a lodestar in the Eternal , he had still a lodestar, as the brave all need to have with his eye set on that, he would change his course for nothing in these confused vortices of the lower sea of Time ' To the Spirit of Lies, bearing death and hunger, he would in no wise strike his flag ' Brave old Samuel *ultimus Romanorum* !—On Heroes

BATTLE OF DUNBAR

THE base of Oliver's ' Dunbar Peninsula ', as we have called it (or Dunbar Pinfold where he is now hemmed in, upon 'an entanglement very difficult'), extends from Belhaven Bay on his right, to Brocks-mouth House on his left , ' about a mile and a half from sea to sea ' Brocks-mouth House, the Earl (now Duke) of Roxburgh's mansion, which still stands there, his soldiers now occupy as their extreme post on the left As its name indicates, it is the *mouth* or issue of a small Rivulet, or *Burn*, called *Brock*, *Brocksburn* , which, springing from the Lammermoor, and skirting David Lesley's Doon Hill, finds its egress here into the sea The reader who would form an image to himself of the great Tuesday, September 3, 1650, at Dunbar, must note well this little *Burn* It runs in a deep grassy glen, which the South-country Officers in those old Pamphlets describe as a ' deep ditch, forty feet in depth, and about as many in

width'—ditch dug-out by the little Brook itself, and carpeted with greensward, in the course of long thousands of years. It runs pretty close by the foot of Doon Hill, forms, from this point to the sea, the boundary of Oliver's position. His force is arranged in battle-order along the left bank of this Brocksburn, and its grassy glen, he is busied all Monday, he and his Officers, in ranking them there. 'Before sunrise on Monday' Lesley sent down his horse from the Hill-top, to occupy the other side of this Brook, 'about four in the afternoon' his train came down, his whole Army gradually came down, and they now are ranking themselves on the opposite side of Brocksburn,—on rather narrow ground, cornfields, but swiftly sloping upwards to the steep of Doon Hill. This goes on, in the wild showers and winds of Monday, September 2, 1650, on both sides of the Rivulet of Brock. Whoever will begin the attack, must get across this Brook and its glen first, a thing of much disadvantage.

Behind Oliver's ranks, between him and Dunbar, stand his tents, sprinkled up and down, by battalions, over the face of this Peninsula, which is a low though very uneven tract of ground, now in our time all yellow with wheat and barley in the autumn season, but at that date only partially sowed,—describable by Yorkshire Hodgson as a place of plashes and rough bent-grass, terribly beaten by showery winds that day, so that your tent will hardly stand. There was then but one Farm-house on this tract, where now are not a few. Thither were Oliver's Cannon sent this morning, they had at first been lodged 'in the Church', an edifice standing then as now somewhat apart, 'at

the south end of Dunbar' We have notice of only one other 'small house', belike some poor shepherd's homestead, in Oliver's tract of ground it stands close by the Brock Rivulet itself, and in the bottom of the little glen, at a place where the banks of it flatten themselves out into a slope passable for carts this of course, as the one 'pass' in that quarter, it is highly important to seize Pride and Lambert lodged 'six horse and fifteen foot' in this poor hut early in the morning Lesley's horse came across, and drove them out, killing some and 'taking three prisoners',—and so got possession of this pass and hut, but did not keep it Among the three prisoners was one musketeer, 'a very stout man, though he has but a wooden arm,' and some iron hook at the end of it, poor fellow He 'fired thrice', not without effect, with his wooden arm, and was not taken without difficulty a handfast stubborn man, they carried him across to General Lesley to give some account of himself In several of the old Pamphlets, which agree in all the details of it, this is what we read

'General *David* Lesley (old Leven' the other Lesley, 'being in the Castle of Edinburgh, as they relate),¹ asked this man, If the Enemy did intend to fight? He replied, "What do you think we come here for? We come for nothing else!"—"Soldier," says Lesley, "how will you fight, when you have shipped half of your men, and all your great guns?" The Soldier replied, "Sir, if you please to draw down your men, you shall find both

¹ Old Leven is *here*, if the Pamphlet knew, but only as a volunteer and without command, though nominally still General-in-Chief

men and great guns too ! ” — A most dogged hand-fast man, this with the wooden arm, and iron hook on it ! ‘ One of the Officers asked, How he durst answer the General so saucily ? He said, “ I only answer the question put to me ! ” ’ Lesley sent him across, free again, by a trumpet he made his way to Cromwell, reported what had passed, and added doggedly, He for one had lost twenty shillings by the business,—plundered from him in this action ‘ The Lord General gave him there-upon two pieces,’ which I think are forty shillings, and sent him away rejoicing — This is the adventure at the ‘ pass ’ by the shepherd’s hut in the bottom of the glen, close by the Brocksburn itself

And now farther, on the great scale, we are to remark very specially that there is just one other ‘ pass ’ across the Brocksburn, and this is precisely where the London road now crosses it, about a mile east from the former pass, and perhaps two gunshots west from Brocksmouth House There the great road then as now crosses the Burn of Brock, the steep grassy glen, or ‘ broad ditch forty feet deep ’, flattening itself out here once more into a passable slope passable, but still steep on the southern or Lesley side, still mounting up there, with considerable acclivity, into a high table-ground, out of which the Doon Hill, as outskirt of the Lammermoor, a short mile to your right, gradually gathers itself There, at this ‘ pass ’, on and about the present London road, as you discover after long dreary dim examining, took place the brunt or essential agony of the Battle of Dunbar long ago Read in the extinct old Pamphlets, and ever again obstinately read, till some light rise in them, look even with un-

military eyes at the ground as it now is, you do at last obtain small glimmerings of distinct features here and there,—which gradually coalesce into a kind of image for you, and some spectrum of the Fact becomes visible, rises veritable, face to face, on you, grim and sad in the depths of the old dead Time. Yes, my travelling friends, vehiculating in gigs or otherwise over that piece of London road, you may say to yourselves, Here without monument is the grave of a valiant thing which was done under the Sun, the footprint of a Hero, not yet quite undistinguishable, is here !—

‘The Lord General about four o’clock,’ say the old Pamphlets, ‘went into the Town to take some refreshment,’ a hasty late dinner, or early supper, whichever we may call it, ‘and very soon returned back,’—having written Sir Arthur’s Letter, I think, in the interim. Coursing about the field, with enough of things to order, walking at last with Lambert in the Park or Garden of Brocksmouth House, he discerns that Lesley is astir on the Hill-side, altering his position somewhat. That Lesley, in fact is coming wholly down to the basis of the Hill, where his horse had been since sunrise coming wholly down to the edge of the Brook and glen, among the sloping harvest-fields there, and also is bringing up his left wing of horse, most part of it, towards his right, edging himself, ‘shogging,’ as Oliver calls it, his whole line more and more to the right! His meaning is, to get hold of Brocksmouth House and the pass of the Brook there, after which it will be free to him to attack us when he will!—Lesley, in fact, considers, or at least the Committee of Estates and Kirk consider, that Oliver is lost, that, on the whole,

he must not be left to retreat, but must be attacked and annihilated here. A vague story, due to Bishop Burnet, the watery source of many such, still circulates about the world, That it was the Kirk Committee who forced Lesley down against his will, that Oliver, at sight of it, exclaimed, 'The Lord hath delivered' &c. which nobody is in the least bound to believe. It appears, from other quarters, that Lesley *was* advised or sanctioned in this attempt by the Committee of Estates and Kirk, but also that he was by no means hard to advise, that, in fact, lying on the top of Doon Hill, shelterless in such weather, was no operation to spin-out beyond necessity,—and that if anybody pressed too much upon him with advice to come down and fight, it was likeliest to be Royalist Civil Dignitaries, who had plagued him with their cavillings at his cunctations, at his 'secret fellow-feeling for the Sectarians and Regicides', ever since this War began. The poor Scotch Clergy have enough of their own to answer for in this business, let every back bear the burden that belongs to it. In a word, Lesley descends, has been descending all day, and 'shogs' himself to the right,—urged, I believe, by manifold counsel, and by the nature of the case, and, what is equally important for us, Oliver sees him, and sees through him, in this movement of his.

At sight of this movement, Oliver suggests to Lambert standing by him, Does it not give *us* an advantage, if we, instead of him, like to begin the attack? Here is the Enemy's right wing coming out to the open space, free to be attacked on any side, and the main-battle hampered in narrow sloping ground between Doon Hill and the Brook,

has no room to manœuvre or assist beat this right wing where it now stands, take it in flank and front with an overpowering force,—it is driven upon its own main-battle, the whole Army is beaten? Lambert eagerly assents 'had meant to say the same thing' Monk, who comes up at the moment, likewise assents, as the other Officers do, when the case is set before them It is the plan resolved upon for battle The attack shall begin to-morrow before dawn

And so the soldiers stand to their arms, or lie within instant reach of their arms, all night, being upon an engagement very difficult indeed The night is wild and wet,—September 2 means 12 by our calendar the Harvest Moon wades deep among clouds of sleet and hail Whoever has a heart for prayer, let him pray now, for the wrestle of death is at hand Pray,—and withal keep his powder dry! And be ready for extremities, and quit himself like a man!—Thus they pass the night, making that Dunbar Peninsula and Brock Rivulet long memorable to me We English have some tents, the Scots have none The hoarse sea moans bodeful, swinging low and heavy against these whinstone bays, the sea and the tempests are abroad, all else asleep but we,—and there is One that rides on the wings of the wind

Towards three in the morning the Scotch foot, by order of a Major-General say some, extinguish their matches, all but two in a company, cower under the corn-shocks, seeking some imperfect shelter and sleep Be wakeful, ye English, watch, and pray, and keep your powder dry About four o'clock comes order to my puddingheaded Yorkshire friend, that his regiment must mount and

maich straightway, his and various other regiments maich, pouring swiftly to the left to Blockmouth House, to the Pass over the Brock With overpowering force let us storm the Scots right wing there, beat that, and all is beaten Major Hodgson riding along, heard, he says, 'a Cornet praying in the night,' a company of poor men, I think, making worship there, under the void Heaven, before battle joined Major Hodgson, giving his charge to a brother Officer, turned aside to listen for a minute, and worship and pray along with them, haply his last prayer on this Earth, as it might prove to be But no this Cornet prayed with such effusion as was wonderful, and imparted strength to my Yorkshire friend who strengthened his men by telling them of it And the Heavens, in their mercy, I think, have opened us a way of deliverance!—The Moon gleams out, hard and blue, riding among hail-clouds, and over St Abb's Head a streak of dawn is rising

And now is the hour when the attack should be, and no Lambert is yet here, he is ordering the line far to the right yet, and Oliver occasionally, in Hodgson's hearing, is impatient for him The Scots too, on this wing, are awake, thinking to surprise us, there is their trumpet sounding, we heard it once, and Lambert, who was to lead the attack, is not here The Lord General is impatient,—behold Lambert at last! The trumpets peal, shattering with fierce clangour Night's silence, the cannons awaken along all the Line 'The Lord of Hosts! The Lord of Hosts!' On, my brave ones, on!—

The dispute 'on this right wing was hot and stiff, for three quarters of an hour' Plenty of fire,

from fieldpieces, snaphances, matchlocks, entertains the Scotch main-battle across the Brock,—poor stiffened men, roused from the coin-shocks with their matches all out! But here on the right, their horse, ‘with lancers in the front rank,’ charge desperately, drive us back across the hollow of the Rivulet,—back a little, but the Lord gives us courage, and we storm home again, horse and foot, upon them, with a shock like tornado tempests, break them, beat them, drive them all adrift ‘Some fled towards Copperspath, but most across their own foot’ Then own poor foot, whose matches were hardly well alight yet! Poor men, it was a terrible awakening for them fieldpieces and charge of foot across the Brocksburn, and now here is their own horse in mad panic trampling them to death Above Three-thousand killed upon the place ‘I never saw such a charge of foot and horse,’ says one, nor did I Oliver was still near to Yorkshue Hodgson when the shock succeeded, Hodgson heard him say, ‘They run! I profess they run!’ And over St Abb’s Head and the German Ocean, just then, bursts the first gleam of the level Sun upon us, ‘and I heard Nol say, in the words of the Psalmist, “Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered,”’—or in Rous’s metre,

Let God arise, and scattered
 Let all his enemies be,
 And let all those that do him hate
 Before his presence flee!

Even so The Scotch Army is shivered to utter ruin, rushes in tumultuous wreck, hither, thither, to Belhaven, or in their distraction, even to Dunbar, the chase goes as far as Haddington, led

by Hacker 'The Lord General made a halt,' says Hodgson, 'and sang the Hundred-and-seventeenth Psalm,' till our horse could gather for the chase Hundred-and-seventeenth Psalm, at the foot of the Doon Hill, there we uplift it, to the tune of Bangor, or some still higher score, and toll it strong and great against the sky

O give ye praise unto the Lord,
All nations that be,
Likewise ye people all, accord
His name to magnify !

For great to-us-ward ever are
His lovingkindnesses,
His truth endures forevermore
The Lord O do ye bless !

And now, to the chase again

The Prisoners are Ten-thousand,—all the foot in a mass Many Dignitaries are taken, not a few are slain, of whom see Printed Lists,—full of blunders Provost Jaffray of Aberdeen, Member of the Scots Parliament, one of the Committee of Estates, was very nearly slain a trooper's sword was in the air to sever him, but one cried, He is a man of consequence, he can ransom himself!—and the trooper kept him prisoner The first of the Scots Quakers, by and by, and an official person much reconciled to Oliver Ministers also of the Kirk Committee were slain, two Ministers I find taken, poor Carstairs of Glasgow, poor Waugh of some other place,—of whom we shall transiently hear again

General David Lesley, vigorous for flight as for other things, got to Edinburgh by nine o'clock, poor old Leven, not so light of movement, did not get till two Tragical enough What a change

since January 1644, when we marched out of this same Dunbar up to the knees in snow ! It was to help and save these very men that we then marched , with the Covenant in all our hearts We have stood by the letter of the Covenant , fought for our Covenanted Stuart King as we could ,—they again, they stand by the substance of it, and have trampled us and the letter of it into this ruinous state !—Yes, my poor friends ,—and now be wise, be taught ! The letter of your Covenant, in fact, will never rally again in this world The spirit and substance of it, please God, will never die in this or in any world !

Such is Dunbar Battle , which might also be called Dunbar Drove, for it was a flightful rout Brought on by miscalculation , misunderstanding of the difference between substances and semblances ,—by mismanagement, and the chance of war —*Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell*

BATTLE OF WORCESTER

THE Battle of Worcester was fought on the evening of Wednesday, September 3, 1651 , anniversary of that at Dunbar last year It could well have but one issue , defeat for the Scots and their Cause ,—either swift and complete , or else incomplete, ending in slow sieges, partial revolts, and much new misery and blood The swift issue was the one appointed , and complete enough , severing the neck of the Controversy now at last, as with one effectual stroke, no need to strike a second time

The Battle was fought on both sides of the Severn , part of Cromwell's forces having crossed

to the Western bank, by Upton Bridge, some miles below Worcester, the night before. About a week ago, Massey understood himself to have ruined this Bridge at Upton, but Lambert's men 'straddled across by the parapet,'—a dangerous kind of *saddle* for such riding, I think!—and hastily repaired it, hastily got hold of Upton Church, and maintained themselves there, driving Massey back with a bad wound in the hand. This was on Thursday night last, the very night of the Lord General's arrival in those parts, and they have held this post ever since. Fleetwood crosses here with a good part of Cromwell's Army, on the evening of Tuesday September 2, shall, on the morrow, attack the Scotch posts on the Southwest, about the Suburb of St John's, across the River, while Cromwell, in person, on this side, plies them from the Southeast. St John's Suburb lies at some distance from Worcester, west, or southwest as we say, on the Herefordshire Road, and connects itself with the City by Severn Bridge. Southeast of the City, again, near the then and present London Road, is 'Fort Royal', an entrenchment of the Scots. On this side Cromwell is to attempt the Enemy, and second Fleetwood, as occasion may serve. Worcester City itself is on Cromwell's side of the River, stands high, surmounted by its high Cathedral, close on the left or eastern margin of the Severn, surrounded by fruitful fields, and hedges unfit for cavalry-fighting. This is the posture of affairs on the eve of Wednesday, September 3, 1651.

But now, for Wednesday itself, we are to remark that between Fleetwood at Upton, and the Enemy's outposts at St John's on the west side of Severn,

there runs still a River Teme, a western tributary of the Severn, into which it falls about a mile below the City. This River Teme Fleetwood hopes to cross, if not by the Bridge at Powick which the Enemy possesses, then by a Bridge of Boats which he is himself to prepare lower down, close by the mouth of Teme. At this point also, or 'within pistol-shot of it,' there is to be a Bridge of Boats laid across the Severn itself, that so both ends of the Army may communicate. Boats, boatmen, carpenters, aquatic and terrestrial artificers and implements, in great abundance, contributed by the neighbouring Towns, lie ready on the River, about Upton, for this service. Does the reader now understand the ground a little?

Fleetwood, at Upton, was astir with the dawn September 3. But it was towards 'three in the afternoon' before the boatmen were got up, must have been towards five before those Bridges were got built, and Fleetwood set fairly across the Teme to begin business. The King of Scots and his Council of War, 'on the top of the Cathedral' have been anxiously viewing him all afternoon, have seen him build his Bridges of Boats, see him now in great force got across Teme River, attacking the Scotch on the South, fighting them from hedge to hedge towards the Suburb of St John's. In great force for new regiments, horse and foot, now stream across the Severn Bridge of Boats to assist Fleetwood, nay, if the Scots knew it, my Lord General himself is come across, 'did lead the van in person, and was the first that set foot on the Enemy's ground'—The Scots, obstinately struggling, are gradually beaten there, driven from hedge to hedge. But the King of Scots

and his War-Council decide that most part of Cromwell's Army must now be over in that quarter, on the West side of the River, engaged among the hedges,—decide that they, for their part, will storm out, and offer him battle on their own East side, now while he is weak there. The Council of War comes down from the top of the Cathedral, then trumpets sound. Cromwell also is soon back, across the Severn Bridge of Boats again, and the deadliest tug of war begins.

Fort Royal is still known at Worcester, and Sudbury Gate at the southeast end of the City is known, and those other localities here specified, after much study of which and of the old dead Pamphlets, this Battle will at last become conceivable. Besides Cromwell's Two Letters, there are plentiful details, questionable and unquestionable, in *Bates* and elsewhere, as indicated below. The fighting of the Scots was fierce and desperate. 'My Lord General did exceedingly hazard himself, riding up and down in the midst of the fire, riding, himself in person, to the Enemy's foot to offer them quarter, whereto they returned no answer but shot.' The small Scotch Army, begirdled with overpowering force, and cut off from help or reasonable hope, storms forth in fiery pulses, horse and foot, charges now on this side of the River, now on that,—can on no side prevail. Cromwell recoils a little, but only to rally, and return irresistible. The small Scotch Army is, on every side, driven in again. Its fiery pulsings are but the struggles of death—agonies as of a lion coiled in the folds of a boa!

'As stiff a contest, for four or five hours, as ever I have seen.' But it avails not. Through Sudbury

Gate, on Cromwell's side, through St John's Suburb, and over Severn Bridge on Fleetwood's, the Scots are driven-in again to Worcester Streets, desperately struggling and recoiling, are driven through Worcester Streets, to the North end of the City,—and terminate there. A distracted mass of ruin—the foot all killed or taken, the horse all scattered on flight, and their place of refuge very far! His sacred Majesty escaped, by royal oaks and other miraculous appliances well known to mankind—but Fourteen-thousand other men, sacred too after a sort though not majesties, did not escape. One could weep at such a death for brave men in such a Cause!—*Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell*

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT

1796–1859

THE INCA'S VISIT TO PIZARRO

His original purpose of coming with all his force was doubtless to display his royal state, and perhaps, also, to show greater respect for the Spaniards, but when he consented to accept their hospitality, and pass the night in their quarters, he was willing to dispense with a great part of his armed soldiery, and visit them in a manner that implied entire confidence in their good faith. He was too absolute in his own empire easily to suspect, and he probably could not comprehend the audacity with which a few men, like those now assembled in Caxamalca, meditated an assault on a powerful

monarch in the midst of his victorious army. He did not know the character of the Spaniard.

It was not long before sunset, when the van of the royal procession entered the gates of the city. First came some hundreds of the menials, employed to clear the path from every obstacle, and singing songs of triumph as they came, 'which, in our ears,' says one of the Conquerors, 'sounded like the songs of hell!' Then followed other bodies of different ranks, and dressed in different liveries. Some wore a showy stuff, checkered white and red, like the squares of a chess-board. Others were clad in pure white, bearing hammers or maces of silver or copper, and the guards, together with those in immediate attendance on the prince, were distinguished by a rich azure livery, and a profusion of gay ornaments, while the large pendants attached to the ears indicated the Peruvian noble.

Elevated high above his vassals came the Inca Atahualpa, borne on a sedan or open litter, on which was a sort of throne made of massive gold of inestimable value. The palanquin was lined with the richly-coloured plumes of tropical birds, and studded with shining plates of gold and silver. The monarch's attire was much richer than on the preceding evening. Round his neck was suspended a collar of emeralds of uncommon size and brilliancy. His short hair was decorated with golden ornaments, and the imperial *borla* encircled his temples. The bearing of the Inca was sedate and dignified, and from his lofty station he looked down on the multitudes below with an air of composure, like one accustomed to command.

As the leading files of the procession entered the great square, larger, says an old chronicler, than

any square in Spain, they opened to the right and left for the royal retinue to pass. Everything was conducted with admirable order. The monarch was permitted to traverse the *plaza* in silence, and not a Spaniard was to be seen. When some five or six thousand of his people had entered the place, Atahualpa halted, and, turning round with an inquiring look, demanded, 'Where are the strangers?'

At this moment Fray Vicente de Valverde, a Dominican friar, Pizarro's chaplain, and afterwards Bishop of Cuzco, came forward with his breviary, or as other accounts say, a Bible, in one hand, and a crucifix in the other, and, approaching the Inca, told him, that he came by order of his commander to expound to him the doctrines of the true faith, for which purpose the Spaniards had come from a great distance to his country. The friar then explained, as clearly as he could, the mysterious doctrine of the Trinity, and, ascending high in his account, began with the creation of man, thence passed to his fall, to his subsequent redemption by Jesus Christ, to the crucifixion, and the ascension, when the Saviour left the Apostle Peter as his Vicegerent upon earth. This power had been transmitted to the successors of the Apostle, good and wise men, who, under the title of Popes, held authority over all powers and potentates on earth. One of the last of these Popes had commissioned the Spanish emperor, the most mighty monarch in the world, to conquer and convert the natives in this western hemisphere, and his general, Francisco Pizarro, had now come to execute this important mission. The friar concluded with beseeching the Peruvian monarch to

receive him kindly, to abjure the errors of his own faith, and embrace that of the Christians now proffered to him, the only one by which he could hope for salvation, and, furthermore, to acknowledge himself a tributary of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who, in that event, would aid and protect him as his loyal vassal.

Whether Atahualpa possessed himself of every link in the curious chain of argument by which the monk connected Pizarro with St. Peter, may be doubted. It is certain, however, that he must have had very incorrect notions of the Trinity, if, as Garcilasso states, the interpreter Felipillo explained it by saying, that 'the Christians believed in three Gods and one God, and that made four.' But there is no doubt he perfectly comprehended that the drift of the discourse was to persuade him to resign his sceptre and acknowledge the supremacy of another.

The eyes of the Indian monarch flashed fire, and his dark brow grew darker as he replied,—'I will be no man's tributary. I am greater than any prince upon earth. Your emperor may be a great prince, I do not doubt it, when I see that he has sent his subjects so far across the waters, and I am willing to hold him as a brother. As for the Pope of whom you speak he must be crazy to talk of giving away countries which do not belong to him. For my faith,' he continued, 'I will not change it. Your own God, as you say, was put to death by the very men whom he created. But mine,' he concluded, pointing to his Deity,—then alas! sinking in glory behind the mountains,—'my God still lives in the heavens, and looks down on his children.'

He then demanded of Valverde by what authority he had said these things. The friar pointed to the book which he held as his authority. Atahualpa, taking it, turned over the pages a moment, then, as the insult he had received probably flashed across his mind, he threw it down with vehemence, and exclaimed, 'Tell your comrades that they shall give me an account of their doings in my land. I will not go from here till they have made me full satisfaction for all the wrongs they have committed.'

The friar, greatly scandalized by the indignity offered to the sacred volume, stayed only to pick it up, and, hastening to Pizarro, informed him of what had been done, exclaiming at the same time, — 'Do you not see, that, while we stand here wasting our breath in talking with this dog, full of pride as he is, the fields are filling with Indians? Set on, at once! I absolve you.' Pizarro saw that the hour had come. He waved a white scarf in the air, the appointed signal. The fatal gun was fired from the fortress. Then, springing into the square, the Spanish captain and his followers shouted the old war-cry of 'St Jago and at them!' It was answered by the battle-cry of every Spaniard in the city, as, rushing from the avenues of the great halls in which they were concealed, they poured into the *plaza*, horse and foot, each in his own dark column, and threw themselves into the midst of the Indian crowd. The latter, taken by surprise, stunned by the report of artillery and muskets, the echoes of which reverberated like thunder from the surrounding buildings, and blinded by the smoke which rolled in sulphurous volumes along the square, were seized with a panic. They knew

not whither to fly for refuge from the coming ruin. Nobles and commoners—all were trampled down under the fierce charge of the cavalry, who dealt their blows, right and left, without sparing, while their swords, flashing through the thick gloom, carried dismay into the hearts of the wretched natives, who now, for the first time, saw the horse and his rider in all their terrors. They made no resistance,—as, indeed, they had no weapons with which to make it. Every avenue to escape was closed, for the entrance to the square was choked up with the dead bodies of men who had perished in vain efforts to fly, and, such was the agony of the survivors under the terrible pressure of their assailants, that a large body of Indians, by their convulsive struggles, burst through the wall of stone and dried clay which formed part of the boundary of the *plaza*! It fell, leaving an opening of more than a hundred paces, through which multitudes now found their way into the country, still hotly pursued by the cavalry, who, leaping the fallen rubbish, hung on the rear of the fugitives, striking them down in all directions.

Meanwhile the fight, or rather massacre, continued hot around the Inca, whose person was the great object of the assault. His faithful nobles, rallying about him, threw themselves in the way of the assailants, and strove, by tearing them from their saddles, or, at least, by offering their own bosoms as a mark for their vengeance, to shield their beloved master. It is said by some authorities, that they carried weapons concealed under their clothes. If so, it availed them little, as it is not pretended that they used them. But the most timid animal will defend itself when at bay

That they did not so in the present instance is proof that they had no weapons to use. Yet they still continued to force back the cavaliers, clinging to their horses with dying grasp, and, as one was cut down, another taking the place of his fallen comrade with a loyalty truly affecting.

The Indian monarch, stunned and bewildered saw his faithful subjects falling round him without fully comprehending his situation. The litter on which he rode heaved to and fro, as the mighty press swayed backwards and forwards, and he gazed on the overwhelming ruin, like some forlorn mariner, who, tossed about in his bark by the furious elements, sees the lightning's flash and hears the thunder bursting around him, with the consciousness that he can do nothing to avert his fate. At length, weary with the work of destruction, the Spaniards, as the shades of evening grew deeper, felt afraid that the royal prize might, after all, elude them, and some of the cavaliers made a desperate attempt to end the affray at once by taking Atahualpa's life. But Pizarro, who was nearest his person, called out with Stentorian voice, 'Let no one, who values his life, strike at the Inca,' and, stretching out his arm to shield him, received a wound on the hand from one of his own men,—the only wound received by a Spaniard in the action.

The struggle now became fiercer than ever round the royal litter. It reeled more and more, and at length, several of the nobles who supported it having been slain, it was overturned, and the Indian prince would have come with violence to the ground, had not his fall been broken by the efforts of Pizarro and some other of the cavaliers,

who caught him in their arms. The imperial *borla* was instantly snatched from his temples by a soldier named Estete, and the unhappy monarch, strongly secured, was removed to a neighbouring building, where he was carefully guarded.

All attempt at resistance now ceased. The fate of the Inca soon spread over town and country. The chain which might have held the Peruvians together was dissolved. Every man thought only of his own safety. Even the soldiery encamped on the adjacent fields took the alarm, and, learning the fatal tidings, were seen flying in every direction before their pursuers, who in the heat of triumph showed no touch of mercy. At length night, more pitiful than man, threw her friendly mantle over the fugitives, and the scattered troops of Pizarro rallied once more at the sound of the trumpet in the bloody square of Caxamalca.

The number of slain is reported, as usual, with great discrepancy. Pizarro's secretary says two thousand natives fell. A descendant of the Incas, —a safer authority than Garcilasso—swells the number to ten thousand. Truth is generally found somewhere between the extremes. The slaughter was incessant, for there was nothing to check it. That there should have been no resistance will not appear strange, when we consider the fact, that the wretched victims were without arms, and that their senses must have been completely overwhelmed by the strange and appalling spectacle which burst on them so unexpectedly. 'What wonder was it,' said an ancient Inca to a Spaniard, who repeats it, 'what wonder that our countrymen lost their wits, seeing blood run like water, and the Inca, whose person we all of us adore, seized and

carried off by a handful of men ? ' Yet though the massacre was incessant, it was short in duration. The whole time consumed by it, the brief twilight of the tropics, did not exceed half an hour, a short period indeed,—yet long enough to decide the fate of Peru, and to subvert the dynasty of the Incas —
Conquest of Peru

THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD MACAULAY

1800–59

BATTLE OF PLASSEY

CLIVE was in a painfully anxious situation. He could place no confidence in the sincerity or in the courage of his confederate and, whatever confidence he might place in his own military talents, and in the valour and discipline of his troops, it was no light thing to engage an army twenty times as numerous as his own. Before him lay a river over which it was easy to advance, but over which, if things went ill, not one of his little band would ever return. On this occasion, for the first and for the last time, his dauntless spirit, during a few hours, shrank from the fearful responsibility of making a decision. He called a council of war. The majority pronounced against fighting, and Clive declared his concurrence with the majority. Long afterwards, he said that he had never called but one council of war, and that, if he had taken the advice of that council, the British would never have been masters of Bengal. But scarcely had the meeting broken up when he was himself again

He retired alone under the shade of some trees, and passed near an hour there in thought. He came back determined to put everything to the hazard, and gave orders that all should be in readiness for passing the river on the morrow.

The river was passed, and, at the close of a toilsome day's march, the army, long after sunset, took up its quarters in a grove of mango-trees near Plassey, within a mile of the enemy. Clive was unable to sleep, he heard, through the whole night, the sound of drums and cymbals from the vast camp of the Nabob. It is not strange that even his stout heart should now and then have sunk, when he reflected against what odds, and for what a prize, he was in a few hours to contend.

Not was the rest of Surajah Dowlah more peaceful. His mind, at once weak and stormy, was distracted by wild and horrible apprehensions. Appalled by the greatness and nearness of the crisis, distrusting his captains, dreading every one who approached him, dreading to be left alone, he sat gloomily in his tent, haunted, a Greek poet would have said, by the furies of those who had cursed him with their last breath in the Black Hole.

The day broke, the day which was to decide the fate of India. At sunrise the army of the Nabob, pouring through many openings from the camp, began to move towards the grove where the English lay. Forty thousand infantry, armed with firelocks, pikes, swords, bows and arrows, covered the plain. They were accompanied by fifty pieces of ordnance of the largest size, each tugged by a long team of white oxen, and each pushed on from behind by an elephant. Some

smaller guns, under the direction of a few French auxiliaries, were perhaps more formidable. The cavalry were fifteen thousand, drawn, not from the effeminate population of Bengal, but from the bolder race which inhabits the northern provinces, and the practised eye of Clive could perceive that both the men and the horses were more powerful than those of the Carnatic. The force which he had to oppose to this great multitude consisted of only three thousand men. But of these nearly a thousand were English, and all were led by English officers, and trained in the English discipline. Conspicuous in the ranks of the little army were the men of the Thirty-Ninth Regiment, which still bears on its colours, amidst many honourable additions won under Wellington in Spain and Gascony, the name of Plassey, and the proud motto, *Primus in Indis*.

The battle commenced with a cannonade in which the artillery of the Nabob did scarcely any execution, while the few field-pieces of the English produced great effect. Several of the most distinguished officers in Surajah Dowlah's service fell. Disorder began to spread through his ranks. His own terror increased every moment. One of the conspirators urged on him the expediency of retreating. The insidious advice, agreeing as it did with what his own terrors suggested, was readily received. He ordered his army to fall back, and this order decided his fate. Clive snatched the moment, and ordered his troops to advance. The confused and dispirited multitude gave way before the onset of disciplined valour. No mob attacked by regular soldiers was ever more completely routed. The little band of Frenchmen, who alone ventured

to confront the English, were swept down the stream of fugitives. In an hour the forces of Surajah Dowlah were dispersed, never to re-assemble. Only five hundred of the vanquished were slain. But their camp, their guns, their baggage, innumerable wagons, innumerable cattle, remained in the power of the conquerors. With the loss of twenty-two soldiers killed and fifty wounded, Clive had scattered an army of near sixty thousand men, and subdued an empire larger and more populous than Great Britain — *Essay on Lord Clive*

IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS

IN the meantime, the preparations for the trial had proceeded rapidly, and on February 13, 1788, the sittings of the Court commenced. There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewellery and cloth of gold, more attractive to grown-up children, than that which was then exhibited at Westminster, but, perhaps, there never was a spectacle so well calculated to strike a highly cultivated, a reflecting, an imaginative mind. All the various kinds of interest which belong to the near and to the distant, to the present and to the past, were collected on one spot, and in one hour. All the talents and all the accomplishments which are developed by liberty and civilization were now displayed, with every advantage that could be derived both from co-operation and from contrast. Every step in the proceedings carried the mind either backward, through many troubled centuries, to the days when the foundations of our constitution were laid, or far away over boundless seas and deserts,

to dusky nations living under strange stais, worshipping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left. The High Court of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed down from the days of the Plantagenets, on an Englishman accused of exercising tyranny over the lord of the holy city of Benares, and over the ladies of the princely house of Oude.

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers, the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds under Garter King-at-arms. The judges in their vestments of state attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three-fourths of the Upper House as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior Baron present led the way, George Eliott, Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defence of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the King. Last of all

came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The grey old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the Queen the fair-haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the Ambassadors of great Kings and Commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a senate which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labours in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition, a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive, and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith. There too

was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the Saint Cecilia whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticized, and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock hangings of Mrs Montague And there the ladies whose lips more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone round Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire

The Serjeants made proclamation Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes And in his high place he had so borne himself, that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect, a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive, but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn, but serene, on which was written, as legibly as under the picture in the council-chamber at Calcutta, *Mens aequa in arduis*, such was the aspect with which the great Proconsul presented himself to his judges

His counsel accompanied him, men all of whom were afterwards raised by their talents and learning to the highest posts in their profession, the bold and

strong-minded Law, afterwards Chief Justice of the King's Bench, the more humane and eloquent Dallas, afterwards Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and Plomer who, near twenty years later, successfully conducted in the same high court the defence of Lord Melville, and subsequently became Vice-Chancellor and Master of the Rolls

But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much notice as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery, a space had been fitted up with green benches and tables for the Commons. The managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress. The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally so regardless of his appearance, had paid to the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag and sword. Pitt had refused to be one of the conductors of the impeachment, and his commanding, copious, and sonorous eloquence was wanting to that great muster of various talents. Age and blindness had unfitted Lord North for the duties of a public prosecutor, and his friends were left without the help of his excellent sense, his tact, and his urbanity. But, in spite of the absence of these two distinguished members of the Lower House, the box in which the managers stood contained an array of speakers such as perhaps had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence. There were Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperides. There was Burke, ignorant, indeed, or negligent of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers, but in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern. There, with eyes

reverentially fixed on Burke, appeared the finest gentleman of the age, his form developed by every manly exercise, his face beaming with intelligence and spirit, the ingenious, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham. Nor, though surrounded by such men, did the youngest manager pass unnoticed. At an age when most of those who distinguish themselves in life are still contending for prizes and fellowships at college, he had won for himself a conspicuous place in Parliament. No advantage of fortune or connexion was wanting that could set off to the height his splendid talents and his unblemished honour. At twenty-three he had been thought worthy to be ranked with the veteran statesmen who appeared as the delegates of the British Commons, at the bar of the British nobility. All who stood at that bar, save him alone, are gone, culprit, advocates, accusers. To the generation which is now in the vigour of life, he is the sole representative of a great age which has passed away. But those who, within the last ten years have listened with delight, till the morning sun shone on the tapestries of the House of Lords, to the lofty and animated eloquence of Charles Earl Grey, are able to form some estimate of the powers of a race of men among whom he was not the foremost.

The charges and the answers of Hastings were first read. The ceremony occupied two whole days, and was rendered less tedious than it would otherwise have been by the silver voice and just emphasis of Cowper, the clerk of the court, a near relation of the amiable poet. On the third day Burke rose. Four sittings were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to

all the charges With an exuberance of thought and a splendour of diction which more than satisfied the highly raised expectation of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India, recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic empire of Britain had originated, and set forth the constitution of the Company and of the English Presidencies Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society, as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from the stern and hostile Chancellor, and, for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion Handkerchiefs were pulled out, smelling bottles were handed round, hysterical sobs and screams were heard and Mrs Sheridan was carried out in a fit At length the orator concluded Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded, 'Therefore,' said he, 'hath it with all confidence been ordered, by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanours I impeach him in the name of the Commons' House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honour he has sullied I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot,

and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all !'

When the deep murmur of various emotions had subsided, Mr Fox rose to address the Lords respecting the course of proceeding to be followed. The wish of the accusers was that the Court would bring to a close the investigation of the first charge before the second was opened. The wish of Hastings and of his counsel was that the managers should open all the charges, and produce all the evidence for the prosecution, before the defence began. The Lords retired to their own House to consider the question. The Chancellor took the side of Hastings. Lord Loughborough, who was now in opposition, supported the demand of the managers. The division showed which way the inclination of the tribunal leaned. A majority of near three to one decided in favour of the course for which Hastings contended.

When the Court sat again, Mr Fox, assisted by Mr Grey, opened the charge respecting Cheyte Sing, and several days were spent in reading papers and hearing witnesses. The next article was that relating to the Princesses of Oude. The conduct of this part of the case was entrusted to Sheridan. The curiosity of the public to hear him was unbounded. His sparkling and highly finished declamation lasted two days, but the Hall was crowded to suffocation during the whole time. It was said that fifty guineas had been paid for a single ticket. Sheridan, when he concluded, contrived, with a knowledge of stage-effect which

his father might have envied, to sink back, as if exhausted, into the arms of Burke, who hugged him with the energy of generous admiration —
Essay on Warren Hastings

LONDON IN 1685

HE who then rambled to what is now the gayest and most crowded part of Regent Street found himself in a solitude, and was sometimes so fortunate as to have a shot at a woodcock. On the north the Oxford road ran between hedges. Three or four hundred yards to the south were the garden walls of a few great houses which were considered as quite out of town. On the west was a meadow renowned for a spring from which, long afterwards, Conduit Street was named. On the east was a field not to be passed without a shudder by any Londoner of that age. There, as in a place far from the haunts of men, had been dug, twenty years before, when the great plague was raging, a pit into which the dead carts had nightly shot corpses by scores. It was popularly believed that the earth was deeply tainted with infection, and could not be disturbed without imminent risk to human life. No foundations were laid there till two generations had passed without any return of the pestilence, and till the ghastly spot had long been surrounded by buildings.

We should greatly err if we were to suppose that any of the streets and squares then bore the same aspect as at present. The great majority of the houses, indeed, have, since that time, been wholly, or in great part, rebuilt. If the

most fashionable parts of the capital could be placed before us, such as they then were, we should be disgusted by their squalid appearance, and poisoned by their noisome atmosphere. In Covent Garden a filthy and noisy market was held close to the dwellings of the great. Fruit women screamed, carters fought, cabbage stalks and rotten apples accumulated in heaps at the thresholds of the Countess of Berkshire and of the Bishop of Durham.

The centre of Lincoln's Inn Fields was an open space where the rabble congregated every evening, within a few yards of Cardigan House and Winchester House, to hear mountebanks harangue, to see bears dance, and to set dogs at oxen. Rubbish was shot in every part of the area. Horses were exercised there. The beggars were as noisy and importunate as in the worst governed cities of the Continent. A Lincoln's Inn mumper was a proverb. The whole fraternity knew the arms and liveries of every chauntably disposed grandee in the neighbourhood, and, as soon as his lordship's coach and six appeared, came hopping and crawling in crowds to persecute him. These disorders lasted, in spite of many accidents, and of some legal proceedings, till, in the reign of George II, Sir Joseph Jekyll, Master of the Rolls, was knocked down and nearly killed in the middle of the square. Then at length palisades were set up, and a pleasant garden laid out.

St James's Square was a receptacle for all the offal and cinders, for all the dead cats and dead dogs of Westminster. At one time a cudgel player kept the ring there. At another time

an impudent squatter settled himself there, and built a shed for rubbish under the windows of the gilded saloons in which the first magnates of the realm, Norfolk, Ormond, Kent, and Pembroke, gave banquets and balls. It was not till these nuisances had lasted through a whole generation, and till much had been written about them, that the inhabitants applied to Parliament for permission to put up rails, and to plant trees.

When such was the state of the region inhabited by the most luxurious portion of society, we may easily believe that the great body of the population suffered what would now be considered as insupportable grievances. The pavement was detestable: all foreigners cried shame upon it. The drainage was so bad that in rainy weather the gutters soon became torrents. Several facetious poets have commemorated the fury with which these black rivulets roared down Snow Hill and Ludgate Hill, bearing to Fleet Ditch a vast tribute of animal and vegetable filth from the stalls of butchers and greengrocers. This flood was profusely thrown to right and left by coaches and carts. To keep as far from the carriage road as possible was therefore the wish of every pedestrian. The mild and timid gave the wall. The bold and athletic took it. If two roisterers met, they cocked their hats in each other's faces, and pushed each other about till the weaker was shoved towards the kennel. If he was a mere bully he sneaked off, muttering that he should find a time. If he was pugnacious, the encounter probably ended in a duel behind Montague House.

The houses were not numbered. There would indeed have been little advantage in numbering

them, for of the coachmen, chaunmen, porters, and errand boys of London, a very small proportion could read. It was necessary to use marks which the most ignorant could understand. The shops were therefore distinguished by painted or sculptured signs, which gave a gay and grotesque aspect to the streets. The walk from Charing Cross to Whitechapel lay through an endless succession of Saracens' Heads, Royal Oaks, Blue Bears, and Golden Lambs, which disappeared when they were no longer required for the direction of the common people.

When the evening closed in, the difficulty and danger of walking about London became serious indeed. The garret windows were opened, and pails were emptied, with little regard to those who were passing below. Falls, bruises, and broken bones were of constant occurrence. For, till the last year of the reign of Charles II, most of the streets were left in profound darkness. Thieves and robbers plied their trade with impunity yet they were hardly so terrible to peaceable citizens as another class of ruffians. It was a favourite amusement of dissolute young gentlemen to swagger by night about the town, breaking windows, upsetting sedans, beating quiet men, and offering rude caresses to pretty women. Several dynasties of these tyrants had, since the Restoration, domineered over the streets. The Muns and Tityre Tus had given place to the Hectors, and the Hectors had been recently succeeded by the Scourers. At a later period arose the Nicker, the Hawcubite, and the yet more dreaded name of Mohawk.

The machinery for keeping the peace was utterly

contemptible There was an Act of Common Council which provided that more than a thousand watchmen should be constantly on the alert in the city, from sunset to sunrise, and that every inhabitant should take his turn of duty But this Act was negligently executed Few of those who were summoned left their homes, and those few generally found it more agreeable to tipple in alehouses than to pace the streets

It ought to be noticed that, in the last year of the reign of Charles II, began a great change in the police of London, a change which has perhaps added as much to the happiness of the body of the people as revolutions of much greater fame An ingenious projector, named Edward Heming, obtained letters patent conveying to him, for a term of years, the exclusive right of lighting up London He undertook, for a moderate consideration, to place a light before every tenth door, on moonless nights, from Michaelmas to Lady Day, and from six to twelve of the clock Those who now see the capital all the year round, from dusk to dawn, blazing with a splendour beside which the illuminations for La Hogue and Blenheim would have looked pale, may perhaps smile to think of Heming's lanterns, which glimmered feebly before one house in ten during a small part of one night in three But such was not the feeling of his contemporaries His scheme was enthusiastically applauded, and furiously attacked The friends of improvement extolled him as the greatest of all the benefactors of his city What, they asked were the boasted inventions of Archimedes, when compared with the achievement of the man who had turned the

nocturnal shades into noonday? In spite of these eloquent eulogies the cause of darkness was not left undefended. There were fools in that age who opposed the introduction of what was called the new light as strenuously as fools in our age have opposed the introduction of vaccination and railroads, as strenuously as the fools of an age anterior to the dawn of history doubtless opposed the introduction of the plough and of alphabetical writing. Many years after the date of Heming's patent there were extensive districts in which no lamp was seen.

We may easily imagine what, in such times, must have been the state of the quarters of London which were peopled by the outcasts of society. Among those quarters one had attained a scandalous pre-eminence. On the confines of the City and the Temple had been founded, in the thirteenth century, a House of Carmelite Friars, distinguished by their white hoods. The precinct of this house had, before the Reformation, been a sanctuary for criminals, and still retained the privilege of protecting debtors from arrest. Insolvents consequently were to be found in every dwelling—from cellar to garret. Of these a large proportion were knaves and libertines, and were followed to their asylum by women more abandoned than themselves. The civil power was unable to keep order in a district swarming with such inhabitants, and thus Whitefriars became the favourite resort of all who wished to be emancipated from the restraints of the law. Though the immunities legally belonging to the place extended only to cases of debt, cheats, false witnesses, forgers, and high-

waymen found refuge there For amidst a rabble so desperate no peace officer's life was in safety At the cry of 'Rescue', bullies with swords and cudgels, and termagant hags with spits and broomsticks, poured forth by hundreds, and the intruder was fortunate if he escaped back into Fleet Street, hustled, stripped, and pumped upon Even the warrant of the Chief Justice of England could not be executed without the help of a company of musketeers Such relics of the barbarism of the darkest ages were to be found within a short walk of the chambers where Somers was studying history and law, of the chapel where Tillotson was preaching, of the coffee house where Dryden was passing judgement on poems and plays, and of the hall where the Royal Society was examining the astronomical system of Isaac Newton —*History of England*

EXECUTION OF MONMOUTH

It was ten o'clock The coach of the Lieutenant of the Tower was ready Monmouth requested his spiritual advisers to accompany him to the place of execution, and they consented but they told him that, in their judgement, he was about to die in a perilous state of mind, and that, if they attended him, it would be their duty to exhort him to the last As he passed along the ranks of the guards he saluted them with a smile, and mounted the scaffold with a firm tread Tower Hill was covered up to the chimney tops with an innumerable multitude of gazers, who, in awful silence, broken only by sighs and the noise of weeping, listened for the last accents of the darling of the

people 'I shall say little,' he began 'I come here, not to speak, but to die I die a Protestant of the Church of England' The Bishops interrupted him, and told him that, unless he acknowledged resistance to be sinful, he was no member of their church He went on to speak of his Henrietta She was, he said, a young lady of virtue and honour He loved her to the last, and he could not die without giving utterance to his feelings The Bishops again interfered, and begged him not to use such language Some altercation followed The divines have been accused of dealing harshly with the dying man But they appear to have only discharged what, in their view, was a sacred duty Monmouth knew their principles, and, if he wished to avoid their importunity, should have dispensed with their attendance Their general arguments against resistance had no effect on him But when they reminded him of the ruin which he had brought on his brave and loving followers, of the blood which had been shed, of the souls which had been sent unprepared to the great account, he was touched, and said, in a softened voice, 'I do own that I am sorry that it ever happened' They prayed with him long and fervently, and he joined in their petitions till they invoked a blessing on the King He remained silent 'Sir,' said one of the Bishops, 'do you not pray for the King with us?' Monmouth paused some time, and, after an internal struggle, exclaimed 'Amen' But it was in vain that the prelates implored him to address to the soldiers and to the people a few words on the duty of obedience to the government 'I will make no speeches,' he exclaimed 'Only ten words, my Lord' He turned away, called his

servant, and put into the man's hand a toothpick case, the last token of ill-starred love 'Give it,' he said, 'to that person' He then accosted John Ketch the executioner, a wretch who had butchered many brave and noble victims, and whose name has, during a century and a half, been vulgarly given to all who have succeeded him in his odious office 'Here', said the Duke, 'are six guineas for you Do not hack me as you did my Lord Russell I have heard that you struck him three or four times My servant will give you some more gold if you do the work well' He then undressed, felt the edge of the axe, expressed some fear that it was not sharp enough, and laid his head on the block The divines in the meantime continued to ejaculate with great energy, 'God accept your repentance! God accept your imperfect repentance!'

The hangman addressed himself to his office But he had been disconcerted by what the Duke had said The first blow inflicted only a slight wound The Duke struggled, rose from the block, and looked reproachfully at the executioner The head sank down once more The stroke was repeated again and again, but still the neck was not severed, and the body continued to move. Yells of rage and horror rose from the crowd Ketch flung down the axe with a curse. 'I cannot do it,' he said, 'my heart fails me' 'Take up the axe, man,' cried the sheriff 'Fling him over the rails,' roared the mob At length the axe was taken up Two more blows extinguished the last remains of life, but a knife was used to separate the head from the shoulders The crowd was wrought up to such an ecstasy of rage that the executioner

was in danger of being torn in pieces, and was conveyed away under a strong guard

In the meantime many handkerchiefs were dipped in the Duke's blood, for, by a large part of the multitude he was regarded as a martyr who had died for the Protestant religion. The head and body were placed in a coffin covered with black velvet, and were laid privately under the communion table of St Peter's Chapel in the Tower. Within four years the pavement of the chancel was again disturbed, and hard by the remains of Monmouth were laid the remains of Jeffreys. In truth there is no sadder spot on the earth than that little cemetery. Death is there associated, not, as in Westminster Abbey and Saint Paul's, with genius and virtue, with public veneration and with imperishable renown, not, as in our humblest churches and churchyards, with everything that is most endearing in social and domestic charities, but with whatever is darkest in human nature and in human destiny, with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame. Thither have been carried, through successive ages, by the rude hands of jailers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of courts. Thither was borne, before the window where Jane Grey was praying, the mangled corpse of Guilford Dudley. Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, and Protector of the realm, reposes there by the brother whom he murdered. There has mouldered away the headless trunk of John

Fisher, Bishop of Rochester and Cardinal of Saint Vitalis, a man worthy to have lived in a better age, and to have died in a better cause There are laid John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, Lord High Admiral, and Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, Lord High Treasurer There, too, is another Essex, on whom nature and fortune had lavished all their bounties in vain, and whom valour, grace, genius, royal favour, popular applause, conducted to an early and ignominious doom Not far off sleep two chiefs of the great house of Howard — Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, and Philip, eleventh Earl of Arundel Here and there, among the thick graves of unquiet and aspiring statesmen, lie more delicate sufferers, Margaret of Salisbury, the last of the proud name of Plantagenet, and those two fair Queens who perished by the jealous rage of Henry Such was the dust with which the dust of Monmouth mingled — *History of England*

TRIAL OF THE SEVEN BISHOPS

THE trial then commenced, a trial which, even when coolly perused after the lapse of more than a century and a half, has all the interest of a drama. The advocates contended on both sides with far more than professional keenness and vehemence the audience listened with as much anxiety as if the fate of every one of them was to be decided by the verdict, and the turns of fortune were so sudden and amazing that the multitude repeatedly passed in a single minute from anxiety to exultation and back again from exultation to still deeper anxiety.

The information charged the Bishops with having written or published, in the county of Middlesex, a false, malicious, and seditious libel. The Attorney and Solicitor first tried to prove the writing. For this purpose several persons were called to speak to the hands of the Bishops. But the witnesses were so unwilling that hardly a single plain answer could be extracted from any of them. Pemberton, Pollexfen, and Levinz contended that there was no evidence to go to the jury. Two of the Judges, Holloway and Powell, declared themselves of the same opinion, and the hopes of the spectators rose high. All at once the crown lawyers announced their intention to take another line. Powis, with shame and reluctance which he could not dissemble, put into the witness box Blathwayt, a Clerk of the Privy Council, who had been present when the King interrogated the Bishops. Blathwayt swore that he had heard them own their signatures. His testimony was decisive. 'Why,' said Judge Holloway to the Attorney, 'when you had such evidence, did you not produce it at first, without all this waste of time?' It soon appeared why the counsel for the crown had been unwilling, without absolute necessity, to resort to this mode of proof. Pemberton stopped Blathwayt, subjected him to a searching cross-examination, and insisted upon having all that had passed between the King and the defendants fully related. 'That is a pretty thing indeed,' cried Williams. 'Do you think,' said Powis, 'that you are at liberty to ask our witnesses any impertinent question that comes into your heads?' The advocates of the Bishops were not men to be so put down. 'He is sworn,' said

Pollexfen, 'to tell the truth and the whole truth and an answer we must and will have' The witness shuffled, equivocated, pretended to misunderstand the questions, implored the protection of the Court But he was in hands from which it was not easy to escape At length the Attorney again interposed 'If', he said, 'you persist in asking such a question, tell us, at least, what use you mean to make of it' Pemberton, who, through the whole trial, did his duty manfully and ably, replied without hesitation, 'My Lords, I will answer Mr Attorney I will deal plainly with the Court If the Bishops owned this paper under a promise from His Majesty that their confession should not be used against them, I hope that no unfair advantage will be taken of them' 'You put on His Majesty what I dare hardly name,' said Williams 'Since you will be so pressing, I demand, for the King, that the question may be recorded' 'What do you mean, Mr Solicitor?' said Sawyer, interposing 'I know what I mean,' said the apostate 'I desire that the question may be recorded in Court' 'Record what you will I am not afraid of you, Mr Solicitor,' said Pemberton Then came a loud and fierce altercation, which Wright could with difficulty quiet In other circumstances, he would probably have ordered the question to be recorded, and Pemberton to be committed But on this great day the unjust Judge was overawed He often cast a side glance towards the thick rows of Earls and Barons by whom he was watched, and before whom, in the next Parliament, he might stand at the bar He looked, a bystander said, as if all the peers present had halters in their pockets. At length Blathwayt was forced to give

a full account of what had passed. It appeared that the King had entered into no express covenant with the Bishops. But it appeared also that the Bishops might not unreasonably think that there was an implied engagement. Indeed, from the unwillingness of the crown lawyers to put the Clerk of the Council into the witness box, and from the vehemence with which they objected to Pemberton's cross-examination, it is plain that they were themselves of this opinion.

However, the handwriting was now proved. But a new and serious objection was raised. It was not sufficient to prove that the Bishops had written the alleged libel. It was necessary to prove also that they had written it in the county of Middlesex. And not only was it out of the power of the Attorney and Solicitor to prove this, but it was in the power of the defendants to prove the contrary. For it so happened that Sancroft had never once left the palace at Lambeth from the time when the Order in Council appeared till after the petition was in the King's hands. The whole case for the prosecution had therefore completely broken down, and the audience, with great glee, expected a speedy acquittal.

The crown lawyers then changed their ground again, abandoned altogether the charge of writing a libel, and undertook to prove that the Bishops had published a libel in the county of Middlesex. The difficulties were great. The delivery of the petition to the King was undoubtedly, in the eye of the law, a publication. But how was this delivery to be proved? No person had been present at the audience in the royal closet, except the King and the defendants. The King could not

well be sworn It was therefore only by the admissions of the defendants that the fact of publication could be established Blathwayt was again examined, but in vain He well remembered, he said, that the Bishops owned their hands, but he did not remember that they owned the paper which lay on the table of the Privy Council to be the same paper which they had delivered to the King, or that they were even interrogated on that point Several other official men who had been in attendance on the Council were called, and among them Samuel Pepys, Secretary of the Admiralty, but none of them could remember that anything was said about the delivery It was to no purpose that Williams put leading questions till the counsel on the other side declared that such twisting, such wiredrawing, was never seen in a court of justice, and till Wright himself was forced to admit that the Solicitor's mode of examination was contrary to all rule As witness after witness answered in the negative, roars of laughter and shouts of triumph, which the Judges did not even attempt to silence, shook the hall

It seemed that at length this hard fight had been won The case for the crown was closed Had the counsel for the Bishops remained silent, an acquittal was certain, for nothing which the most corrupt and shameless Judge could venture to call legal evidence of publication had been given The Chief Justice was beginning to charge the jury, and would undoubtedly have directed them to acquit the defendants, but Finch, too anxious to be perfectly discreet, interfered, and begged to be heard 'If you will be heard,' said Wright, 'you shall be heard, but you do not understand

your own interests' The other counsel for the defence made Finch sit down, and begged the Chief Justice to proceed He was about to do so when a messenger came to the Solicitor General with news that Lord Sunderland could prove the publication, and would come down to the court immediately Wright maliciously told the counsel for the defence that they had only themselves to thank for the turn which things had taken The countenances of the great multitude fell Finch was, during some hours, the most unpopular man in the country Why could he not sit still as his betters, Sawyer, Pemberton, and Pollexfen had done? His love of meddling, his ambition to make a fine speech, had ruined everything

Meanwhile the Lord President was brought in a sedan chair through the hall Not a hat moved as he passed, and many voices cried out 'Popish dog' He came into Court pale and trembling, with eyes fixed on the ground, and gave his evidence in a faltering voice He swore that the Bishops had informed him of their intention to present a petition to the King, and that they had been admitted into the royal closet for that purpose This circumstance, coupled with the circumstance that, after they left the closet, there was in the King's hands a petition signed by them, was such proof as might reasonably satisfy a jury of the fact of the publication

Publication in Middlesex was then proved But was the paper thus published a false, malicious, and seditious libel? Hitherto the matter in dispute had been whether a fact which everybody well knew to be true could be proved according to

technical rules of evidence , but now the contest became one of deeper interest It was necessary to inquire into the limits of prerogative and liberty, into the right of the King to dispense with statutes, into the right of the subject to petition for the redress of grievances During three hours the counsel for the petitioners argued with great force in defence of the fundamental principles of the constitution, and proved from the journals of the House of Commons that the Bishops had affirmed no more than the truth when they represented to the King that the dispensing power which he claimed had been repeatedly declared illegal by Parliament Somers rose last He spoke little more than five minutes , but every word was full of weighty matter , and when he sate down his reputation as an orator and a constitutional lawyer was established He went through the expressions which were used in the information to describe the offence imputed to the Bishops, and showed that every word, whether adjective or substantive, was altogether inappropriate The offence imputed was a false, a malicious, a seditious libel False the paper was not , for every fact which it set forth had been proved from the journals of Parliament to be true Malicious the paper was not , for the defendants had not sought an occasion of strife, but had been placed by the government in such a situation that they must either oppose themselves to the royal will, or violate the most sacred obligations of conscience and honour Seditious the paper was not , for it had not been scattered by the writers among the rabble, but delivered privately into the hands of the King alone and a libel it was not, but a decent

petition such as, by the laws of England, nay, by the laws of imperial Rome, by the laws of all civilized states, a subject who thinks himself aggrieved may with propriety present to the sovereign

The Attorney replied shortly and feebly The Solicitor spoke at great length and with great acrimony, and was often interrupted by the clamours and hisses of the audience He went so far as to lay it down that no subject or body of subjects, except the Houses of Parliament, had a right to petition the King The galleries were furious, and the Chief Justice himself stood aghast at the effrontery of this venal turncoat

At length Wright proceeded to sum up the evidence His language showed that the awe in which he stood of the government was tempered by the awe with which the audience, so numerous, so splendid, and so strongly excited, had impressed him He said that he would give no opinion on the question of the dispensing power, that it was not necessary for him to do so, that he could not agree with much of the Solicitor's speech, that it was the right of the subject to petition, but that the particular petition before the Court was improperly worded, and was, in the contemplation of law, a libel Allibone was of the same mind, but, in giving his opinion, showed such gross ignorance of law and history as brought on him the contempt of all who heard him Holloway evaded the question of the dispensing power, but said that the petition seemed to him to be such as subjects who think themselves aggrieved are entitled to present, and therefore no libel Powell took a bolder course He avowed that, in his judgement,

the Declaration of Indulgence was a nullity, and that the dispensing power, as lately exercised, was utterly inconsistent with all law. If these encroachments of prerogative were allowed, there was an end of Parliaments. The whole legislative authority would be in the King. 'That issue, gentlemen,' he said, 'I leave to God and to your consciences.'

It was dark before the jury retired to consider of their verdict. The night was a night of intense anxiety. Some letters are extant which were dispatched during that period of suspense, and which have therefore an interest of a peculiar kind. 'It is very late,' wrote the Papal Nuncio, 'and the decision is not yet known. The Judges and the culprits have gone to their own homes. The jury remain together. Tomorrow we shall learn the event of this great struggle.'

The solicitor for the Bishops sate up all night with a body of servants on the stairs leading to the room where the jury was consulting. It was absolutely necessary to watch the officers who watched the doors, for those officers were supposed to be in the interest of the crown, and might, if not carefully observed, have furnished a courtly jurymen with food, which would have enabled him to starve out the other eleven. Strict guard was therefore kept. Not even a candle to light a pipe was permitted to enter. Some basins of water for washing were suffered to pass at about four in the morning. The jurymen, raging with thirst, soon lapped up the whole. Great numbers of people walked the neighbouring streets till dawn. Every hour a messenger came from Whitehall to know what was passing. Voices, high in altercation, were

repeatedly heard within the room but nothing certain was known

At first nine were for acquitting and three for convicting Two of the minority soon gave way . but Arnold was obstinate Thomas Austin, a country gentleman of great estate, who had paid close attention to the evidence and speeches, and had taken full notes, wished to argue the question Arnold declined He was not used, he doggedly said, to reasoning and debating His conscience was not satisfied , and he should not acquit the Bishops 'If you come to that,' said Austin, 'look at me I am the largest and strongest of the twelve , and before I find such a petition as this a libel, here I will stay till I am no bigger than a tobacco pipe' It was six in the morning before Arnold yielded It was soon known that the jury were agreed but what the verdict would be was still a secret

At ten the Court again met The crowd was greater than ever The jury appeared in their box , and there was a breathless stillness

Sir Samuel Astry spoke 'Do you find the defendants, or any of them, guilty of the misdemeanour whereof they are impeached, or not guilty ?' Sir Roger Langley answered, 'Not guilty.' As the words were uttered, Halifax sprang up and waved his hat At that signal, benches and galleries raised a shout In a moment ten thousand persons, who crowded the great hall, replied with a still louder shout, which made the old oaken roof crack , and in another moment the innumerable throng without set up a third huzza, which was heard at Temple Bar The boats which covered the Thames gave an answering cheer

A peal of gunpowder was heard on the water, and another, and another, and so, in a few moments, the glad tidings went flying past the Savoy and the Friars to London Bridge, and to the forest of masts below. As the news spread, streets and squares, market places and coffee-houses, broke forth into acclamations. Yet were the acclamations less strange than the weeping. For the feelings of men had been wound up to such a point that at length the stern English nature, so little used to outward signs of emotion, gave way, and thousands sobbed aloud for very joy. Meanwhile, from the outskirts of the multitude, horsemen were spurring off to bear along all the great roads intelligence of the victory of our Church and nation. Yet not even that astounding explosion could awe the bitter and intrepid spirit of the Solicitor. Striving to make himself heard above the din, he called on the Judges to commit those who had violated, by clamour, the dignity of a court of justice. One of the rejoicing populace was seized. But the tribunal felt that it would be absurd to punish a single individual for an offence common to hundreds of thousands, and dismissed him with a gentle reprimand.

It was vain to think of passing at that moment to any other business. Indeed the roar of the multitude was such that, during half an hour, scarcely a word could be heard in the court. Williams got to his coach amidst a tempest of hisses and curses. Cartwright, whose curiosity was ungovernable, had been guilty of the folly and indecency of coming to Westminster in order to hear the decision. He was recognized by his sacerdotal garb and by his corpulent figure, and was hooted

through the hall 'Take care,' said one, 'of the wolf in sheep's clothing' 'Make room,' cried another, 'for the man with the Pope in his belly'

The acquitted prelates took refuge in the nearest chapel from the crowd which implored their blessing Many churches were open on that morning throughout the capital, and many pious persons repaired thither The bells of all the parishes of the City and liberties were ringing The jury meanwhile could scarcely make their way out of the hall They were forced to shake hands with hundreds 'God bless you,' cried the people, 'God prosper your families! you have done like honest good-natured gentlemen, you have saved us all to-day' As the noblemen who had attended to support the good cause drove off, they flung from their carriage windows handfuls of money, and bade the crowd drink to the health of the King the Bishops, and the jury — *History of England*

SIEGE OF LONDONDERRY

1 *The Siege commenced, and turned into a blockade*

JAMES had been assured, and had fully expected, that the city would yield as soon as it was known that he was before the walls Finding himself mistaken, he broke loose from the control of Melfort, and determined to return instantly to Dublin Rosen accompanied the King The direction of the siege was intrusted to Maumont. Richard Hamilton was second, and Pusignan third, in command

The operations now commenced in earnest

The besiegers began by battering the town. It was soon on fire in several places. Roofs and upper stories of houses fell in, and crushed the inmates. During a short time the garrison, many of whom had never before seen the effect of a cannonade, seemed to be discomposed by the crash of chimneys, and by the heaps of ruin mingled with disfigured corpses. But familiarity with danger and horror produced in a few hours the natural effect. The spirit of the people rose so high that their chiefs thought it safe to act on the offensive. On the twenty-first of April a sally was made under the command of Murray. The Irish stood their ground resolutely, and a furious and bloody contest took place. Maumont, at the head of a body of cavalry, flew to the place where the fight was raging. He was struck in the head by a musket ball, and fell a corpse. The besiegers lost several other officers, and about two hundred men, before the colonists could be driven in. Murray escaped with difficulty. His horse was killed under him, and he was beset by enemies. but he was able to defend himself till some of his friends made a rush from the gate to his rescue, with old Walker at their head.

In consequence of the death of Maumont, Richard Hamilton was once more commander of the Irish army. His exploits in that post did not raise his reputation. He was a fine gentleman and a brave soldier, but he had no pretensions to the character of a great general, and had never, in his life, seen a siege. Pusignan had more science and energy. But Pusignan survived Maumont little more than a fortnight. At four in the morning of the sixth of May the garrison made another sally, took several

flags, and killed many of the besiegers Pusignan, fighting gallantly, was shot through the body. The wound was one which a skilful surgeon might have cured but there was no such surgeon in the Irish camp, and the communication with Dublin was slow and irregular. The poor Frenchman died, complaining bitterly of the barbarous ignorance and negligence which had shortened his days. A medical man, who had been sent down express from the capital, arrived after the funeral. James, in consequence, as it should seem, of this disaster, established a daily post between Dublin Castle and Hamilton's head-quarters. Even by this conveyance letters did not travel very expeditiously for the couriers went on foot, and, from fear probably of the Enniskilleners, took a circuitous route from military post to military post.

May passed away. June arrived, and still Londonderry held out. There had been many sallies and skirmishes with various success but, on the whole, the advantage had been with the garrison. Several officers of note had been carried prisoners into the city, and two French banners, torn after hard fighting from the besiegers, had been hung as trophies in the chancel of the Cathedral. It seemed that the siege must be turned into a blockade. But before the hope of reducing the town by main force was relinquished, it was determined to make a great effort. The point selected for assault was an outwork called Windmill Hill, which was not far from the southern gate. Religious stimulants were employed to animate the courage of the forlorn hope. Many volunteers bound themselves by oath to make their way into

the works or to perish in the attempt Captain Butler, son of the Lord Mountgarret, undertook to lead the sworn men to the attack On the walls the colonists were drawn up in three ranks The office of those who were behind was to load the muskets of those who were in front The Irish came on boldly and with a fearful uproar, but after long and hard fighting were driven back The women of Londonderry were seen amidst the thickest fire serving out water and ammunition to their husbands and brothers In one place, where the wall was only seven feet high, Butler and some of his sworn men succeeded in reaching the top; but they were all killed or made prisoners At length, after four hundred of the Irish had fallen, their chiefs ordered a retreat to be sounded

Nothing was left but to try the effect of hunger It was known that the stock of food in the city was but slender Indeed it was thought strange that the supplies should have held out so long Every precaution was now taken against the introduction of provisions All the avenues leading to the city by land were closely guarded On the south were encamped, along the left bank of the Foyle, the horsemen who had followed Lord Galmoy from the valley of the Barrow Their chief was of all the Irish captains the most dreaded and the most abhorred by the Protestants For he had disciplined his men with rare skill and care, and many frightful stories were told of his barbarity and perfidy Long lines of tents, occupied by the infantry of Butler and O'Neil, of Lord Slane and Lord Gormanstown, by Nugent's Westmeath men, by Eustace's Kildare men, and by Cavanagh's Kerry men, extended northward till they again

approached the water side The river was fringed with forts and batteries which no vessel could pass without great peril After some time it was determined to make the security still more complete by throwing a barricade across the stream, about a mile and a half below the city Several boats full of stones were sunk A row of stakes was driven into the bottom of the river Large pieces of fir wood, strongly bound together, formed a boom which was more than a quarter of a mile in length, and which was firmly fastened to both shores by cables a foot thick A huge stone, to which the cable on the left bank was attached, was removed many years later, for the purpose of being polished and shaped into a column But the intention was abandoned, and the rugged mass still lies, not many yards from its original site, amidst the shades which surround a pleasant country house named Boom Hall Hard by is the well from which the besiegers drank A little farther off is the burial ground where they laid their slain, and where even in our own time the spade of the gardener has struck upon many skulls and thigh-bones at a short distance beneath the turf and flowers

11 *Distress of Londonderry The siege raised*

The Enniskilleners were tortured by a cruel anxiety for Londonderry They were bound to the defenders of that city, not only by religious and national sympathy, but by common interest. For there could be no doubt that, if Londonderry fell, the whole Irish army would instantly march in irresistible force upon Lough Erne Yet what could be done ? Some brave men were for making a desperate attempt to relieve the besieged city,

but the odds were too great. Detachments, however, were sent which infested the rear of the blockading army, cut off supplies, and, on one occasion, carried away the horses of three entire troops of cavalry. Still the line of posts which surrounded Londonderry by land remained unbroken. The river was still strictly closed and guarded. Within the walls the distress had become extreme. So early as June 8, horseflesh was almost the only meat which could be purchased, and of horseflesh the supply was scanty. It was necessary to make up the deficiency with tallow, and even tallow was doled out with a parsimonious hand.

On the fifteenth of June a gleam of hope appeared. The sentinels on the top of the Cathedral saw sails nine miles off in the bay of Lough Foyle. Thirty vessels of different sizes were counted. Signals were made from the steeples and returned from the mast heads, but were imperfectly understood on both sides. At last a messenger from the fleet eluded the Irish sentinels, dived under the boom, and informed the garrison that Kirke had arrived from England with troops, arms, ammunition, and provisions, to relieve the city.

In Londonderry expectation was at the height but a few hours of feverish joy were followed by weeks of misery. Kirke thought it unsafe to make any attempt, either by land or by water, on the lines of the besiegers, and retired to the entrance of Lough Foyle, where, during several weeks, he lay inactive.

And now the pressure of famine became every day more severe. A strict search was made in all the recesses of all the houses of the city, and some provisions, which had been concealed in cellars by

people who had since died or made their escape, were discovered and carried to the magazines. The stock of cannon balls was almost exhausted, and their place was supplied by buckbats coated with lead. Pestilence began, as usual, to make its appearance in the train of hunger. Fifteen officers died of fever in one day. The Governor Baker was among those who sank under the disease. His place was supplied by Colonel John Mitchelburne.

Meanwhile it was known at Dublin that Kuke and his squadron were on the coast of Ulster. The alarm was great at the Castle. Even before this news arrived, Avaux had given it as his opinion that Richard Hamilton was unequal to the difficulties of the situation. It had therefore been resolved that Rosen should take the chief command. He was now sent down with all speed.

On the nineteenth of June he arrived at the head-quarters of the besieging army. At first he attempted to undermine the walls, but his plan was discovered, and he was compelled to abandon it after a sharp fight, in which more than a hundred of his men were slain. Then his fury rose to a strange pitch. He, an old soldier, a Marshal of France in expectancy, trained in the school of the greatest generals, accustomed, during many years, to scientific war, to be baffled by a mob of country gentlemen, farmers, shopkeepers, who were protected only by a wall which any good engineer would at once have pronounced untenable! He raved, he blasphemed, in a language of his own, made up of all the dialects spoken from the Baltic to the Atlantic. He would raze the city to the ground. He would spare no living thing, no, not the young girls, not the babies at the breast. As to the leaders, death was

too light a punishment for them he would rack them he would roast them alive In his rage he ordered a shell to be flung into the town with a letter containing a horrible menace He would, he said, gather into one body all the Protestants who had remained at their homes between Charlemont and the sea, old men, women, children, many of them near in blood and affection to the defenders of Londonderry No protection, whatever might be the authority by which it had been given, should be respected The multitude thus brought together should be driven under the walls of Londonderry, and should there be starved to death in the sight of their countrymen, their friends, their kinsmen This was no idle threat Parties were instantly sent out in all directions to collect victims At dawn, on the morning of the second of July, hundreds of Protestants, who were charged with no crime, who were incapable of bearing arms, and many of whom had protections granted by James, were dragged to the gates of the city It was imagined that the piteous sight would quell the spirit of the colonists But the only effect was to rouse that spirit to still greater energy. An order was immediately put forth that no man should utter the word Surrender on pain of death, and no man uttered that word Several prisoners of high rank were in the town Hitherto they had been well treated, and had received as good rations as were measured out to the garrison They were now closely confined A gallows was erected on one of the bastions, and a message was conveyed to Rosen, requesting him to send a confessor instantly to prepare his friends for death. The prisoners in great dismay wrote to the savage Livonian, but received no answer They

then addressed themselves to their countryman, Richard Hamilton. They were willing, they said, to shed their blood for their King, but they thought it hard to die the ignominious death of thieves in consequence of the barbarity of their own companions in arms. Hamilton, though a man of lax principles, was not cruel. He had been disgusted by the inhumanity of Rosen, but, being only second in command, could not venture to express publicly all that he thought. He, however, remonstrated strongly. Some Irish officers felt on this occasion as it was natural that brave men should feel, and declared, weeping with pity and indignation, that they should never cease to have in their ears the cries of the poor women and children who had been driven at the point of the pike to die of famine between the camp and the city. Rosen persisted during forty-eight hours. In that time many unhappy creatures perished, but Londonderry held out as resolutely as ever, and he saw that his crime was likely to produce nothing but hatred and obloquy. He at length gave way, and suffered the survivors to withdraw. The garrison then took down the gallows which had been erected on the bastion.

When the tidings of these events reached Dublin, James, though by no means prone to compassion, was startled by an atrocity of which the civil wars of England had furnished no example, and was displeased by learning that protections, given by his authority, and guaranteed by his honour, had been publicly declared to be nullities. He complained to the French ambassador, and said, with a warmth which the occasion fully justified, that Rosen was a barbarous Muscovite. Melfort could

not refrain from adding that, if Rosen had been an Englishman, he would have been hanged. Avaux was utterly unable to understand this effeminate sensibility. In his opinion, nothing had been done that was at all reprehensible, and he had some difficulty in commanding himself when he heard the King and the secretary blame, in strong language, an act of wholesome severity. In truth the French ambassador and the French general were well paired. There was a great difference, doubtless, in appearance and manner, between the handsome, graceful, and refined diplomatist, whose dexterity and suavity had been renowned at the most polite courts of Europe, and the military adventurer, whose look and voice reminded all who came near him that he had been born in a half savage country, that he had risen from the ranks, and that he had once been sentenced to death for marauding. But the heart of the diplomatist was really even more callous than that of the soldier.

Rosen was recalled to Dublin, and Richard Hamilton was again left in the chief command. He tried gentler means than those which had brought so much reproach on his predecessor. No trick, no lie, which was thought likely to discourage the starving garrison was spared. One day a great shout was raised by the whole Irish camp. The defenders of Londonderry were soon informed that the army of James was rejoicing on account of the fall of Enniskillen. They were told that they had now no chance of being relieved, and were exhorted to save their lives by capitulating. They consented to negotiate. But what they asked was, that they should be permitted to depart armed and in military array, by land or by water at their choice. They

demanded hostages for the exact fulfilment of these conditions, and insisted that the hostages should be sent on board of the fleet which lay in Lough Foyle. Such terms Hamilton durst not grant. The Governors would abate nothing. The treaty was broken off, and the conflict recommenced.

By this time July was far advanced, and the state of the city was, hour by hour, becoming more frightful. The number of the inhabitants had been thinned more by famine and disease than by the fire of the enemy. Yet that fire was sharper and more constant than ever. One of the gates was beaten in. One of the bastions was laid in ruins, but the breaches made by day were repaired by night with indefatigable activity. Every attack was still repelled. But the fighting men of the garrison were so much exhausted that they could scarcely keep their legs. Several of them, in the act of striking at the enemy, fell down from mere weakness. A very small quantity of grain remained, and was doled out by mouthfuls. The stock of salted hides was considerable, and by gnawing them the garrison appeased the rage of hunger. Dogs, fattened on the blood of the slain who lay unburied round the town, were luxuries which few could afford to purchase. The price of a whelp's paw was five shillings and sixpence. Nine horses were still alive, and but barely alive. They were so lean that little meat was likely to be found upon them. It was, however, determined to slaughter them for food. The people perished so fast that it was impossible for the survivors to perform the rites of sepulture. There was scarcely a cellar in which some corpse was not decaying. Such was the extremity of distress, that the rats who came

to feast in those hideous dens were eagerly hunted and greedily devoured. A small fish, caught in the river, was not to be purchased with money. The only price for which such a treasure could be obtained was some handfuls of oatmeal. Leprosies, such as strange and unwholesome diet engenders, made existence a constant torment. The whole city was poisoned by the stench exhaled from the bodies of the dead and of the half dead. That there should be fits of discontent and insubordination among men enduring such misery was inevitable. At one moment it was suspected that Walker had laid up somewhere a secret store of food, and was revelling in private, while he exhorted others to suffer resolutely for the good cause. His house was strictly examined. His innocence was fully proved. He regained his popularity, and the garrison, with death in near prospect, thronged to the cathedral to hear him preach, drank in his earnest eloquence with delight, and went forth from the house of God with haggard faces and tottering steps, but with spirit still unsubdued. There were, indeed, some secret plottings. A very few obscure traitors opened communications with the enemy. But it was necessary that all such dealings should be carefully concealed. None dared to utter publicly any words save words of defiance and stubborn resolution. Even in that extremity the general cry was 'No surrender.' And there were not wanting voices which, in low tones, added, 'First the horses and hides, and then the prisoners, and then each other.' It was afterwards related, half in jest, yet not without a horrible mixture of earnest, that a corpulent citizen, whose bulk presented a strange contrast

to the skeletons which surrounded him, thought it expedient to conceal himself from the numerous eyes which followed him with cannibal looks whenever he appeared in the streets

It was no slight aggravation of the sufferings of the garrison that all this time the English ships were seen far off in Lough Foyle. Communication between the fleet and the city was almost impossible. One diver who had attempted to pass the boom was drowned. Another was hanged. The language of signals was hardly intelligible. On the thirteenth of July, however, a piece of paper sewed up in a cloth button came to Walker's hands. It was a letter from Kirke, and contained assurances of speedy relief. But more than a fortnight of intense misery had since elapsed, and the hearts of the most sanguine were sick with deferred hope. By no art could the provisions which were left be made to hold out two days more.

Just at this time Kirke received a dispatch from England, which contained positive orders that Londonderry should be relieved. He accordingly determined to make an attempt which, as far as appears, he might have made, with at least an equally fair prospect of success, six weeks earlier.

Among the merchant ships which had come to Lough Foyle under his convoy was one called the *Mountjoy*. The master, Micaiah Browning, a native of Londonderry, had brought from England a large cargo of provisions. He had, it is said, repeatedly remonstrated against the inaction of the armament. He now eagerly volunteered to take the first risk of succouring his fellow citizens, and his offer was accepted. Andrew Douglas, master of the *Phoenix*, who had on board a great quantity of meal from

Scotland, was willing to share the danger and the honour. The two merchantmen were to be escorted by the Dartmouth, a frigate of thirty-six guns, commanded by Captain John Leake, afterwards an admiral of great fame.

It was the twenty-eighth of July. The sun had just set. The evening sermon in the cathedral was over, and the heartbroken congregation had separated, when the sentinels on the tower saw the sails of three vessels coming up the Foyle. Soon there was a stir in the Irish camp. The besiegers were on the alert for miles along both shores. The ships were in extreme peril, for the river was low, and the only navigable channel ran very near to the left bank, where the head-quarters of the enemy had been fixed, and where the batteries were most numerous. Leake performed his duty with a skill and spirit worthy of his noble profession, exposed his frigate to cover the merchantmen, and used his guns with great effect. At length the little squadron came to the place of peril. Then the Mountjoy took the lead, and went right at the boom. The huge barricade cracked and gave way, but the shock was such that the Mountjoy rebounded, and stuck in the mud. A yell of triumph rose from the banks. The Irish rushed to their boats, and were preparing to board, but the Dartmouth poured on them a well directed broadside, which threw them into disorder. Just then the Phoenix dashed at the breach which the Mountjoy had made, and was in a moment within the fence. Meantime the tide was rising fast. The Mountjoy began to move, and soon passed safe through the broken stakes and floating spars. But her brave master was no more. A shot from one of

the batteries had struck him , and he died by the most enviable of all deaths, in sight of the city which was his birthplace, which was his home, and which had just been saved by his courage and self-devotion from the most frightful form of destruction The night had closed in before the conflict at the boom began , but the flash of the guns was seen and the noise heard, by the lean and ghastly multitude which covered the walls of the city When the Mountjoy grounded, and when the shout of triumph rose from the Irish on both sides of the river, the hearts of the besieged died within them One who endured the unutterable anguish of that moment has told us that they looked fearfully livid in each other's eyes Even after the barricade had been passed, there was a terrible half hour of suspense It was ten o'clock before the ships arrived at the quay The whole population was there to welcome them A screen made of casks filled with earth was hastily thrown up to protect the landing place from the batteries on the other side of the river , and then the work of unloading began First were rolled on shore barrels containing six thousand bushels of meal Then came great cheeses, casks of beef, fitches of bacon, kegs of butter, sacks of pease and biscuit, ankers of brandy Not many hours before, half a pound of tallow and three quarters of a pound of salted hide had been weighed out with niggardly care to every fighting man The ration which each now received was three pounds of flour, two pounds of beef, and a pint of pease It is easy to imagine with what tears grace was said over the suppers of that evening There was little sleep on either side of the wall The bonfires shone bright along the

whole circuit of the ramparts The Irish guns continued to roar all night, and all night the bells of the rescued city made answer to the Irish guns with a peal of joyous defiance Through the three following days the batteries of the enemy continued to play But, on the third night, flames were seen arising from the camp, and when the first of August dawned, a line of smoking ruins marked the site lately occupied by the huts of the besiegers, and the citizens saw far off the long column of pikes and standards retreating up the left bank of the Foyle towards Strabane

So ended this great siege, the most memorable in the annals of the British Isles It had lasted a hundred and five days The garrison had been reduced from about seven thousand effective men to about three thousand The loss of the besiegers cannot be precisely ascertained Walker estimated it at eight thousand men It is certain from the dispatches of Avaux that the regiments which returned from the blockade had been so much thinned that many of them were not more than two hundred strong Of thirty-six French gunners who had superintended the cannonading, thirty-one had been killed or disabled The means both of attack and of defence had undoubtedly been such as would have moved the great warriors of the Continent to laughter, and this is the very circumstance which gives so peculiar an interest to the history of the contest It was a contest, not between engineers, but between nations, and the victory remained with the nation which, though inferior in number, was superior in civilization, in capacity for self-government, and in stubbornness of resolution — *History of England*

ARREST OF JUDGE JEFFREYS

IN spite, however, of the well meant efforts of the provisional government, the agitation grew hourly more formidable. It was heightened by an event which, even at this distance of time, can hardly be related without a feeling of vindictive pleasure. A scrivener who lived at Wapping, and whose trade was to furnish the seafaring men there with money at high interest, had some time before lent a sum on bottomry. The debtor applied to equity for relief against his own bond, and the case came before Jeffreys. The counsel for the borrower, having little else to say, said that the lender was a Trimmer. The Chancellor instantly fired. 'A Trimmer! where is he? Let me see him. I have heard of that kind of monster. What is it made like?' The unfortunate creditor was forced to stand forth. The Chancellor glared fiercely on him, stormed at him, and sent him away half dead with fright. 'While I live', the poor man said, as he tottered out of the court, 'I shall never forget that terrible countenance'. And now the day of retribution had arrived. The Trimmer was walking through Wapping, when he saw a well known face looking out of the window of an alehouse. He could not be deceived. The eyebrows, indeed, had been shaved away. The dress was that of a common sailor from Newcastle, and was black with coal dust. but there was no mistaking the savage eye and mouth of Jeffreys. The alarm was given. In a moment the house was surrounded by hundreds of people shaking bludgeons and bellowing curses. The fugitive's life was

saved by a company of the trainbands, and he was carried before the Lord Mayor. The Mayor was a simple man who had passed his whole life in obscurity, and was bewildered by finding himself an important actor in a mighty revolution. The events of the last twenty-four hours, and the perilous state of the city which was under his charge, had disordered his mind and his body. When the great man, at whose frown, a few days before, the whole kingdom had trembled, was dragged into the justice room begrimed with ashes, half dead with fright, and followed by a raging multitude, the agitation of the unfortunate Mayor rose to the height. He fell into fits, and was carried to his bed, whence he never rose. Meanwhile the throng without was constantly becoming more numerous and more savage. Jeffreys begged to be sent to prison. An order to that effect was procured from the Lords who were sitting at Whitehall, and he was conveyed in a carriage to the Tower. Two regiments of militia were drawn out to escort him, and found the duty a difficult one. It was repeatedly necessary for them to form, as if for the purpose of repelling a charge of cavalry, and to present a forest of pikes to the mob. The thousands who were disappointed of their revenge pursued the coach, with howls of rage, to the gate of the Tower, brandishing cudgels, and holding up halters full in the prisoner's view. The wretched man meantime was in convulsions of terror. He wrung his hands. he looked wildly out, sometimes at one window, sometimes at the other, and was heard even above the tumult, crying 'Keep them off, gentlemen! For God's sake keep them off!' At

length, having suffered far more than the bitterness of death, he was safely lodged in the fortress where some of his most illustrious victims had passed their last days, and where his own life was destined to close in unspeakable ignominy and honor —
History of England

LAST DAYS OF JEFFREYS

AMONG the many offenders whose names were mentioned in the course of these inquiries, was one who stood alone and unapproached in guilt and infamy, and whom Whigs and Tories were equally willing to leave to the extreme rigour of the law. On that terrible day which was succeeded by the Irish Night, the roar of a great city disappointed of its revenge had followed Jeffreys to the drawbridge of the Tower. His imprisonment was not strictly legal but he at first accepted with thanks and blessings the protection which those dark walls, made famous by so many crimes and sorrows afforded him against the fury of the multitude. Soon, however, he became sensible that his life was still in imminent peril. For a time he flattered himself with the hope that a writ of Habeas Corpus would liberate him from his confinement, and that he should be able to steal away to some foreign country, and to hide himself with part of his ill-gotten wealth from the detestation of mankind but, till the government was settled, there was no Court competent to grant a writ of Habeas Corpus, and, as soon as the government had been settled, the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended. Whether the legal guilt of murder could be brought home to Jeffreys may be doubted. But he was morally

guilty of so many murders that, if there had been no other way of reaching his life, a retrospective Act of Attainder would have been clamorously demanded by the whole nation. A disposition to triumph over the fallen has never been one of the besetting sins of Englishmen but the hatred of which Jeffreys was the object was without a parallel in our history, and partook but too largely of the savageness of his own nature. The people, where he was concerned, were as cruel as himself, and exulted in his misery as he had been accustomed to exult in the misery of convicts listening to the sentence of death, and of families clad in mourning. The rabble congregated before his deserted mansion in Duke Street, and read on the door, with shouts of laughter, the bills which announced the sale of his property. Even delicate women, who had tears for highwaymen and housebreakers, breathed nothing but vengeance against him. The lampoons on him which were hawked about the town were distinguished by an atrocity rare even in those days. Hanging would be too mild a death for him; a grave under the gibbet too respectable a resting place; he ought to be whipped to death at the cart's tail; he ought to be tortured like an Indian; he ought to be devoured alive. The street poets portioned out all his joints with cannibal ferocity, and computed how many pounds of steaks might be cut from his well fattened carcass. Nay, the rage of his enemies was such that, in language seldom heard in England, they proclaimed their wish that he might go to the place of wailing and gnashing of teeth, to the worm that never dies, to the fire that is never quenched. They exhorted him to hang himself in his garters, and to cut his

throat with his razor They put up horrible prayers that he might not be able to repent, that he might die the same hardhearted, wicked Jeffreys that he had lived His spirit, as mean in adversity as insolent and inhuman in prosperity, sank down under the load of public abhorrence His constitution, originally bad, and much impaired by intemperance, was completely broken by distress and anxiety He was tormented by a cruel internal disease, which the most skilful surgeons of that age were seldom able to relieve One solace was left to him, brandy Even when he had causes to try and councils to attend, he had seldom gone to bed sober Now, when he had nothing to occupy his mind save terrible recollections and terrible forebodings, he abandoned himself without reserve to his favourite vice Many believed him to be bent on shortening his life by excess He thought it better, they said, to go off in a drunken fit than to be hacked by Ketch, or torn limb from limb by the populace

Once he was roused from a state of abject despondency by an agreeable sensation, speedily followed by a mortifying disappointment A parcel had been left for him at the Tower It appeared to be a barrel of Colchester oysters, his favourite dainties He was greatly moved for there are moments when those who least deserve affection are pleased to think that they inspire it 'Thank God,' he exclaimed, 'I have still some friends left' He opened the barrel, and from among a heap of shells out tumbled a stout halter

It does not appear that one of the flatterers or buffoons whom he had enriched out of the plunder of his victims came to comfort him in the day of

trouble But he was not left in utter solitude John Tutchin, whom he had sentenced to be flogged every fortnight for seven years, made his way into the Tower, and presented himself before the fallen oppressor Poor Jeffreys, humbled to the dust, behaved with abject civility, and called for wine 'I am glad, sir,' he said, 'to see you' 'And I am glad,' answered the resentful Whig, 'to see Your Lordship in this place' 'I served my master,' said Jeffreys 'I was bound in conscience to do so' 'Where was your conscience,' said Tutchin, 'when you passed that sentence on me at Dorchester?' 'It was set down in my instructions,' answered Jeffreys, fawningly, 'that I was to show no mercy to men like you, men of parts and courage When I went back to court I was reprimanded for my lenity' Even Tutchin, acrimonious as was his nature, and great as were his wrongs, seems to have been a little mollified by the pitiable spectacle which he had at first contemplated with vindictive pleasure He always denied the truth of the report that he was the person who sent the Colchester barrel to the Tower

A more benevolent man, John Sharp, the excellent Dean of Norwich, forced himself to visit the prisoner It was a painful task but Sharp had been treated by Jeffreys, in old times, as kindly as it was in the nature of Jeffreys to treat any body, and had once or twice been able, by patiently waiting till the storm of curses and invectives had spent itself, and by dexterously seizing the moment of good humour, to obtain for unhappy families some mitigation of their sufferings The prisoner was surprised and pleased 'What,' he said, 'dare you own me now?' It was

in vain, however, that the amiable divine tried to give salutary pain to that seared conscience. Jeffreys, instead of acknowledging his guilt, exclaimed vehemently against the injustice of mankind. 'People call me a murderer for doing what at the time was applauded by some who are now high in public favour. They call me a drunkard because I take punch to relieve me in my agony.' He would not admit that, as President of the High Commission, he had done any thing that deserved reproach. His colleagues, he said, were the real criminals, and now they threw all the blame on him. He spoke with peculiar asperity of Sprat, who had undoubtedly been the most humane and moderate member of the board.

It soon became clear that the wicked judge was fast sinking under the weight of bodily and mental suffering. Doctor John Scott, prebendary of Saint Paul's, a clergyman of great sanctity, and author of the *Christian Life*, a treatise once widely renowned, was summoned, probably on the recommendation of his intimate friend Sharp, to the bedside of the dying man. It was in vain, however, that Scott spoke, as Sharp had already spoken, of the hideous butcheries of Dorchester and Taunton. To the last Jeffreys continued to repeat that those who thought him cruel did not know what his orders were, that he deserved praise instead of blame, and that his clemency had drawn on him the extreme displeasure of his master.

Disease, assisted by strong drink and by misery, did its work fast. The patient's stomach rejected all nourishment. He dwindled in a few weeks from a portly and even corpulent man to a skeleton. On the eighteenth of April he died, in the forty-first

year of his age He had been Chief Justice of the King's Bench at thirty-five, and Lord Chancellor at thirty-seven In the whole history of the English bar there is no other instance of so rapid an elevation, or of so terrible a fall The emaciated corpse was laid, with all privacy, next to the corpse of Monmouth in the chapel of the Tower — *History of England*

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

1801-90

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN DEFINED

HENCE it is that it is almost a definition of a gentleman to say that he is one who never inflicts pain This description is both refined and, as far as it goes, accurate He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him, and he concurs with their movements rather than takes the initiative himself His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature like an easy chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast,—all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment, his great concern being to make every one at their ease and at home He has his eyes on all his

company, he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd, he can recollect to whom he is speaking, he guards against unreasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate, he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favours while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort, he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults, he is too well employed to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned, on philosophical principles, he submits to pain, because it is inevitable, to bereavement, because it is irreparable, and to death, because it is his destiny. If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps, but less educated minds, who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it. He may be right or wrong in his opinion,

but he is too clear-headed to be unjust, he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candour, consideration, indulgence. He throws himself into the minds of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province and its limits. If he be an unbeliever, he will be too profound and large-minded to ridicule religion or to act against it, he is too wise to be a dogmatist or fanatic in his infidelity. He respects piety and devotion, he even supports institutions as venerable, beautiful, or useful, to which he does not assent, he honours the ministers of religion, and it contents him to decline its mysteries without assailing or denouncing them. He is a friend of religious toleration, and that, not only because his philosophy has taught him to look on all forms of faith with an impartial eye, but also from the gentleness and effeminacy of feeling, which is the attendant on civilization—*Scope and Nature of University Education*

POSITION OF NEWMAN'S MIND SINCE HIS RECEPTION INTO THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH (1845)

FROM the time that I became a Catholic, of course I have no further history of my religious opinions to narrate. In saying this, I do not mean to say that my mind has been idle, or that I have given up thinking on theological subjects, but that I have had no variations to record, and have had no anxiety of heart whatever. I have been in perfect peace and contentment, I never have

had one doubt I was not conscious to myself, on my conversion, of any change, intellectual or moral, wrought in my mind I was not conscious of firmer faith in the fundamental truths of Revelation, or of more self-command, I had not more fervour, but it was like coming into port after a rough sea, and my happiness on that score remains to this day without interruption

Nor had I any trouble about receiving those additional articles, which are not found in the Anglican Creed Some of them I believed already, but not any one of them was a trial to me I made a profession of them upon my reception with the greatest ease, and I have the same ease in believing them now I am far of course from denying that every article of the Christian Creed, whether as held by Catholics or by Protestants, is beset with intellectual difficulties, and it is simple fact, that, for myself, I cannot answer those difficulties Many persons are very sensitive of the difficulties of Religion, I am as sensitive of them as any one, but I have never been able to see a connexion between apprehending those difficulties, however keenly, and multiplying them to any extent, and on the other hand doubting the doctrines to which they are attached Ten thousand difficulties do not make one doubt, as I understand the subject, difficulty and doubt are incommensurate There of course may be difficulties in the evidence, but I am speaking of difficulties intrinsic to the doctrines themselves, or to their relations with each other A man may be annoyed that he cannot work out a mathematical problem, of which the answer is or is not given to him, without doubting that it admits of an answer, or that a certain

particular answer is the true one Of all points of faith, the being of a God is, to my own apprehension, encompassed with most difficulty, and yet borne in upon our minds with most power —
Apologia pro Vita Sua

MUSIC AS A SYMBOL

LET us take another instance, of an outward and earthly form, or economy, under which great wonders unknown seem to be typified, I mean musical sounds, as they are exhibited most perfectly in instrumental harmony There are seven notes in the scale, make them fourteen, yet what a slender outfit for so vast an enterprise! What science brings so much out of so little? Out of what poor elements does some great master in it create his new world! Shall we say that all this exuberant inventiveness is a mere ingenuity or trick of art, like some game or fashion of the day, without reality, without meaning? We may do so, and then, perhaps, we shall also account the science of theology to be a matter of words, yet, as there is a divinity in the theology of the Church, which those who feel cannot communicate, so is there also in the wonderful creation of sublimity and beauty of which I am speaking To many men the very names which the science employs are utterly incomprehensible To speak of an idea or a subject seems to be fanciful or trifling, and of the views which it opens upon us to be childish extravagance, yet is it possible that that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes, so rich yet so simple, so intricate yet so regulated, so various yet so majestic, should be a mere sound,

which is gone and perishes ? Can it be that those mysterious stirrings of heart, and keen emotions, and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes, and begins and ends in itself ? It is not so, it cannot be No, they have escaped from some higher sphere, they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound, they are echoes from our Home, they are the voice of Angels, or the Magnificat of Saints, or the living laws of Divine Governance, or the Divine Attributes, something are they besides themselves, which we cannot compass, which we cannot utter,—though mortal man, and he perhaps not otherwise distinguished above his fellows, has the gift of eliciting them —*University Sermons*

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, LORD LYTTON

1803-73

A 'FLASH HOUSE' IN POMPEII, AND THE GENTLEMEN OF THE CLASSIC RING

To one of those parts of Pompeii, which were tenanted not by the lords of pleasure, but by its minions and its victims, the haunt of gladiators and prize-fighters, of the vicious and the penniless, of the savage and the obscene, the Alsatia of an ancient city—we are now transported

It was a large room, that opened at once on the confined and crowded lane Before the threshold was a group of men, whose iron and well-strung

muscles, whose short and Herculean necks, whose hardy and reckless countenances, indicated the champions of the arena. On a shelf, without the shop, were ranged jars of wine and oil, and right over this was inserted in the wall a coarse painting, which exhibited gladiators drinking—so ancient and so venerable is the custom of signs! Within the room were placed several small tables, arranged somewhat in the modern fashion of ‘boxes,’ and round these were seated several knots of men, some drinking, some playing at dice, some at that more skilful game called ‘*duodecim scripta*’, which certain of the blundering learned have mistaken for chess, though it *rather*, perhaps, resembled backgammon of the two, and was usually, though not always, played by the assistance of dice. The hour was in the early forenoon, and nothing better, perhaps, than that unseasonable time itself denoted the habitual indolence of these tavern loungers. Yet, despite the situation of the house and the character of its inmates, it indicated none of that sordid squalor which would have characterized a similar haunt in a modern city. The gay disposition of all the Pompeians, who sought, at least, to gratify the sense even where they neglected the mind, was typified by the gaudy colours which decorated the walls, and the shapes, fantastic but not inelegant, in which the lamps, the drinking-cups, the commonest household utensils, were wrought.

‘By Pollux!’ said one of the gladiators, as he leaned against the wall of the threshold, ‘the wine thou sellest us, old Silenus,’—and as he spoke he slapped a portly personage on the back—‘is enough to thin the best blood in one’s veins’.

The man thus caressingly saluted, and whose

bared arms, white apron, and keys and napkin tucked carelessly within his girdle, indicated him to be the host of the tavern, was already passed into the autumn of his years, but his form was still so robust and athletic, that he might have shamed even the sinewy shapes beside him, save that the muscle had seeded, as it were, into flesh, that the cheeks were swelled and bloated, and the increasing stomach threw into shade the vast and massive chest which rose above it

'None of thy scurrilous blusterings with me,' growled the gigantic landlord, in the gentle semi-roar of an insulted tiger, 'my wine is good enough for a carcass which shall so soon soak the dust of the spoliarium'

'Croakest thou thus, old raven!' returned the gladiator, laughing scornfully, 'thou shalt live to hang thyself with despatch when thou seest me win the palm crown, and when I get the purse at the amphitheatre, as I certainly shall, my first vow to Hercules shall be to forswear thee and thy vile potations evermore'

'Hear to him—hear to this modest Pyrgopolinices! He has certainly served under Bombochides Cluninstaridydsarchides,' cried the host 'Sporus, Niger, Tetraides, he declares he shall win the purse from you Why, by the gods! each of your muscles is strong enough to stifle all his body, or I know nothing of the arena!'

'Ha!' said the gladiator, colouring with rising fury, 'our lanista would tell a different story'

'What story could he tell against me, vain Lydon?' said Tetraides, frowning

'Or me, who have conquered in fifteen fights?' said the gigantic Niger, stalking up to the gladiator.

‘Or me?’ grunted Sporus, with eyes of fire
‘Tush!’ said Lydon, folding his arms, and regarding his rivals with a reckless air of defiance
‘The time of trial will soon come, keep your valour till then’

‘Aye, do,’ said the surly host, ‘and if I press down my thumb to save you, may the Fates cut my thread!’

‘Your rope, you mean,’ said Lydon sneeringly
‘here is a sesterce to buy one’

The Titan wine-vender seized the hand extended to him, and griped it in so stern a vice that the blood spirted from the fingers’ ends over the garments of the bystanders

They set up a savage laugh

‘I will teach thee, young braggart, to play the Macedonian with me! I am no puny Persian, I warrant thee! What, man! have I not fought twenty years in the ring, and never lowered my arms once? And have I not received the rod from the Editor’s own hand as a sign of victory, and as a grace to retirement on my laurels? And am I now to be lectured by a boy?’ So saying, he flung the hand from him in scorn

Without changing a muscle, but with the same smiling face with which he had previously taunted mine host, did the gladiator brave the painful grasp he had undergone. But no sooner was his hand released, than, crouching for one moment as a wild cat crouches, you might see his hair bristle on his head and beard, and with a fierce and shrill yell he sprang on the throat of the giant, with an impetus that threw him, vast and sturdy as he was, from his balance,—and down, with the crash of a falling rock, he fell,—while over him fell also his ferocious foe

Our host, perhaps, had had no need of the rope so kindly recommended to him by Lydon, had he remained three minutes longer in that position. But, summoned to his assistance by the noise of his fall, a woman, who had hitherto kept in an inner apartment, rushed to the scene of battle. This new ally was in herself a match for the gladiator, she was tall, lean, and with arms that could give other than soft embraces. In fact, the gentle helpmate of Burbo the wine-seller had, like himself, fought in the lists—nay, under the emperor's eye. And Burbo himself—Burbo, the unconquered in the field, according to report, now and then yielded the palm to his soft Stratonice. This sweet creature no sooner saw the imminent peril that awaited her worse half, than without other weapons than those with which Nature had provided her, she darted upon the incumbent gladiator, and, clasping him round the waist with her long and snake-like arms, lifted him by a sudden wrench from the body of her husband, leaving only his hands still clinging to the throat of his foe. So have we seen a dog snatched by the hind legs from the strife with a fallen rival, in the arms of some envious groom, so have we seen one-half of him high in air—passive and offenceless—while the other half, head, teeth, eyes, claws, seemed buried and engulfed in the mangled and prostrate enemy. Meanwhile, the gladiators, lapped, and pampered, and glutted upon blood, crowded delightedly round the combatants—their nostrils distended—their lips grinning—their eyes gloatingly fixed on the bloody throat of the one and the indented talons of the other.

'*Habet*!' (he has got it!) *habet*!' cried they, with a sort of yell, rubbing their nervous hands

'*Non habeo, ye liars, I have not got it!*' shouted the host, as with a mighty effort he wrenched himself from those deadly hands, and rose to his feet, breathless, panting, lacerated, bloody, and fronting, with reeling eyes, the glaring look and grinning teeth of his baffled foe, now struggling (but struggling with disdain) in the gripe of the sturdy Amazon

'Fair play!' cried the gladiators 'one to one,' and, crowding round Lydon and the woman, they separated our pleasing host from his courteous guest—*The Last Days of Pompeii*

GLAUCUS AND THE LION

'COURAGE!' said one, 'thou art young, active, well knit They give thee a weapon! despair not, and thou mayst yet conquer'

Glaucus did not reply, but, ashamed of his infirmity, he made a desperate and convulsive effort, and regained the firmness of his nerves They anointed his body, completely naked save by a cincture round the loins, placed the stilus (vain weapon!) in his hand, and led him into the arena

And now when the Greek saw the eyes of thousands and tens of thousands upon him, he no longer felt that he was mortal All evidence of fear—all fear itself—was gone A red and haughty flush spread over the paleness of his features, he towered aloft to the full of his glorious stature In the elastic beauty of his limbs and form, in his intent but unfrowning brow, in the high disdain, and in the indomitable soul, which breathed visibly, which spake audibly,

from his attitude, his lip, his eye,—he seemed the very incarnation, vivid and corporeal, of the valour of his land—of the divinity of its worship—at once a hero and a god !

The murmur of hatred and horror at his crime, which had greeted his entrance, died into the silence of involuntary admiration and half-compassionate respect, and, with a quick and convulsive sigh, that seemed to move the whole mass of life as if it were one body, the gaze of the spectators turned from the Athenian to a dark uncouth object in the centre of the arena. It was the grated den of the lion !

‘ By Venus, how warm it is ! ’ said Fulvia, ‘ yet there is no sun. Would that those stupid sailors could have fastened up that gap in the awning ! ’

‘ Oh ! it is warm, indeed. I turn sick—I faint ! ’ said the wife of Pansa, even her experienced stoicism giving way at the struggle about to take place.

The lion had been kept without food for twenty-four hours, and the animal had, during the whole morning, testified a singular and restless uneasiness, which the keeper had attributed to the pangs of hunger. Yet its bearing seemed rather that of fear than of rage, its roar was painful and distressed, it hung its head—snuffed the air through the bars—then lay down—started again—and again uttered its wild and far-resounding cries. And now, in its den, it lay utterly dumb and mute, with distending nostrils forced hard against the grating, and disturbing, with a heaving breath, the sand below on the arena.

The Editor’s lip quivered, and his cheek grew pale, he looked anxiously around—hesitated—

delayed, the crowd became impatient. Slowly he gave the sign, the keeper, who was behind the den, cautiously removed the grating, and the lion leaped forth with a mighty and glad roar of release. The keeper hastily retreated through the grated passage leading from the arena, and left the lord of the forest—and his prey.

Glaucus had bent his limbs so as to give himself the firmest posture at the expected rush of the lion, with his small and shining weapon raised on high in the faint hope that *one* well-directed thrust (for he knew that he should have time but for *one*) might penetrate through the eye to the brain of his grim foe.

But, to the unutterable astonishment of all, the beast seemed not even aware of the presence of the criminal.

At the first moment of its release it halted abruptly in the arena, raised itself half on end, snuffing the upward air with impatient sighs, then suddenly it sprang forward, but not on the Athenian. At half-speed it circled round and round the space, turning its vast head from side to side with an anxious and perturbed gaze, as if seeking only some avenue of escape, once or twice it endeavoured to leap up the parapet that divided it from the audience, and, on failing, uttered rather a baffled howl than its deep-toned and kingly roar. It evinced no sign, either of wrath or hunger, its tail drooped along the sand, instead of lashing its gaunt sides, and its eye, though it wandered at times to Glaucus, rolled again listlessly from him. At length, as if tired of attempting to escape, it crept with a moan into its cage, and once more laid itself down to rest.

The first surprise of the assembly at the apathy of the lion soon grew converted into resentment at its cowardice, and the populace already merged their pity for the fate of Glaucus into angry compassion for their own disappointment

The Editor called to the keeper —

‘How is this? Take the goad, prick him forth, and then close the door of the den’

As the keeper, with some fear but more astonishment, was preparing to obey, a loud cry was heard at one of the entrances of the arena, there was a confusion, a bustle—voices of remonstrance suddenly breaking forth, and suddenly silenced at the reply. All eyes turned, in wonder at the interruption, towards the quarter of the disturbance, the crowd gave way, and suddenly Sallust appeared on the senatorial benches, his hair dishevelled—breathless—heated—half-exhausted. He cast his eyes hastily round the ring. ‘Remove the Athenian,’ he cried, ‘haste—he is innocent! Arrest Arbaces the Egyptian—HE is the murderer of Apaecides!’—*The Last Days of Pompeii*

THE AGE OF GOLD AND THE AGE OF PAPER

THE KING of the Silver Mines sat in a cavern in the valley, through which the moon just pierced and slept in shadow on the soil shining with metals wrought into unnumbered shapes, and below him, on a humbler throne, with a grey beard and downcast eye, sat the aged King of the Dwarfs that preside over the dull realms of lead, and inspire the verse of—, and the prose of —! And there too, a fantastic household elf, was the President of the Copper Republic—a spirit that

loves economy and the uses and smiles sparsely on the beautiful But, in the centre of the cave, upon beds of the softest mosses, the untrodden growth of ages, reclined the fairy visitors—Nymphalin seated by her betrothed And round the walls of the cave were dwarf attendants on the sovereigns of the metals, of a thousand odd shapes and fantastic garments On the abrupt ledges of the rocks the bats, charmed to stillness but not sleep, clustered thickly, watching the scene with fixed and amazed eyes, and one old grey owl, the favourite of the witch of the valley, sat blinking in a corner, listening with all her might that she might bring home the scandal to her mistress

‘And tell me, Prince of the Rhine Island Fays,’ said the King of the Silver Mines, ‘for thou art a traveller, and a fairy that hath seen much, how go men’s affairs in the upper world? As to ourself, we live here in a stupid splendour, and only hear the news of the day when our brother of lead pays a visit to the English printing-press, or the President of Copper goes to look at his improvements in steam engines’

‘Indeed,’ replied Fayzenheim, preparing to speak, like Aeneas in the Carthaginian court, ‘indeed, your majesty, I know not much that will interest you in the present aspect of mortal affairs, except that you are quite as much honoured at this day as when the Roman conqueror bent his knee to you among the mountains of Taunus and a vast number of little round subjects of yours are constantly carried about by the rich, and pined after with hopeless adoration by the poor But, begging your majesty’s pardon, may I ask what has become of your cousin, the King of the Gold en

Mines ? I know very well that he has no dominion in these valleys, and do not therefore wonder at his absence from your court this night, but I see so little of his subjects on earth that I should fear his empire was well nigh at an end, if I did not recognize everywhere the most servile homage paid to a power now become almost invisible'

The King of the Silver Mines fetched a deep sigh. 'Alas, prince,' said he, 'too well do you divine the expiration of my cousin's empire. So many of his subjects have from time to time gone forth to the world, pressed into military service and never returning, that his kingdom is nearly depopulated. And he lives far off in the distant parts of the earth, in a state of melancholy seclusion, the age of gold has passed, the age of paper has commenced'

'Paper,' said Nymphalin, who was still somewhat of a *précieuse*, 'paper is a wonderful thing. What pretty books the human people write upon it!'

'Ah! that's what I design to convey,' said the Silver King. 'It is the age less of paper money than paper government, the press is the true bank.' The lord treasurer of the English fairies pricked up his ears at the word 'bank'. For he was the Attwood of the fairies. he had a favourite plan of making money out of bulrushes, and had written four large bees-wings-full upon the true nature of capital—*The Pilgrims of the Rhine*

GEORGE BORROW

1803-81

MURTAGH AND THE CARDS

AND to the school I went, where I read the Latin tongue and the Greek letters, with a nice old clergyman, who sat behind a black oaken desk, with a huge Elzevir Flaccus before him, in a long gloomy kind of hall, with a broken stone floor, the roof festooned with cobwebs, the walls considerably dilapidated, and covered over with strange figures and hieroglyphics, evidently produced by the application of burnt stick, and there I made acquaintance with the Protestant young gentlemen of the place, who, with whatever *éclat* they might appear at church on a Sunday, did assuredly not exhibit to much advantage in the schoolroom on the week-days, either with respect to clothes or looks. And there I was in the habit of sitting on a large stone, before the roaring fire in a huge open chimney, and entertaining certain of the Protestant young gentlemen of my own age, seated on similar stones, with extraordinary accounts of my own adventures, and those of the corps, with an occasional anecdote extracted from the story-books of Hickathrift and Wight Wallace, pretending to be conning the lesson all the while.

And there I made acquaintance, notwithstanding the hint of the landlord, with the Papist 'gasoons', as they were called, the farmers' sons from the country, and of these gasoons, of which there were three, two might be reckoned as nothing at

all, in the third, however, I soon discovered that there was something extraordinary

He was about sixteen years old, and above six feet high, dressed in a grey suit, the coat, from its size, appeared to have been made for him some ten years before. He was remarkably narrow-chested and round-shouldered, owing, perhaps, as much to the tightness of his garment as to the hand of nature. His face was long, and his complexion swarthy, relieved, however, by certain freckles, with which the skin was plentifully studded. He had strange wandering eyes, grey, and somewhat unequal in size, they seldom rested on the book, but were generally wandering about the room, from one object to another. Sometimes he would fix them intently on the wall, and then suddenly starting, as if from a reverie, he would commence making certain mysterious movements with his thumbs and fore-fingers, as if he were shuffling something from him.

One morning, as he sat by himself on a bench, engaged in this manner, I went up to him, and said, 'Good day, Murtagh, you do not seem to have much to do?'

'Faith, you may say that, Shorsha dear!—it is seldom much to do that I have.'

'And what are you doing with your hands?'

'Faith, then, if I must tell you, I was e'en dealing with the cards.'

'Do you play much at cards?'

'Sorra a game, Shorsha, have I played with the cards since my uncle Phelim, the thief, stole away the ould pack, when he went to settle in the county Waterford!'

'But you have other things to do?'

‘ Sorra anything else has Murtagh to do that he cares about . and that makes me dread so going home at nights ’

‘ I should like to know all about you , where do you live, joy ? ’

‘ Faith, then, ye shall know all about me, and where I live . It is at a place called the Wilderness that I live, and they call it so, because it is a fearful wild place, without any house near it but my father’s own , and that ’s where I live when at home ’

‘ And your father is a farmer, I suppose ? ’

‘ You may say that , and it is a farmer I should have been, like my brother Denis, had not my uncle Phelim, the thief ! tould my father to send me to school, to learn Greek letters, that I might be made a saggart of, and sent to Paris and Salamanca ’

‘ And yo would rather be a farmer than a priest ? ’

‘ You may say that !—for, were I a farmer, like the rest, I should have something to do, like the rest—something that I cared for—and I should come home tired at night, and fall asleep, as the rest do, before the fire , but when I comes home at night I am not tired, for I have been doing nothing all day that I care for , and then I sits down and stares about me, and at the fire, till I become frightened , and then I shouts to my brother Denis, or to the gasoons, ‘ Get up, I say, and let’s be doing something, tell us a tale of Finnma-Coul, and how he lay down in the Shannon’s bed, and let the river flow down his jaws ! ’ Arrah, Shorsha, I wish you would come and stay with us, and tell us some o’ your sweet stories of your own

self and the snake ye carried about wid ye Faith, Shorsha dear ! that snake bates anything about Finn-ma-Coul or Brian Boroo, the thieves two, bad luck to them ! ’

‘ And do they get up and tell you stories ? ’

‘ Sometimes they does, but oftenmost they curses me, and bids me be quiet ! But I can’t be quiet, either before the fire or abed , so I runs out of the house, and stares at the rocks, at the trees, and sometimes at the clouds, as they run a race across the bright moon , and, the more I stares, the more frightened I grows, till I screeches and holloas And last night I went into the barn, and hid my face in the straw , and there, as I lay and shivered in the straw, I heard a voice above my head singing out “ To whít, to whoo ! ” and then up I starts, and runs into the house, and falls over my brother Denis, as he lies at the fire “ What ’s that for ? ” says he “ Get up, you thief ! ” says I, ‘ and be helping me I have been out in the barn, and an owl has crow’d at me ! ’ ’

‘ And what has this to do with playing at cards ? ’

‘ Little enough, Shorsha dear !—If there were card-playing, I should not be frightened ’

‘ And why do you not play at cards ? ’

‘ Did I not tell you that the thief, my uncle Phelim, stole away the pack ? If we had the pack, my brother Denis and the gasoons would be ready enough to get up from their sleep before the fire, and play cards with me for ha’pence, or eggs, or nothing at all , but the pack is gone—bad luck to the thief who took it ! ’

‘ And why don’t you buy another ? ’

‘ Is it of buying you are speaking ? And where am I to get the money ? ’

‘ Ah ! that ’s another thing ! ’

‘ Faith, it is, honey !—And now the Christmas holidays is coming, when I shall be at home by day as well as night and then what am I to do ? Since I have been a-saggarting, I have been good for nothing at all—neither for work nor Greek—only to play cards ! Faith, it ’s going mad I will be ! ’

‘ I say, Murtagh ! ’

‘ Yes, Shorsha dear ! ’

‘ I have a pack of cards ’

‘ You don’t say so, Shorsha ma vourneen ?—you don’t say that you have cards fifty-two ? ’

‘ I do, though , and they are quite new—never been once used ’

‘ And you’ll be lending them to me, I warrant ? ’

‘ Don’t think it !—But I’ll sell them to you, joy, if you like ’

‘ Hanam mon Dioul ! am I not after telling you that I have no money at all ? ’

But you have as good as money, to me, at least , and I’ll take it in exchange ’

‘ What ’s that, Shorsha dear ? ’

‘ Irish ! ’

‘ Irish ? ’

‘ Yes, you speak Irish , I heard you talking it the other day to the cripple You shall teach me Irish ’

‘ And is it a language-master you’d be making of me ? ’

‘ To be sure !—what better can you do ?—it would help you to pass your time at school You can’t learn Greek, so you must teach Irish ! ’

Before Christmas, Murtagh was playing at cards with his brother Denis, and I could speak a considerable quantity of broken Irish —*Lavengro*

MADEIRA

I FOUND his worship a jolly, red-faced gentleman, of about fifty-five, he was dressed in a green coat, white corduroy breeches, and drab gaiters, and sat on an old-fashioned leather sofa, with two small thoroughbred English terriers, one on each side of him. He had all the appearance of a genuine old English gentleman who kept good wine in his cellar.

‘Sir,’ said I, ‘I have brought you a thousand pounds,’ and I said this after the servant had retired, and the two terriers had ceased their barking, which is natural to all such dogs at the sight of a stranger.

And when the magistrate had received the money, and signed and returned a certain paper which I handed to him, he rubbed his hands, and looking very benignantly at me, exclaimed

‘And now, young gentleman, that our business is over, perhaps you can tell me where the fight is to take place?’

‘I am sorry, sir,’ said I, ‘that I can’t inform you, but everybody seems to be anxious about it,’ and then I told him what had occurred to me on the road with the ale-house keeper.

‘I know him,’ said his worship, ‘he’s a tenant of mine, and a good fellow, somewhat too much in my debt, though. But how is this, young gentleman, you look as if you had been walking? you did not come on foot?’

‘Yes, sir, I came on foot.’

‘On foot! why, it is sixteen miles.’

‘I shan’t be tired when I have walked back.’

‘You can’t ride, I suppose?’

‘ Better than I can walk ’

‘ Then why do you walk ? ’

‘ I have frequently to make journeys connected with my profession , sometimes I walk, sometimes I ride, just as the whim takes me ’

‘ Will you take a glass of wine ? ’

‘ Yes ’

‘ That ’s right , what shall it be ? ’

‘ Madeira ’

The magistrate gave a violent slap on his knee ‘ I like your taste,’ said he , ‘ I am fond of a glass of Madeira myself, and can give you such a one as you will not drink every day , sit down, young gentleman, you shall have a glass of Madeira, and the best I have ’

Thereupon he got up, and, followed by his two terriers, walked slowly out of the room

I looked round the room, and, seeing nothing which promised me much amusement, I sat down, and fell again into my former train of thought

‘ What is truth ? ’ said I

‘ Here it is,’ said the magistrate, returning at the end of a quarter of an hour, followed by the servant, with a tray , ‘ here ’s the true thing, or I am no judge, far less a justice It has been thirty years in my cellar last Christmas There,’ said he to the servant, ‘ put it down, and leave my young friend and me to ourselves Now, what do you think of it ? ’

‘ It is very good,’ said I

‘ Did you ever taste better Madeira ? ’

‘ I never before tasted Madeira ’

‘ Then you ask for a wine without knowing what it is ? ’

‘ I ask for it, sir, that I may know what it is ’

‘ Well, there is logic in that, as Parr would say, you have heard of Parr ? ’

‘ Old Parr ? ’

‘ Yes, old Parr, but not that Parr, you mean the English, I the Greek Parr, as people call him ’

‘ I don’t know him ’

‘ Perhaps not—rather too young for that, but were you of my age you might have cause to know him, coming from where you do. He kept school there, I was his first scholar, he flogged Greek into me till I loved him—and he loved me—he came to see me last year, and sat in that chair, I honour Parr—he knows much, and is a sound man ’

‘ Does he know the truth ? ’

‘ Know the truth ! he knows what’s good, from an oyster to an ostrich—he’s not only sound but round ’

‘ Suppose we drink his health ? ’

‘ Thank you, boy here’s Parr’s health, and Whiter’s ’

‘ Who is Whiter ? ’

‘ Don’t you know Whiter ? I thought everybody knew Reverend Whiter the philologist, though I suppose you scarcely know what that means. A man fond of tongues and languages, quite out of your way—he understands some twenty, what do you say to that ? ’

‘ Is he a sound man ? ’

‘ Why, as to that, I scarcely know what to say he has got queer notions in his head—wrote a book to prove that all words came originally from the earth, who knows ? Words have roots, and roots live in the earth, but, upon the whole, I should not call him altogether a sound man, though he can talk Greek nearly as fast as Parr ’

‘ Is he a round man ? ’

‘ Aye, boy, rounder than Parr I ’ll sing you a song, if you like, which will let you into his character

Give me the haunch of a buck to eat, and to drink
Madeira old,
And a gentle wife to rest with, and in my arms to fold,
An Arabic book to study, a Norfolk cob to ride,
And a house to live in shaded with trees, and near to a
river side ,
With such good things around me, and blessed with
good health withal,
Though I should live for a hundred years, for death
I would not call ’

Lavengro

BRUISERS OF ENGLAND

How for everything there is a time and a season, and then how does the glory of a thing pass from it, even like the flower of the grass This is a truism, but it is one of those which are continually forcing themselves upon the mind Many years have not passed over my head, yet, during those which I can call to remembrance, how many things have I seen flourish, pass away, and become forgotten, except by myself, who, in spite of all my endeavours, never can forget anything I have known the time when a pugilistic encounter between two noted champions was almost considered in the light of a national affair , when tens of thousands of individuals, high and low, meditated and brooded upon it, the first thing in the morning, and the last thing at night, until the great event was decided But the time is past, and many people will say, Thank God that it is All I have to say is, that the French still live on the other side of the water, and are still

casting their eyes hitherward—and that in the days of pugilism it was no vain boast to say that one Englishman was a match for two of t' other race. At present it would be a vain boast to say so, for these are not the days of pugilism.

But those to which the course of my narrative has carried me were the days of pugilism, it was then at its height, and consequently near its decline, for corruption had crept into the ring, and how many things, states and sects among the rest, owe their decline to this cause! But what a bold and vigorous aspect pugilism wore at that time! and the great battle was just then coming off—the day had been decided upon, and the spot—a convenient distance from the old town, and to the old town were now flocking the bruisers of England—men of tremendous renown. Let no one sneer at the bruisers of England. What were the gladiators of Rome, or the bull-fighters of Spain, in its palmyest days, compared to England's bruisers? Pity that ever corruption should have crept in amongst them—but of that I wish not to talk, let us still hope that a spark of the old religion, of which they were the priests, still lingers in the breasts of Englishmen. There they come, the bruisers, far from London, or from wherever else they might chance to be at that time, to the great rendezvous in the old city. Some came one way, some another—some of tip-top reputation came with peers in their chariots, for glory and fame are such fair things, that even peers are proud to have those invested therewith by their sides. Others came in their own gigs, driving their own bits of blood, and I heard one say 'I have driven through at a heat the whole hundred and eleven

miles, and only stopped to bait twice' Oh, the blood-horses of old England! But they too have had their day—for everything beneath the sun there is a season and a time But the greater number come just as they can contrive—on the tops of coaches, for example—and amongst these there are fellows with dark sallow faces, and sharp shining eyes, and it is these that have planted rottenness in the core of pugilism, for they are Jews, and, true to their kind, have only base lucre in view

It was fierce old Cobbett, I think, who first said that the Jews first introduced bad faith amongst pugilists He did not always speak the truth, but at any rate he spoke it when he made that observation Strange people the Jews—endowed with every gift but one, and that the highest—genius divine—genius which can alone make of men demigods, and elevate them above earth and what is earthy and what is grovelling, without which a clever nation—and who more clever than the Jews?—may have Rambams in plenty, but never a Fielding nor a Shakespeare A Rothschild and a Mendoza, yes—but never a Kean nor a Belcher

So the bruisers of England are come to be present at the grand fight speedily coming off, there they are met in the precincts of the old town, near the field of the chapel, planted with tender saplings at the restoration of sporting Charles which are now become venerable elms as high as many a steeple There they are met at a fitting rendezvous, where a retired coachman, with one leg, keeps an hotel and a bowling-green I think I now see them upon the bowling-green, the men of renown, amidst

hundreds of people with no renown at all, who gaze upon them with timid wonder. Fame, after all, is a glorious thing, though it lasts only for a day. There's Cribb, the champion of England, and perhaps the best man in England, there he is, with his huge, massive figure, and face wonderfully like that of a lion. There is Belcher, the younger, not the mighty one, who is gone to his place, but the Teucer Belcher, the most scientific pugilist that ever entered a ring, only wanting strength to be, I won't say what. He appears to walk before me now, as he did that evening, with his white hat, white greatcoat, thin genteel figure, springy step, and keen, determined eye. Crosses him, what a contrast! grim, savage Shelton, who has a civil word for nobody, and a hard blow for anybody—hard! one blow, given with the proper play of his athletic arm, will unsense a giant. Yonder individual, who strolls about with his hands behind him, supporting his brown coat lappets, under-sized, and who looks anything but what he is, is the king of the light weights, so-called—Randall! the terrible Randall, who has Irish blood in his veins—not the better for that, nor the worse, and not far from him is his last antagonist, Ned Turner, who, though beaten by him, still thinks himself as good a man, in which he is, perhaps, right, for it was a near thing, and 'a better shentleman', in which he is quite right, for he is a Welshman. But how shall I name them all? They were there by dozens, and all tremendous in their way. There was Bulldog Hudson, and fearless Scroggins, who beat the conqueror of Sam the Jew. There was Black Richmond—no, he was not there, but I knew him well, he was the

most dangerous of blacks, even with a broken thigh There was Purcell, who could never conquer till all seemed over with him There was—what! shall I name thee last? ay, why not? I believe that thou art the last of all that strong family still above the sod, where mayest thou long continue—true piece of English stuff, Tom of Bedford—sharp as winter, kind as spring

Hail to thee, Tom of Bedford, or by whatever name it may please thee to be called, Spring or Winter Hail to thee, six-foot Englishman of the brown eye, worthy to have carried a six-foot bow at Flodden, where England's yeomen triumphed over Scotland's king, his clans and chivalry Hail to thee, last of England's bruisers, after all the many victories which thou hast achieved—true English victories, unbought by yellow gold, need I recount them? Nay, nay! they are already well known to fame—sufficient to say that Bristol's Bull and Ireland's Champion were vanquished by thee, and one mightier still, gold itself, thou didst overcome, for gold itself strove in vain to deaden the power of thy aim, and thus thou didst proceed till men left off challenging thee, the unvanquishable, the incorruptible 'Tis a treat to see thee, Tom of Bedford, in thy 'public' in Holborn way, whither thou hast retired with thy well-earned bays 'Tis Friday night, and nine by Holborn clock There sits the yeoman at the end of his long room, surrounded by his friends Glasses are filled, and a song is the cry, and a song is sung well suited to the place, it finds an echo in every heart—fists are clenched, arms are waved, and the portraits of the mighty fighting men of yore, Broughton, and Slack, and Ben, which adorn the

walls, appear to smile grim approbation, whilst many a manly voice joins in the bold chorus

Here's a health to old honest John Bull,
When he's gone we sha n't find such another,
And with hearts and with glasses brim full,
We will drink to old England, his mother

But the fight ! with respect to the fight, what shall I say ? Little can be said about it—it was soon over. Some said that the brave from town, who was reputed the best man of the two, and whose form was a perfect model of athletic beauty, allowed himself, for lucre vile, to be vanquished by the massive champion with the flattened nose. One thing is certain, that the former was suddenly seen to sink to the earth before a blow of by no means extraordinary power. Time, time ! was called, but there he lay upon the ground apparently senseless, and from thence he did not lift his head till several seconds after the umpires had declared his adversary victor.

There were shouts—indeed, there's never a lack of shouts to celebrate a victory, however acquired ; but there was also much grinding of teeth, especially amongst the fighting men from town. ' Tom has sold us,' said they, ' sold us to the yokels, who would have thought it ? ' Then there was fresh grinding of teeth, and scowling brows were turned to the heaven. But what is this ? is it possible, does the heaven scowl too ? Why, only a quarter of an hour ago—but what may not happen in a quarter of an hour ? For many weeks the weather had been of the most glorious description, the eventful day, too, had dawned gloriously, and so it had continued till some two hours after noon. The fight was then over, and about that time I looked

up What a glorious sky of deep blue, and what a big fierce sun swimming high above in the midst of that blue ! Not a cloud—there had not been one for weeks—not a cloud to be seen, only in the far west, just on the horizon, something like the extremity of a black wing That was only a quarter of an hour ago, and now the whole northern side of the heaven is occupied by a huge black cloud, and the sun is only occasionally seen amidst masses of driving vapour What a change ! But another fight is at hand, and the pugilists are clearing the outer ring How their huge whips come crashing upon the heads of the yokels ! Blood flows—more blood than in the fight Those blows are given with right goodwill, those are not sham blows, whether of whip or fist It is with fist that grim Shelton strikes down the big yokel He is always dangerous, grim Shelton, but now particularly so, for he has lost ten pounds betted on the brave who sold himself to the yokels But the outer ring is cleared, and now the second fight commences It is between two champions of less renown than the others, but is perhaps not the worse on that account A tall thin boy is fighting in the ring with a man somewhat under the middle size, with a frame of adamant That's a gallant boy ! he's a yokel, but he comes from Brummagem, he does credit to his extraction, but his adversary has a frame of adamant In what a strange light they fight, but who can wonder, on looking at that frightful cloud usurping now one-half of heaven, and at the sun struggling with sulphurous vapour The face of the boy, which is turned towards me, looks horrible in that light, but he is a brave boy, he strikes his foe on the forehead, and the report of

the blow is like the sound of a hammer against a rock. But there is a rush and a roar overhead, a wild commotion, the tempest is beginning to break loose, there's wind and dust, a crash, rain and hail! Is it possible to fight amidst such a commotion? Yes! the fight goes on, again the boy strikes the man full on the brow, but it is of no use striking that man, his frame is of adamant. 'Boy, thy strength is beginning to give way, thou art becoming confused.' The man now goes to work amidst rain and hail. 'Boy, thou wilt not hold out ten minutes longer against rain, hail, and the blows of such an antagonist.'

And now the storm was at its height, the black thunder-cloud had broken into many, which assumed the wildest shapes and the strangest colours, some of them unspeakably glorious, the rain poured in a deluge, and more than one waterspout was seen at no great distance. An immense rabble is hurrying in one direction, a multitude of men of all ranks, peers and yokels, prize-fighters and Jews, and the last came to plunder, and are now plundering amidst that wild confusion of hail and rain, men and horses, carts and carriages. But all hurry in one direction, through mud and mire. There's a town only three miles distant, which is soon reached and soon filled, it will not contain one-third of that mighty rabble. But there's another town farther on—the good old city is farther on, only twelve miles, what's that! Who'll stay here? Onward to the old town!

Lavengro

THE FLAMING TINMAN AND ISOPEL BERNERS

Two mornings after the period to which I have brought the reader in the preceding chapter, I sat by my fire at the bottom of the dingle I had just breakfasted, and had finished the last morsel of food which I had brought with me to that solitude.

‘What shall I now do?’ said I to myself, ‘shall I continue here, or decamp?’ This is a sad, lonely spot—perhaps I had better quit it, but whither should I go? the wide world is before me but what can I do therein? I have been in the world already without much success. No, I had better remain here. The place is lonely, it is true, but here I am free and independent, and can do what I please. But I can’t remain here without food. Well, I will find my way to the nearest town, lay in a fresh supply of provisions, and come back, turning my back upon the world, which has turned its back upon me. I don’t see why I should not write a little sometimes, I have pens and an ink-horn, and for a writing-desk I can place the Bible on my knee. I shouldn’t wonder if I could write a capital satire on the world on the back of that Bible, but first of all I must think of supplying myself with food.’

I rose up from the stone on which I was seated, determining to go to the nearest town, with my little horse and cart, and procure what I wanted—the nearest town, according to my best calculation, lay about five miles distant. I had no doubt, however, that by using ordinary diligence, I should be back before evening. In order to go lighter, I determined to leave my tent standing as

it was, and all the things which I had purchased of the tinker, just as they were 'I need not be apprehensive on their account,' said I to myself, 'nobody will come here to meddle with them—the great recommendation of this place is its perfect solitude—I daresay that I could live here six months without seeing a single human visage I will now harness my little gry and be off to the town'

At a whistle which I gave, the little gry, which was feeding on the bank near the uppermost part of the dingle, came running to me, for by this time he had become so accustomed to me that he would obey my call for all the world as if he had been one of the canine species 'Now,' said I to him, 'we are going to the town to buy bread for myself, and oats for you I am in a hurry to be back, therefore, I pray you to do your best, and to draw me and the cart to the town with all possible speed, and to bring us back If you do your best, I promise you oats on your return You know the meaning of oats, Ambrol?'

Ambrol whinnied as if to let me know that he understood me perfectly well, as indeed he well might, as I had never once fed him during the time he had been in my possession without saying the word in question to him Now, Ambrol, in the gipsy tongue, signifieth a pear

So I caparisoned Ambrol, and then, going to the cart, I removed two or three things from out it into the tent, I then lifted up the shafts, and was just going to call to the pony to come and be fastened to them, when I thought I heard a noise

I stood stock-still, supporting the shaft of the little cart in my hand, and bending the right side

of my face slightly towards the ground, but I could hear nothing, the noise which I thought I had heard was not one of those sounds which I was accustomed to hear in that solitude, the note of a bird, or the rustling of a bough, it was—there I heard it again, a sound very much resembling the grating of a wheel amongst gravel. Could it proceed from the road? Oh no! the road was too far distant for me to hear the noise of anything moving along it. Again I listened, and now I distinctly heard the sound of wheels, which seemed to be approaching the dingle, nearer and nearer they drew, and presently the sound of wheels was blended with the murmur of voices. Anon I heard a boisterous shout, which seemed to proceed from the entrance of the dingle. ‘Here are folks at hand,’ said I, letting the shaft of the cart fall to the ground, ‘is it possible that they can be coming here?’

My doubts on that point, if I entertained any, were soon dispelled, the wheels, which had ceased moving for a moment or two, were once again in motion, and were now evidently moving down the winding path which led to my retreat. Leaving my cart, I came forward and placed myself near the entrance of the open space, with my eyes fixed on the path down which my unexpected, and I may say unwelcome, visitors were coming. Presently I heard a stamping or sliding, as if of a horse in some difficulty, and then a loud curse, and the next moment appeared a man and a horse and cart, the former holding the head of the horse up to prevent him from falling, of which he was in danger owing to the precipitous nature of the path. Whilst thus occupied, the head of the man

was averted from me. When, however, he had reached the bottom of the descent, he turned his head, and perceiving me, as stood bare-headed, without either coat or waistcoat, about two yards from him, he gave a sudden start, so violent that the backward motion of his hand had nearly flung the horse upon his haunches.

‘Why don’t you move forward?’ said a voice from behind, apparently that of a female, ‘you are stopping up the way, and we shall be all down upon one another.’ And I saw the head of another horse overtopping the back of the cart.

‘Why don’t you move forward, Jack?’ said another voice, also of a female, yet higher up the path.

The man stirred not, but remained staring at me in the posture which he had assumed on first perceiving me, his body very much drawn back, his left foot far in advance of his right, and with his right hand still grasping the halter of the horse, which gave way more and more, till it was clean down on its haunches.

‘What’s the matter?’ said the voice which I had last heard.

‘Get back with you, Belle, Moll,’ said the man, still staring at me, ‘here’s something not over-canny or comfortable here.’

‘What is it?’ said the same voice, ‘let me pass, Moll, and I’ll soon clear the way,’ and I heard a kind of rushing down the path.

‘You need not be afraid,’ said I, addressing myself to the man, ‘I mean you no harm, I am a wanderer like yourself—come here to seek for shelter—you need not be afraid, I am a Rome chabo by matriculation—one of the right sort, and

no mistake—Good-day to ye, brother, I bids ye welcome’

The man eyed me suspiciously for a moment—then, turning to his horse with a loud curse, he pulled him up from his haunches, and led him and the cart farther down to one side of the dingle, muttering as he passed me, ‘Afraid H’m!’

I do not remember ever to have seen a more ruffianly-looking fellow, he was about six feet high, with an immensely athletic frame, his face was black and bluff, and sported an immense pair of whiskers, but with here and there a grey hair, for his age could not be much under fifty. He wore a faded blue frock-coat, corduroys, and highlows—on his black head was a kind of red night-cap, round his bull neck a Barcelona handkerchief—I did not like the look of the man at all

‘Afraid,’ growled the fellow, proceeding to unharness his horse, ‘that was the word, I think’

But other figures were now already upon the scene. Dashing past the other horse and cart, which by this time had reached the bottom of the pass, appeared an exceedingly tall woman, or rather girl, for she could scarcely have been above eighteen, she was dressed in a tight bodice, and a blue stuff gown, hat, bonnet, or cap she had none, and her hair, which was flaxen, hung down on her shoulders unconfined, her complexion was fair, and her features handsome, with a determined but open expression—she was followed by another female, about forty, stout and vulgar-looking, at whom I scarcely glanced, my whole attention being absorbed by the tall girl

‘What’s the matter, Jack?’ said the latter, looking at the man

‘Only afraid, that’s all,’ said the man, still proceeding with his work

‘Afraid at what—at that lad? why, he looks like a ghost—I would engage to thrash him with one hand’

‘You might beat me with no hands at all,’ said I, ‘fair damsel, only by looking at me I never saw such a face and figure, both regal—why, you look like Ingeborg, Queen of Norway, she had twelve brothers, you know, and could lick them all, though they were heroes—

‘On Dovrefeld in Norway,
Were once together seen,
The twelve heroic brothers
Of Ingeborg the queen’

‘None of your chaffing, young fellow,’ said the tall girl, ‘or I will give you what shall make you wipe your face, be civil, or you will rue it’

‘Well, perhaps I was a peg too high,’ said I, ‘I ask your pardon—here’s something a bit lower—

As I was jawing to the gav yeck divvus
I met on the drom miro Romany chi——’

‘None of your Romany chies, young fellow,’ said the tall girl, looking more menacingly than before, and clenching her fist, ‘you had better be civil, I am none of your chies, and, though I keep company with gipsies, or, to speak more proper, half-and-halves, I would have you to know that I come of Christian blood and parents, and was born in the great house of Long Melford’

‘I have no doubt,’ said I, ‘that it was a great house, judging from your size I shouldn’t wonder if you were born in a church’

‘Stay, Belle,’ said the man, putting himself

before the young viago, who was about to rush on me, 'my turn is first,'—then, advancing to me in a menacing attitude, he said, with a look of deep malignity, "Afraid" was the word, wasn't it?"

'It was,' said I, 'but I think I wronged you, I should have said, aghast, you exhibited every symptom of one labouring under uncontrollable fear'

The fellow stared at me with a look of stupid ferocity, and appeared to be hesitating whether to strike or not. Ere he could make up his mind, the tall girl stepped forward, crying, 'He's chaffing, let me at him,' and, before I could put myself on my guard, she struck me a blow on the face which had nearly brought me to the ground.

'Enough,' said I, putting my hand to my cheek, 'you have now performed your promise, and made me wipe my face, now be pacified, and tell me fairly the ground of this quarrel'

'Grounds!' said the fellow, 'didn't you say I was afraid, and if you hadn't, who gave you leave to camp on my ground?'

'Is it your ground?' said I.

'A pretty question,' said the fellow, 'as if all the world didn't know that. Do you know who I am?'

'I guess I do,' said I, 'unless I am much mistaken, you are he whom folks call the "Flaming Tinman"'. To tell you the truth, I'm glad we have met, for I wished to see you. These are your two wives, I suppose, I greet them. There's no harm done—there's room enough here for all of us—we shall soon be good friends, I dare say, and when we are a little better acquainted, I'll tell you my history'

‘ Well, if that doesn’t beat all,’ said the fellow

‘ I don’t think he’s chaffing now,’ said the girl, whose anger seemed to have subsided on a sudden, ‘ the young man speaks civil enough ’

‘ Civil,’ said the fellow, with an oath, ‘ but that’s just like you, with you it is a blow and all over Civil! I suppose you would have him stay here, and get into all my secrets, and hear all I may have to say to my two morts ’

‘ Two morts,’ said the girl, kindling up, ‘ where are they ? Speak for one, and no more I am no mort of yours, whatever some one else may be I tell you one thing, Black John, or Anselo, for t’other an’t your name, the same thing I told the young man here, be civil, or you will rue it ’

The fellow looked at the girl furiously, but his glance soon quailed before hers, he withdrew his eyes, and cast them on my little horse, which was feeding among the trees ‘ What’s this ? ’ said he, rushing forward and seizing the animal ‘ Why, as I’m alive, this is the horse of that mumping villain Slingsby ’

‘ It’s his no longer, I bought it and paid for it ’

‘ It’s mine now,’ said the fellow, ‘ I swore I would seize it the next time I found it on my beat, ay, and beat the master too ’

‘ I am not Slingsby ’

‘ All’s one for that ’

‘ You don’t say you will beat me ? ’

‘ Afraid was the word ’

‘ I’m sick and feeble ’

‘ Hold up your fists ’

‘ Won’t the horse satisfy you ? ’

‘ Horse nor bellows either ’

‘ No mercy, then ’

‘ Here ’s at you ’

‘ Mind your eyes, Jack There, you’ve got it I thought so,’ shouted the girl, as the fellow staggered back from a sharp blow in the eye ‘ I thought he was chaffing at you all along ’

‘ Never mind, Anselo You know what to do— go in,’ said the vulgar woman, who had hitherto not spoken a word, but who now came forward with all the look of a fury, go in apoph, you’ll smash ten like he ’

The Flaming Tinman took her advice, and came in bent on smashing, but stopped short on receiving a left-handed blow on the nose

‘ You ’ll never beat the Flaming Tinman in that way,’ said the girl, looking at me doubtfully

And so I began to think myself, when, in the twinkling of an eye, the Flaming Tinman disengaged himself of his frock-coat, and, dashing off his red night-cap, came rushing in more desperately than ever To a flush hit which he received in the mouth he paid as little attention as a wild bull would have done, in a moment his arms were around me, and in another, he had hurled me down, falling heavily upon me The fellow’s strength appeared to be tremendous

‘ Pay him off now,’ said the vulgar woman The Flaming Tinman made no reply, but planting his knee on my breast, seized my throat with two huge horny hands I gave myself up for dead, and probably should have been so in another minute but for the tall girl, who caught hold of the handkerchief, which the fellow wore round his neck, with a grasp nearly as powerful as that with which he pressed my throat

‘ Do you call that fair play ? ’ said she

‘Hands off, Belle,’ said the other woman, ‘do you call it fair play to interfere? hands off, or I’ll be down upon you myself’

But Belle paid no heed to the injunction, and tugged so hard at the handkerchief that the Flaming Tinman was nearly throttled, suddenly relinquishing his hold of me, he started on his feet, and aimed a blow at my fair preserver, who avoided it, but said coolly

‘Finish t’other business first, and then I’m your woman whenever you like, but finish it fairly—no foul play when I’m by—I’ll be the boy’s second, and Moll can pick you up when he happens to knock you down’

The battle during the next ten minutes raged with considerable fury, but it so happened that during this time I was never able to knock the Flaming Tinman down, but on the contrary received six knock-down blows myself ‘I can never stand this,’ said I, as I sat on the knee of Belle, ‘I am afraid I must give in, the Flaming Tinman hits very hard,’ and I spat out a mouthful of blood

‘Sure enough you’ll never beat the Flaming Tinman in the way you fight—it’s of no use flipping at the Flaming Tinman with your left hand, why don’t you use your right?’

‘Because I’m not handy with it,’ said I, and then getting up, I once more confronted the Flaming Tinman, and struck him six blows for his one, but they were all left-handed blows, and the blow which the Flaming Tinman gave me knocked me off my legs

‘Now, will you use Long Melford?’ said Belle, picking me up

'I don't know what you mean by Long Melford,' said I, gasping for breath

Why, this long right of yours,' said Belle, feeling my right arm—'if you do, I shouldn't wonder if you yet stand a chance'

And now the Flaming Tinman was once more ready, much more ready than myself I, however, rose from my second's knee as well as my weakness would permit me, on he came, striking left and right, appearing almost as fresh as to wind and spirit as when he first commenced the combat, though his eyes were considerably swelled, and his nether lip was cut in two, on he came, striking left and right, and I did not like his blows at all, or even the wind of them, which was anything but agreeable, and I gave way before him At last he aimed a blow, which, had it taken full effect, would doubtless have ended the battle, but owing to his slipping, the fist only grazed my left shoulder, and came with terrific force against a tree close to which I had been driven, before the Tinman could recover himself, I collected all my strength, and struck him beneath the ear, and then fell to the ground completely exhausted, and it so happened that the blow which I struck the tinker beneath the ear was a right-handed blow

'Hurrah for Long Melford!' I heard Belle exclaim, 'there is nothing like Long Melford for shortness all the world over'

At these words, I turned round my head as I lay, and perceived the Flaming Tinman stretched upon the ground apparently senseless 'He is dead,' said the vulgar woman, as she vainly endeavoured to raise him up, 'he is dead, the best man in all the north country, killed in this

fashion, by a boy' Alarmed at these words, I made shift to get on my feet, and, with the assistance of the woman, placed my fallen adversary in a sitting posture. I put my hand to his heart, and felt a slight pulsation--'He's not dead,' said I, 'only stunned, if he were let blood, he would recover presently' I produced a penknife which I had in my pocket, and, baring the arm of the Tinman, was about to make the necessary incision, when the woman gave me a violent blow, and, pushing me aside, exclaimed, 'I'll tear the eyes out of your head if you offer to touch him. Do you want to complete your work, and murder him outright, now he's asleep? you have had enough of his blood already' 'You are mad,' said I, 'I only seek to do him service. Well, if you won't let him be blooded, fetch some water and fling it into his face, you know where the pit is'

'A pretty manœuvre,' said the woman, 'leave my mard in the hands of you and that limmer, who has never been true to us, I should find him strangled, or his throat cut, when I came back' 'Do you go,' said I to the tall girl, 'take the can and fetch some water from the pit' You had better go yourself,' said the girl, wiping a tear as she looked on the yet senseless form of the tinker, 'you had better go yourself if you think water will do him good' I had by this time somewhat recovered my exhausted powers, and, taking the can, I bent my steps as fast as I could to the pit, arriving there, I lay down on the brink, took a long draught and then plunged my head into the water, after which I filled the can, and bent my way back to the dingle. Before I could reach the path which led down into its depths, I had to pass some way

along its side , I had arrived at a part immediately over the scene of the last encounter, where the bank, overgrown with trees, sloped precipitously down Here I heard a loud sound of voices in the dingle , I stopped, and laying hold of a tree, leaned over the bank and listened The two women appeared to be in hot dispute in the dingle ' It was all one to you, you limmer,' said the vulgar woman to the other , ' had you not interfered, the old man would soon have settled the boy '

' I'm for fair play and Long Melford,' said the other ' If your old man, as you call him, could have settled the boy fairly, he might, for all I should have cared, but no foul work for me , and as for sticking the boy with our gulleys when he comes back, as you proposed, I am not so fond of your old man or you that I should oblige you in it to my soul's destruction ' ' Hold your tongue, or I'll—— ', I listened no farther, but hastened as fast as I could to the dingle My adversary had just begun to show signs of animation , the vulgar woman was still supporting him, and occasionally cast glances of anger at the tall girl who was walking slowly up and down I lost no time in dashing the greater part of the water into the Tinman's face, whereupon he sneezed, moved his hands, and presently looked round him At first his looks were dull and heavy and without any intelligence at all , he soon, however, began to recollect himself, and to be conscious of his situation , he cast a scowling glance at me, then one of the deepest malignity at the tall girl, who was still walking about without taking much notice of what was going forward At last he looked at his right hand, which had evidently suffered from the

blow against the tree, and a half-stifled curse escaped his lips. The vulgar woman now said something to him in a low tone, whereupon he looked at her for a moment, and then got upon his legs. Again the vulgar woman said something to him, her looks were furious, and she appeared to be urging him on to attempt something. I observed that she had a clasped knife in her hand. The fellow remained standing for some time as if hesitating what to do, at last he looked at his hand, and, shaking his head, said something to the woman which I did not understand. The tall girl, however, appeared to overhear him, and, probably repeating his words, said, 'No, it won't do, you are right there, and now hear what I have to say—let bygones be bygones, and let us all shake hands, and camp here, as the young man was saying just now.' The man looked at her, and then, without any reply, went to his horse, which was lying down among the trees, and kicking it up, led it to the cart, to which he forthwith began to harness it. The other cart and horse had remained standing motionless, during the whole affair which I have been recounting, at the bottom of the pass. The woman now took the horse by the head, and, leading it with the cart into the open part of the dingle, turned both round and then led them back till the horse and cart had mounted a little way up the ascent, she then stood still and appeared to be expecting the man. During this proceeding Belle had stood looking on without saying anything, at last, perceiving that the man had harnessed his horse to the other cart, and that both he and the woman were about to take their departure, she said, 'You are not going, are you?'

Receiving no answer, she continued 'I tell you what, both of you, Black John, and you Moll, his mort, this is not treating me over civilly—however, I am ready to put up with it and go with you if you like, for I bear no malice I'm sorry for what has happened, but you have only yourselves to thank for it Now, shall I go with you, only tell me?' The man made no manner of reply, but flogged his horse The woman, however, whose passions were probably under less control, replied with a screeching tone, 'Stay where you are, you jade, and may the curse of Judas cling to you—stay with the bit of a mullo whom you helped, and my only hope is that he may gulley you before he comes to be—Have you with us, indeed' after what's past, no, nor nothing belonging to you Fetch down your mailla go-cart and live here with your chabo' She then whipped on the horse and ascended the pass, followed by the man The carts were light, and they were not long in ascending the winding path I followed to see that they took their departure Arriving at the top, I found, near the entrance, a small donkey-cart, which I concluded belonged to the girl The tinker and his mort were already at some distance, I stood looking after them for a little time, then taking the donkey by the reins I led it with the cart to the bottom of the dingle Arrived there, I found Belle seated on the stone by the fireplace Her hair was all dishevelled, and she was in tears

'They were bad people,' said she, 'and I did not like them, but they were my only acquaintance in the wide world'—*Lavengro*

ISOPEL BERNERS

I SET out for the dingle alone It was dark night when I reached it, and descending I saw the glimmer of a fire from the depths of the dingle, my heart beat with fond anticipation of a welcome 'Isopel Berners is waiting for me,' said I, and the first word that I shall hear from her lips is that she has made up her mind We shall go to America, and be so happy together' On reaching the bottom of the dingle, however, I saw seated near the fire, beside which stood the kettle simmering, not Isopel Berners, but a gipsy girl, who told me that Miss Berners when she went away had charged her to keep up the fire, and have the kettle boiling against my arrival Startled at these words, I inquired at what hour Isopel had left, and whither she was gone, and was told that she had left the dingle, with her cart, about two hours after I departed, but where she was gone she the girl did not know I then asked whether she had left no message, and the girl replied that she had left none, but had merely given directions about the kettle and fire, putting, at the same time, sixpence into her hand Very strange,' thought I, then dismissing the gipsy girl I sat down by the fire I had no wish for tea, but sat looking on the embers, wondering what could be the motive of the sudden departure of Isopel 'Does she mean to return?' thought I to myself 'Surely she means to return,' Hope replied, 'or she would have not gone away without leaving any message'—'and yet she could scarcely mean to return,' muttered Foreboding, 'or she would assuredly have left some message with the girl' I then thought to myself what a

hard thing it would be, if, after having made up my mind to assume the yoke of matrimony, I should be disappointed of the woman of my choice 'Well, after all,' thought I, 'I can scarcely be disappointed, if such an ugly scoundrel as Sylvester had no difficulty in getting such a nice wife as Ursula, surely I, who am not a tenth part so ugly, cannot fail to obtain the hand of Isopel Berners, uncommonly fine damsel though she be. Husbands do not grow upon hedge-rows, she is merely gone after a little business and will return to-morrow'

Comforted in some degree by these hopeful imaginings, I retired to my tent, and went to sleep

Nothing occurred to me of any particular moment during the following day. Isopel Berners did not return, but Mr Petulengro and his companions came home from the fair early in the morning. When I saw him, which was about mid-day, I found him with his face bruised and swelled. It appeared that, some time after I had left him, he himself perceived that the jockeys with whom he was playing cards were cheating him and his companion, a quarrel ensued, which terminated in a fight between Mr Petulengro and one of the jockeys, which lasted some time, and in which Mr Petulengro, though he eventually came off victor, was considerably beaten. His bruises, in conjunction with his pecuniary loss, which amounted to about seven pounds, were the cause of his being much out of humour, before night, however, he had returned to his usual philosophic frame of mind, and, coming up to me as I was walking about, apologized for his behaviour on the preceding day, and assured me that he was

determined, from that time forward, never to quarrel with a friend for giving him good advice

Two more days passed, and still Isopel Berners did not return. Gloomy thoughts and forebodings filled my mind. During the day I wandered about the neighbouring roads in the hopes of catching an early glimpse of her and her returning vehicle, and at night lay awake, tossing about on my hard couch, listening to the rustle of every leaf, and occasionally thinking that I heard the sound of her wheels upon the distant road. Once at midnight, just as I was about to fall into unconsciousness, I suddenly started up, for I was convinced that I heard the sound of wheels. I listened most anxiously, and the sound of wheels striking against stones was certainly plain enough. 'She comes at last,' thought I, and for a few moments I felt as if a mountain had been removed from my breast—'here she comes at last, now, how shall I receive her?' Oh, thought I, 'I will receive her rather coolly, just as if I was not particularly anxious about her—that's the way to manage these women.' The next moment the sound became very loud, rather too loud, I thought, to proceed from her wheels, and then by degrees became fainter. Rushing out of my tent, I hurried up the path to the top of the dingle, where I heard the sound distinctly enough, but it was going from me, and evidently proceeded from something much larger than the cart of Isopel. I could, moreover, hear the stamping of a horse's hoof at a lumbering trot. Those only whose hopes have been wrought up to a high pitch, and then suddenly dashed down, can imagine what I felt at that moment, and yet when I returned to my lonely tent, and lay down

on my hard pallet, the voice of conscience told me that the misery I was then undergoing, I had fully merited, from the unkind manner in which I had intended to receive her, when for a brief minute I supposed that she had returned

It was on the morning after this affair, and the fourth, if I forget not, from the time of Isopel's departure, that, as I was seated on my stone at the bottom of the dingle, getting my breakfast, I heard an unknown voice from the path above—apparently that of a person descending—exclaim, 'Here's a strange place to bring a letter to,' and presently an old woman, with a belt round her middle, to which was attached a leathern bag, made her appearance, and stood before me

'Well, if I ever!' said she, as she looked about her 'My good gentlewoman,' said I, 'pray what may you please to want?' 'Gentlewoman!' said the old dame, 'please to want!—well, I call that speaking civilly, at any rate It is true, civil words cost nothing, nevertheless, we do not always get them What I please to want is to deliver a letter to a young man in this place, perhaps you be he?' 'What's the name on the letter?' said I, getting up and going to her 'There is no name upon it,' said she, taking a letter out of her scrip, and looking at it 'It is directed to the young man in Mumper's Dingle' 'Then it is for me, I make no doubt,' said I, stretching out my hand to take it 'Please to pay me ninepence first,' said the old woman 'However,' said she, after a moment's thought, 'civility is civility, and, being rather a scarce article, should meet with some return Here's the letter, young man, and I hope you will pay for it, for if you do not I must pay

the postage myself' 'You are the postwoman, I suppose,' said I, as I took the letter 'I am the postman's mother,' said the old woman, 'but as he has a wide beat, I help him as much as I can, and I generally carry letters to places like this, to which he is afraid to come himself' 'You say the postage is ninepence,' said I, 'here's a shilling' 'Well, I call that honourable,' said the old woman, taking the shilling, and putting it into her pocket—'here's your change, young man,' said she, offering me threepence 'Pray keep that for yourself,' said I, 'you deserve it for your trouble' 'Well, I call that genteel,' said the old woman, 'and as one good turn deserves another, since you look as if you couldn't read, I will read your letter for you Let's see it, it's from some young woman or other, I dare say' 'Thank you,' said I, 'but I can read' 'All the better for you,' said the old woman, 'your being able to read will frequently save you a penny, for that's the charge I generally make for reading letters, though, as you behaved so genteelly to me, I should have charged you nothing Well, if you can read, why don't you open the letter, instead of keeping it hanging between your finger and thumb?' 'I am in no hurry to open it,' said I, with a sigh The old woman looked at me for a moment—'Well, young man,' said she, 'there are some—especially those who can read—who don't like to open their letters when anybody is by, more especially when they come from young women Well, I won't intrude upon you, but leave you alone with your letter I wish it may contain something pleasant God bless you,' and with these words she departed

I sat down on my stone, with my letter in my

hand I knew perfectly well that it could have come from no other person than Isopel Berners, but what did the letter contain? I guessed tolerably well what its purport was—an eternal farewell! yet I was afraid to open the letter, lest my expectation should be confirmed. There I sat with the letter, putting off the evil moment as long as possible. At length I glanced at the direction, which was written in a fine bold hand, and was directed, as the old woman had said to the young man in ‘Mumper’s Dingle’, with the addition, near —, in the county of —. Suddenly the idea occurred to me, that, after all, the letter might not contain an eternal farewell, and that Isopel might have written, requesting me to join her. Could it be so? ‘Alas!’ no,’ presently said Foreboding. At last I became ashamed of my weakness. The letter must be opened sooner or later. Why not at once? So as the bather who, for a considerable time, has stood shivering on the bank, afraid to take the decisive plunge, suddenly takes it, I tore open the letter almost before I was aware I had no sooner done so than a paper fell out. I examined it, it contained a lock of bright flaxen hair. ‘This is no good sign,’ said I, as I thrust the lock and paper into my bosom, and proceeded to read the letter, which ran as follows

‘TO THE YOUNG MAN IN MUMPER’S DINGLE

‘SIR,—I send these lines, with the hope and trust that they will find you well, even as I am myself at this moment, and in much better spirits, for my own are not such as I could wish they were, being sometimes rather hysterical and vapourish, and at other times, and most often, very low. I am

at a sea-port, and am just going on shipboard, and when you get these I shall be on the salt waters, on my way to a distant country, and leaving my own behind me, which I do not expect ever to see again

‘And now, young man, I will, in the first place, say something about the manner in which I quitted you. It must have seemed somewhat singular to you that I went away without taking any leave, or giving you the slightest hint that I was going, but I did not do so without considerable reflection. I was afraid that I should not be able to support a leave-taking, and as you had said that you were determined to go wherever I did, I thought it best not to tell you at all, for I did not think it advisable that you should go with me, and I wished to have no dispute

‘In the second place, I wish to say something about an offer of wedlock which you made me perhaps, young man, had you made it at the first period of your acquaintance, I should have accepted it, but you did not, and kept putting off and putting off, and behaving in a very strange manner, till I could stand your conduct no longer, but determined upon leaving you and Old England, which last step I had been long thinking about, so when you made your offer at last, everything was arranged—my cart and donkey engaged to be sold—and the greater part of my things disposed of. However, young man, when you did make it, I frankly tell you that I had half a mind to accept it, at last, however, after very much consideration, I thought it best to leave you for ever, because, for some time past, I had become almost convinced, that though with a wonderful deal of

learning, and exceedingly shrewd in some things, you were—pray don't be offended—at the root mad' and though mad people, I have been told, sometimes make very good husbands, I was unwilling that your friends, if you had any, should say that Belle Berners, the workhouse girl, took advantage of your infirmity, for there is no concealing that I was born and bred up in a workhouse, notwithstanding that, my blood is better than your own, and as good as the best, you having yourself told me that my name is a noble name, and once, if I mistake not, that it was the same word as baron, which is the same thing as bear, and that to be called in old times a bear was considered as a great compliment—the bear being a mighty strong animal, on which account our forefathers called all their great fighting-men barons, which is the same as bears

' However, setting matters of blood and family entirely aside, many thanks to you, young man, from poor Belle, for the honour you did her in making that same offer, for, after all, it is an honour to receive an honourable offer, which she could see clearly yours was, with no floriness nor chaff in it, but, on the contrary, entire sincerity. She assures you that she shall always bear it and yourself in mind, whether on land or water, and as a proof of the good-will she bears to you, she has sent you a lock of the hair which she wears on her head, which you were often looking at, and were pleased to call flax, which word she supposes you meant as a compliment, even as the old people meant to pass a compliment to their great folks, when they called them bears, though she cannot help thinking that they might have

found an animal as strong as a bear, and somewhat less uncouth, to call their great folks after even as she thinks yourself, amongst your great store of words, might have found something a little more genteel to call her hair after than flax, which, though strong and useful, is rather a coarse and common kind of article

‘ And as another proof of the good-will she bears to you, she sends you, along with the lock, a piece of advice, which is worth all the hair in the world, to say nothing of the flax

‘ *Fear God*, and take your own part There’s Bible in that, young man see how Moses feared God and how he took his own part against everybody who meddled with him And see how David feared God, and took his own part against all the bloody enemies which surrounded him—so fear God, young man, and never give in! The world can bully, and is fond, provided it sees a man in a kind of difficulty, of getting about him, calling him coarse names, and even going so far as to hustle him but the world, like all bullies, carries a white feather in its tail, and no sooner sees the man taking off his coat, and offering to fight its best, than it scatters here and there, and is always civil to him afterwards So when folks are disposed to ill-treat you, young man, say, “Lord have mercy upon me!” and then tip them Long Melford, to which, as the saying goes, there is nothing comparable for shortness all the world over, and these last words, young man, are the last you will ever have from her who is, nevertheless,

‘ Your affectionate female servant,

‘ ISOPEL BERNERS ’

After reading the letter I sat for some time motionless, holding it in my hand. The daydream in which I had been a little time before indulging, of marrying Isopel Berners, of going with her to America, and having by her a large progeny, who were to assist me in felling trees, cultivating the soil, and who would take care of me when I was old, was now thoroughly dispelled. Isopel had deserted me, and was gone to America by herself, where, perhaps, she would marry some other person, and would bear him a progeny, who would do for him what in my dream I had hoped my progeny by her would do for me. Then the thought came into my head that though she was gone, I might follow her to America, but then I thought that if I did I might not find her, America was a very large place, and I did not know the port to which she was bound, but I could follow her to the port from which she had sailed, and there possibly discover the port to which she was bound, but then I did not even know the port from which she had set out, for Isopel had not dated her letter from any place. Suddenly it occurred to me that the postmark on the letter would tell me from whence it came, so I forthwith looked at the back of the letter, and in the postmark read the name of a well known and not very distant seaport. I then knew with tolerable certainty the port where she had embarked, and I almost determined to follow her, but I almost instantly determined to do no such thing. Isopel Berners had abandoned me, and I would not follow her, 'perhaps,' whispered Pride, 'if I overtook her, she would only despise me for running after her', and it also told me pretty

roundly that, provided I ran after her, whether I overtook her or not, I should heartily despise myself. So I determined not to follow Isopel Berners, I took her lock of hair, and looked at it, then put it in her letter, which I folded up and carefully stowed away, resolved to keep both for ever, but I determined not to follow her. Two or three times, however, during the day, I wavered in my determination, and was again and again almost tempted to follow her, but every succeeding time the temptation was fainter. In the evening I left the dingle, and sat down with Mr Petulengro and his family by the door of his tent, Mr Petulengro soon began talking of the letter which I had received in the morning. 'Is it not from Miss Berners, brother?' said he. I told him it was. 'Is she coming back, brother?' 'Never,' said I, 'she is gone to America, and has deserted me.' 'I always knew that you two were never destined for each other,' said he. 'How did you know that?' I inquired. 'The dook told me so, brother, you are born to be a great traveller.' 'Well,' said I, 'if I had gone with her to America, as I was thinking of doing, I should have been a great traveller.' 'You are to travel in another direction, brother,' said he. 'I wish you would tell me all about my future wanderings,' said I. 'I can't, brother,' said Mr Petulengro, 'there's a power of clouds before my eye.' 'You are a poor seer, after all,' said I, and getting up, I retired to my dingle and my tent, where I betook myself to my bed, and there, knowing the worst, and being no longer agitated by apprehension, nor agonized by expectation, I was soon buried in a deep slumber, the first which I had fallen into for several nights — *The Romany Rye*

THE STAGE-COACHMEN OF ENGLAND A BULLY SERVED OUT

I LIVED on very good terms, not only with the master and the old ostler, but with all the domestics and hangers-on at the inn, waiters, chambermaids, cooks, and scullions, not forgetting the 'boots', of which there were three. As for the postillions, I was sworn brother with them all, and some of them went so far as to swear that I was the best fellow in the world, for which high opinion entertained by them of me, I believe I was principally indebted to the good account their comrade gave of me, whom I had so hospitably received in the dingle. I repeat that I lived on good terms with all the people connected with the inn, and was noticed and spoken kindly to by some of the guests—especially by that class termed commercial travellers—all of whom were great friends and patronizers of the landlord, and were the principal promoters of the dinner, and subscribers to the gift of plate, which I have already spoken of, the whole fraternity striking me as the jolliest set of fellows imaginable, the best customers to an inn, and the most liberal to servants, there was one description of persons, however, frequenting the inn, which I did not like at all, and which I did not get on well with, and these people were the stage-coachmen.

The stage-coachmen of England, at the time of which I am speaking, considered themselves mighty fine gentry, nay, I verily believe, the most important personages of the realm, and their entertaining this high opinion of themselves can scarcely be wondered at, they were low fellows, but masters

of driving, driving was in fashion, and sprigs of nobility used to dress as coachmen and imitate the slang and behaviour of coachmen, from whom occasionally they would take lessons in driving as they sat beside them on the box, which post of honour any sprig of nobility who happened to take a place on a coach claimed as his unquestionable right, and then these sprigs would smoke cigars and drink sherry with the coachmen in bar-rooms, and on the road, and, when bidding them farewell, would give them a guinea or a half-guinea, and shake them by the hand, so that these fellows, being low fellows, very naturally thought no small liquor of themselves, but would talk familiarly of their friends lords so and so, the honourable misters so and so, and Sir Harry and Sir Charles, and be wonderfully saucy to any one who was not a lord, or something of the kind, and this high opinion of themselves received daily augmentation from the servile homage paid them by the generality of the untitled male passengers, especially those on the forepart of the coach who used to contend for the honour of sitting on the box with the coachman when no sprig was nigh to put in his claim. Oh! what servile homage these craven creatures did pay these same coach fellows, more especially after witnessing this or t'other act of brutality practised upon the weak and unoffending—upon some poor friendless woman travelling with but little money, and perhaps a brace of hungry children with her, or upon some thin and half-starved man travelling on the hind part of the coach from London to Liverpool with only eighteen pence in his pocket after his fare was paid, to defray his expenses on

the road for as the insolence of these knights was vast, so was their rapacity enormous, they had been so long accustomed to have crowns and half-crowns rained upon them by their admirers and flatterers, that they would look at a shilling, for which many an honest labourer was happy to toil for ten hours under a broiling sun, with the utmost contempt, would blow upon it derisively, or fling it into the air before they pocketed it, but when nothing was given them, as would occasionally happen—for how could they receive from those who had nothing? and nobody was bound to give them anything, as they had certain wages from their employers—then what a scene would ensue! Truly the brutality and rapacious insolence of English coachmen had reached a climax, it was time that these fellows should be disenchanted, and the time—thank Heaven!—was not far distant. Let the craven dastards who used to curry favour with them, and applaud their brutality, lament their loss now that they and their vehicles have disappeared from the roads, I, who have ever been an enemy to insolence, cruelty, and tyranny, loathe their memory, and, what is more, am not afraid to say so, well aware of the storm of vituperation, partly learnt from them, which I may expect from those who used to fall down and worship them.

Amongst the coachmen who frequented the inn was one who was called 'the bang-up coachman'. He drove to our inn, in the forepart of every day, one of what were called the fast coaches, and afterwards took back the corresponding vehicle. He stayed at our house about twenty minutes, during which time the passengers of the coach

which he was to return with dined, those at least who were inclined for dinner, and could pay for it. He derived his sobriquet of 'The bang-up coachman' partly from his being dressed in the extremity of coach dandyism, and partly from the peculiar insolence of his manner, and the unmerciful fashion in which he was in the habit of lashing on the poor horses committed to his charge. He was a large tall fellow, of about thirty, with a face which, had it not been bloated by excess, and insolence and cruelty stamped most visibly upon it, might have been called good-looking. His insolence indeed was so great, that he was hated by all the minor fry connected with coaches along the road upon which he drove, especially the ostlers, whom he was continually abusing or finding fault with. Many was the hearty curse which he received when his back was turned, but the generality of people were much afraid of him, for he was a swinging strong fellow, and had the reputation of being a fighter, and in one or two instances had beaten in a barbarous manner individuals who had quarrelled with him.

I was nearly having a fracas with this worthy. One day, after he had been drinking sherry with a sprig, he swaggered into the yard where I happened to be standing, just then a waiter came by carrying upon a tray part of a splendid Cheshire cheese, with a knife, plate, and napkin. Stopping the waiter, the coachman cut with the knife a tolerably large lump out of the very middle of the cheese, stuck it on the end of the knife, and putting it to his mouth nibbled a slight piece off it, and then, tossing the rest away with disdain, flung the knife down upon the tray, motioning

the waiter to proceed, 'I wish,' said I, 'you may not want before you die what you have flung away,' whereupon the fellow turned furiously towards me, just then, however, his coach being standing at the door, there was a cry for coachman, so that he was forced to depart, contenting himself for the present with shaking his fist at me, and threatening to serve me out on the first opportunity, before, however, the opportunity occurred he himself got served out in a most unexpected manner

The day after this incident he drove his coach to the inn, and after having dismounted and received the contributions of the generality of the passengers, he strutted up, with a cigar in his mouth, to an individual who had come with him, and who had just asked me a question with respect to the direction of a village about three miles off, to which he was going 'Remember the coachman,' said the knight of the box to this individual, who was a thin person of about sixty, with a white hat, rather shabby black coat, and buff-coloured trousers, and who held an umbrella and a small bundle in his hand 'If you expect me to give you anything,' said he to the coachman, 'you are mistaken, I will give you nothing You have been very insolent to me as I rode behind you on the coach, and have encouraged two or three trumpery fellows, who rode along with you, to cut scurvy jokes at my expense, and now you come to me for money, I am not so poor, but I could have given you a shilling had you been civil, as it is, I will give you nothing' 'Oh! you won't, won't you?' said the coachman, 'dear me! I hope I shan't starve because you won't give me

anything—a shilling! why, I could afford to give you twenty if I thought fit, you pauper! civil to you, indeed! things are come to a fine pass if I need be civil to you! Do you know who you are speaking to? why, the best lords in the country are proud to speak to me. Why, it was only the other day that the Marquis of —— said to me ——,’ and then he went on to say what the Marquis said to him, after which, flinging down his cigar, he strutted up the road, swearing to himself about paupers.

‘You say it is three miles to ——,’ said the individual to me, ‘I think I shall light my pipe, and smoke it as I go along.’ Thereupon he took out from a side-pocket a tobacco-box and a short meerschaum pipe, and implements for striking a light, filled his pipe, lighted it, and commenced smoking. Presently the coachman drew near, I saw at once that there was mischief in his eye, the man smoking was standing with his back towards him, and he came so nigh to him, seemingly purposely, that as he passed a puff of smoke came of necessity against his face. ‘What do you mean by smoking in my face?’ said he, striking the pipe of the elderly individual out of his mouth. The other, without manifesting much surprise, said, ‘I thank you, and if you will wait a minute, I will give you a receipt for that favour’, then gathering up his pipe, and taking off his coat and hat, he laid them on a stepping-block which stood near, and rubbing his hands together, he advanced towards the coachman in an attitude of offence, holding his hands crossed very near to his face. The coachman, who probably expected anything but such a movement from a person of the age

and appearance of the individual whom he had insulted, stood for a moment motionless with surprise, but, recollecting himself, he pointed at him derisively with his finger, the next moment, however, the other was close upon him, had struck aside the extended hand with his left fist, and given him a severe blow on the nose with his right, which he immediately followed by a left-hand blow in the eye, then drawing his body slightly backward, with the velocity of lightning he struck the coachman full in the mouth, and the last blow was the severest of all, for it cut the coachman's lips nearly through, blows so quickly and sharply dealt I had never seen. The coachman reeled like a fir-tree in a gale, and seemed nearly unsensed. 'Ho! what's this? a fight! a fight!' sounded from a dozen voices, and people came running from all directions to see what was going on. The coachman, coming somewhat to himself, disencumbered himself of his coat and hat, and, encouraged by two or three of his brothers of the whip, showed some symptoms of fighting, endeavouring to close with his foe, but the attempt was vain, his foe was not to be closed with, he did not shift or dodge about, but warded off the blows of his opponent with the greatest *sang-froid*, always using the guard which I have already described, and putting in, in return, short chopping blows with the swiftness of lightning. In a very few minutes the countenance of the coachman was literally cut to pieces, and several of his teeth were dislodged, at length he gave in, stung with mortification, however, he repented, and asked for another round, it was granted, to his own complete demolition. The coachman did not drive

his coach back that day, he did not appear on the box again for a week, but he never held up his head afterwards. Before I quitted the inn, he had disappeared from the road, going no one knew where.

The coachman, as I have said before, was very much disliked upon the road, but there was an *esprit de corps* amongst the coachmen, and those who stood by did not like to see their brother chastised in such tremendous fashion. 'I never saw such a fight before', said one. 'Fight' why, I don't call it a fight at all, this chap here ha'n't got a scratch, whereas Tom is cut to pieces, it is all along of that guard of his, if Tom could have got within his guard he would have soon served the old chap out.' 'So he would,' said another, 'it was all owing to that guard. However, I think I see into it, and if I had not to drive this afternoon, I would have a turn with the old fellow and soon serve him out.' 'I will fight him now for a guinea,' said the other coachman, half taking off his coat, observing, however, that the elderly individual made a motion towards him, he hitched it upon his shoulder again, and added, 'that is, if he had not been fighting already, but as it is, I am above taking an advantage, especially of such a poor old creature as that. And when he had said this, he looked around him, and there was a feeble titter of approbation from two or three of the craven crew, who were in the habit of currying favour with the coachmen. The elderly individual looked for a moment at these last, and then said, 'To such fellows as you I have nothing to say', then turning to the coachmen, 'and as for you,' he said, 'ye cowardly bullies,

I have but one word, which is, that your reign upon the roads is nearly over, and that a time is coming when ye will be no longer wanted or employed in your present capacity, when ye will either have to drive dung-carts, assist as ostlers at village ale-houses, or rot in the workhouse' Then putting on his coat and hat, and taking up his bundle, not forgetting his meerschaum, and the rest of his smoking apparatus, he departed on his way. Filled with curiosity, I followed him.

'I am quite astonished that you should be able to use your hands in the way you have done,' said I, as I walked with this individual in the direction in which he was bound.

'I will tell you how I became able to do so,' said the elderly individual, proceeding to fill and light his pipe as he walked along. 'My father was a journeyman engraver, who lived in a very riotous neighbourhood in the outskirts of London. Wishing to give me something of an education, he sent me to a day-school, two or three streets distant from where we lived, and there, being rather a puny boy, I suffered much persecution from my school-fellows, who were a very black-guard set. One day, as I was running home, with one of my tormentors pursuing me, old Sergeant Broughton, the retired fighting-man, seized me by the arm——'

'Dear me,' said I, 'has it ever been your luck to be acquainted with Sergeant Broughton?'

'You may well call it luck,' said the elderly individual, 'but for him I should never have been able to make my way through the world. He lived only four doors from our house, so, as I was running along the street, with my tyrant

behind me, Sergeant Broughton seized me by the arm "Stop, my boy," said he, "I have frequently seen that scamp ill-treating you, now I will teach you how to send him home with a bloody nose, down with your bag of books, and now, my game chick," whispered he to me, placing himself between me and my adversary, so that he could not observe his motions, "clench your fist in this manner, and hold your arms in this, and when he strikes at you, move them as I now show you, and he can't hurt you, now, don't be afraid, but go at him" I confess that I was somewhat afraid, but I considered myself in some degree under the protection of the famous Sergeant, and, clenching my fist, I went at my foe, using the guard which my ally recommended. The result corresponded to a certain degree with the predictions of the Sergeant, I gave my foe a bloody nose and a black eye, though, notwithstanding my recent lesson in the art of self-defence, he contrived to give me two or three clumsy blows. From that moment I was the especial favourite of the Sergeant, who gave me farther lessons, so that in a little time I became a very fair boxer, beating everybody of my own size who attacked me. The old gentleman, however, made me promise never to be quarrelsome, nor to turn his instructions to account, except in self-defence. I have always borne in mind my promise, and have made it a point of conscience never to fight unless absolutely compelled. Folks may rail against boxing if they please, but being able to box may sometimes stand a quiet man in good stead. How should I have fared to-day, but for the instructions of Sergeant Broughton? But for them, the brutal ruffian who

insulted me must have passed unpunished. He will not soon forget the lesson which I have just given him—the only lesson he could understand. What would have been the use of reasoning with a fellow of that description? Brave old Broughton! I owe him much.’

And your manner of fighting,’ said I, ‘was the manner employed by Sergeant Broughton?’

Yes,’ said my new acquaintance, ‘it was the manner in which he beat every one who attempted to contend with him, till, in an evil hour, he entered the ring with Slack, without any training or preparation, and by a chance blow lost the battle to a man who had been beaten with ease by those who, in the hands of Broughton, appeared like so many children. It was the way of fighting of him who first taught Englishmen to box scientifically, who was the head and father of the fighters of what is now called the old school, the last of which were Johnson and Big Ben.’

A wonderful man that Big Ben,’ said I.

He was so,’ said the elderly individual, ‘but had it not been for Broughton, I question whether Ben would have ever been the fighter he was. Oh! there is no one like old Broughton, but for him I should at the present moment be sneaking along the road, pursued by the hissings and hootings of the dirty flatterers of that blackguard coachman.’

What did you mean,’ said I, ‘by those words of yours, that the coachmen would speedily disappear from the roads?’

I meant,’ said he, ‘that a new method of travelling is about to be established, which will supersede the old. I am a poor engraver, as my father was before me, but engraving is an in-

tellectual trade, and by following it, I have been brought in contact with some of the cleverest men in England. It has even made me acquainted with the projector of the scheme, which he has told me many of the wisest heads of England have been dreaming of during a period of six hundred years, and which it seems was alluded to by a certain Brazen Head in the story-book of Friar Bacon, who is generally supposed to have been a wizard, but in reality was a great philosopher. Young man, in less than twenty years, by which time I shall be dead and gone, England will be surrounded with roads of metal, on which armies may travel with mighty velocity, and of which the walls of brass and iron by which the friar proposed to defend his native land are types.' He then, shaking me by the hand, proceeded on his way, whilst I returned to the inn — *The Romany Rye*

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

1803-82

HEROISM

SELF-TRUST is the essence of heroism. It is the state of the soul at war, and its ultimate objects are the last defiance of falsehood and wrong, and the power to bear all that can be inflicted by evil agents. It speaks the truth, and it is just, generous, hospitable, temperate, scornful of petty calculations, and scornful of being scorned. It persists, it is of an undaunted boldness, and of a fortitude not to be wearied out. Its jest is the littleness of common life. That false prudence

which dotes on health and wealth is the butt and merriment of heroism. Heroism, like Plotinus, is almost ashamed of its body. What shall it say, then, to the sugar-plums and cat's cradles, to the toilet, compliments, quairrels, cards, and custard, which rack the wit of all society? What joys has kind nature provided for us dear creatures! There seems to be no interval between greatness and meanness. When the spirit is not master of the world, then it is its dupe. Yet the little man takes the great hoax so innocently, works in it so headlong and believing, is born red, and dies grey, arranging his toilet, attending on his own health, laying traps for sweet food and strong wine, setting his heart on a horse or a rifle, made happy with a little gossip or a little praise, that the great soul cannot choose but laugh at such earnest nonsense. 'Indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to take note how many pairs of silk stockings thou hast, namely, these and those that were the peach-coloured ones, or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, as one for superfluity, and one other for use!'

Citizens, thinking after the laws of arithmetic, consider the inconvenience of receiving strangers at their fireside, reckon narrowly the loss of time and the unusual display. The soul of a better quality thrusts back the unseasonable economy into the vaults of life, and says, I will obey the God, and the sacrifice and the fire he will provide. Ibn Hankal, the Arabian geographer, describes a heroic extreme in the hospitality of Sogd, in Bukharia. 'When I was in Sogd, I saw a great building, like a palace, the gates of which were

open and fixed back to the wall with large nails. I asked the reason, and was told that the house had not been shut, night or day, for a hundred years. Strangers may present themselves at any hour, and in whatever number, the master has amply provided for the reception of the men and their animals, and is never happier than when they tarry for some time. Nothing of the kind have I seen in any other country.' The magnanimous know very well that they who give time, or money, or shelter, to the stranger—so it be done for love, and not for ostentation—do, as it were, put God under obligation to them, so perfect are the compensations of the universe. In some way the time they seem to lose is redeemed, and the pains they seem to take remunerate themselves. These men fan the flame of human love, and raise the standard of civil virtue among mankind. But hospitality must be for service, and not for show, or it pulls down the host. The brave soul rates itself too high to value itself by the splendour of its table and diaperies. It gives what it hath, and all it hath, but its own majesty can lend a better grace to bannocks and fair water than belongs to city feasts.

The temperance of the hero proceeds from the same wish to do no dishonour to the worthiness he has. But he loves it for its elegance, not for its austerity. It seems not worth his while to be solemn, and denounce with bitterness flesh-eating or wine-drinking, the use of tobacco, or opium, or tea, or silk, or gold. A great man scarcely knows how he dines, how he dresses but without railing or precision, his living is natural and poetic. John Eliot, the Indian

Apostle, drank water, and said of wine, 'It is a noble, generous liquor, and we should be humbly thankful for it, but, as I remember, water was made before it' Better still is the temperance of King David, who poured out on the ground unto the Lord the water which three of his warriors had brought him to drink, at the peril of their lives

It is told of Brutus, that when he fell on his sword, after the battle of Philippi, he quoted a line of Euripides, 'O virtue! I have followed thee through life, and I find thee at last but a shade' I doubt not the hero is slandered by this report The heroic soul does not sell its justice and its nobleness It does not ask to dine nicely, and to sleep warm The essence of greatness is the perception that virtue is enough Poverty is its ornament It does not need plenty, and can very well abide its loss

But that which takes my fancy most, in the heroic class, is the good-humour and hilarity they exhibit It is a height to which common duty can very well attain, to suffer and to dare with solemnity But these rare souls set opinion, success, and life, at so cheap a rate, that they will not soothe their enemies by petitions, or the show of sorrow, but wear their own habitual greatness Scipio, charged with peculation, refuses to do himself so great a disgrace as to wait for justification, though he had the scroll of his accounts in his hands, but tears it to pieces before the tribunes Socrates' condemnation of himself to be maintained in all honour in the Prytaneum, during his life, and Sir Thomas More's playfulness at the scaffold, are of the same strain In Beau-

mont and Fletcher's *Sea Voyage*, Julietta tells the stout captain and his company

Jul Why, slaves, 'tis in our power to hang ye

Master Very likely,

'Tis in our powers, then, to be hanged, and scorn ye

These replies are sound and whole Sport is the bloom and glow of a perfect health The great will not condescend to take anything seriously, all must be as gay as the song of a canary, though it were the building of cities, or the eradication of old and foolish churches and nations, which have cumbered the earth long thousands of years Simple hearts put all the history and customs of this world behind them, and play their own game in innocent defiance of the Blue-Laws of the world, and such would appear, could we see the human race assembled in vision, like little children frolicking together, though, to the eyes of mankind at large, they wear a stately and solemn garb of works and influences

The interest these fine stories have for us, the power of a romance over the boy who grasps the forbidden book under his bench at school, our delight in the hero, is the main fact to our purpose All these great and transcendent properties are ours If we dilate in beholding the Greek energy, the Roman pride, it is that we are already domesticating the same sentiment Let us find room for this great guest in our small houses The first step of worthiness will be to disabuse us of our superstitious associations with places and times, with number and size Why should these words, Athenian, Roman, Asia, and England, so tingle in the ear? Where the heart is, there the muses, there the gods sojourn, and not in any geography

of fame Massachusetts, Connecticut River, and Boston Bay, you think paltiy places, and the ear loves names of foreign and classic topography. But here we are, and, if we will tarry a little, we may come to learn that here is best. See to it, only, that thyself is here,—and art and nature, hope and fate, friends, angels, and the Supreme Being, shall not be absent from the chamber where thou sittest. Epaminondas, brave and affectionate, does not seem to us to need Olympus to die upon, nor the Syrian sunshine. He lies very well where he is. The Jerseys were handsome ground enough for Washington to tread, and London streets for the feet of Milton. A great man makes his climate genial in the imagination of men, and its air the beloved element of all delicate spirits. That country is the fairest, which is inhabited by the noblest minds. The pictures which fill the imagination in reading the actions of Pericles, Xenophon, Columbus, Bayard, Sidney, Hampden, teach us how needlessly mean our life is, that we, by the depth of our living, should deck it with more than regal or national splendour, and act on principles that should interest man and nature in the length of our days.

We have seen or heard of many extraordinary young men, who never ripened, or whose performance in actual life was not extraordinary. When we see their air and mien, when we hear them speak of society, of books, of religion, we admire their superiority, they seem to throw contempt on our entire polity and social state, theirs is the tone of a youthful giant, who is sent to work revolutions. But they enter an active profession, and the forming Colossus shrinks to

the common size of man The magic they used was the ideal tendencies, which always make the Actual ridiculous, but the tough world had its revenge the moment they put their hoises of the sun to plough in its furrow They found no example and no companion, and their heart fainted What then? The lesson they gave in their first aspirations is yet true, and a better valour and a purer truth shall one day organize their belief Or why should a woman liken herself to any historical woman, and think, because Sappho, or Sévigné, or De Stael, or the cloistered souls who have had genius and cultivation, do not satisfy the imagination and the serene Themis, none can—certainly not she Why not? She has a new and unattempted problem to solve, perchance that of the happiest nature that ever bloomed Let the maiden, with erect soul, walk serenely on her way, accept the hint of each new experience, search in turn all the objects that solicit her eye, that she may learn the power and the charm of her new-born being, which is the kindling of a new dawn in the recesses of space The fair girl, who repels interference by a decided and proud choice of influences, so careless of pleasing, so wilful and lofty, inspires every beholder with somewhat of her own nobleness The silent heart encourages her, O friend, never strike sail to a fear! Come into port greatly, or sail with God the seas Not in vain you live, for every passing eye is cheered and refined by the vision

The characteristic of heroism is its persistency All men have wandering impulses, fits and starts of generosity But when you have chosen your part, abide by it, and do not weakly try to recon-

cile yourself with the world The heroic cannot be the common, nor the common the heroic Yet we have the weakness to expect the sympathy of people in those actions whose excellence is that they outrun sympathy, and appeal to a tardy justice If you would serve your brother, because it is fit for you to serve him, do not take back your words when you find that prudent people do not commend you Adhere to your own act, and congratulate yourself if you have done something strange and extravagant, and broken the monotony of a decorous age It was a high counsel that I once heard given to a young person, ' Always do what you are afraid to do ' A simple, manly character need never make an apology, but should regard its past action with the calmness of Phocion, when he admitted that the event of the battle was happy, yet did not regret his dissuasion from the battle

There is no weakness or exposure for which we cannot find consolation in the thought—this is a part of my constitution, part of my relation and office to my fellow-creature Has nature covenanted with me that I should never appear to disadvantage, never make a ridiculous figure ? Let us be generous of our dignity, as well as of our money Greatness once and for ever has done with opinion We tell our charities, not because we wish to be praised for them, not because we think they have great merit, but for our justification It is a capital blunder, as you discover, when another man recites his charities

To speak the truth, even with some austerity to live with some rigour of temperance, or some extremes of generosity, seems to be an asceticism

which common good-nature would appoint to those who are at ease and in plenty, in sign that they feel a brotherhood with the great multitude of suffering men. And not only need we breathe and exercise the soul by assuming the penalties of abstinence, of debt, of solitude, of unpopularity, but it behoves the wise man to look with a bold eye into those rarer dangers which sometimes invade men, and to familiarize himself with disgusting forms of disease, with sounds of execration, and the vision of violent death.

Times of heroism are generally times of terror, but the day never shines in which this element may not work. The circumstances of man, we say, are historically somewhat better in this country, and at this hour, than perhaps ever before. More freedom exists for culture. It will not now run against an axe at the first step out of the beaten track of opinion. But whoso is heroic will always find causes to try his edge. Human virtue demands her champions and martyrs, and the trial of persecution always proceeds. It is but the other day that the brave Lovejoy gave his breast to the bullets of a mob, for the rights of free speech and opinion, and died when it was better not to live.

I see not any road of perfect peace which a man can walk, but after the counsel of his own bosom. Let him quit too much association, let him go home much, and establish himself in those courses he approves. The unremitting retention of simple and high sentiments in obscure duties is hardening the character to that temper which will work with honour, if need be, in the tumult, or on the scaffold. Whatever outrages have happened to

men may befall a man again , and very easily in a republic, if there appear any signs of a decay of religion. Coarse slander, fire, tar and feathers, and the gibbet, the youth may freely bring home to his mind, and with what sweetness of temper he can, and inquire how fast he can fix his sense of duty, braving such penalties, whenever it may please the next newspaper and a sufficient number of his neighbours to pronounce his opinions incendiary.

It may calm the apprehension of calamity in the most susceptible heart to see how quick a bound nature has set to the utmost infliction of malice. We rapidly approach a brink over which no enemy can follow us.

Let them rave
Thou art quiet in thy grave

In the gloom of our ignorance of what shall be, in the hour when we are deaf to the higher voices, who does not envy those who have seen safely to an end their manful endeavour ? Who that sees the meanness of our politics, but only congratulates Washington that he is long already wrapped in his shroud, and for ever safe, that he was laid sweet in his grave, the hope of humanity not yet subjugated in him ? Who does not sometimes envy the good and brave, who are no more to suffer from the tumults of the natural world, and await with curious complacency the speedy term of his own conversation with finite nature ? And yet the love that will be annihilated sooner than treacherous, has already made death impossible, and affirms itself no mortal, but a native of the deeps of absolute and inextinguishable being — *Essays*

GIFTS

It is said that the world is in a state of bankruptcy, that the world owes the world more than the world can pay, and ought to go into chancery, and be sold. I do not think this general insolvency, which involves in some sort all the population, to be the reason of the difficulty experienced at Christmas and New Year, and other times, in bestowing gifts, since it is always so pleasant to be generous, though very vexatious to pay debts. But the impediment lies in the choosing. It, at any time, it comes into my head that a present is due from me to somebody, I am puzzled what to give, until the opportunity is gone. Flowers and fruits are always fit presents, flowers, because they are a proud assertion that a ray of beauty outvalues all the utilities of the world. These gay natures contrast with the somewhat stern countenance of ordinary nature: they are like music heard out of a workhouse. Nature does not coddle us: we are children, not pets: she is not fond: everything is dealt to us without fear or favour, after severe universal laws. Yet these delicate flowers look like the token and interference of love and beauty. Men use to tell us that we love flattery, even though we are not deceived by it, because it shows that we are of importance enough to be courted. Something like that pleasure the flowers give us: what am I to whom these sweet hints are addressed? Fruits are acceptable gifts because they are the flower of commodities, and admit of fantastic values being attached to them. If a man should send to me to come a hundred miles to visit him,

and should set before me a basket of fine summer fruit, I should think there was some proportion between the labour and the reward

For common gifts, necessity makes pertinences and beauty every day, and one is glad when an imperative leaves him no option, since if the man at the door have no shoes, you have not to consider whether you could procure him a paint-box. And as it is always pleasing to see a man eat bread, or drink water, in the house or out of doors, so it is always a great satisfaction to supply these first wants. Necessity does everything well. In our condition of universal dependence, it seems heroic to let the petitioner be the judge of his necessity, and to give all that is asked, though at great inconvenience. If it be a fantastic desire it is better to leave to others the office of punishing him. I can think of many parts I should prefer playing to that of the Furies. Next to things of necessity, the rule for a gift which one of my friends prescribed is, that we might convey to some person that which properly belonged to his character, and was easily associated with him in thought. But our tokens of compliment and love are for the most part barbarous. Rings and other jewels are not gifts, but apologies for gifts. The only gift is a portion of thyself. Thou must bleed for me. Therefore the poet brings his poem, the shepherd, his lamb, the farmer, corn, the miner, a gem, the sailor, coral and shells, the painter his picture, the girl, a handkerchief of her own sewing. This is right and pleasing, for it restores society in so far to the primary basis, when a man's biography is conveyed in his gift, and every man's wealth is an index of his merit. But

it is a cold, lifeless business when you go to the shops to buy me something, which does not represent your life and talent, but a goldsmith's. This is fit for kings, and rich men who represent kings, and a false state of property, to make presents of gold and silver stuffs, as a kind of symbolical sin-offering, or payment of black mail.

The law of benefits is a difficult channel, which requires careful sailing, or rude boats. It is not the office of a man to receive gifts. How dare you give them? We wish to be self-sustained. We do not quite forgive a giver. The hand that feeds us is in some danger of being bitten. We can receive anything from love, for that is a way of receiving it from ourselves, but not from any one who assumes to bestow. We sometimes hate the meat which we eat, because there seems something of degrading dependence in living by it.

Brother, if Jove to thee a present make,
Be sure that from his hands thou nothing take

We ask the whole. Nothing less will content us. We arraign society if it do not give us—besides earth, and fire, and water,—opportunity, love, reverence, and objects of veneration.

He is a good man who can receive a gift well. We are either glad or sorry at a gift, and both emotions are unbecoming. Some violence, I think, is done, some degradation borne, when I rejoice or grieve at a gift. I am sorry when my independence is invaded, or when a gift comes from such as do not know my spirit, and so the act is not supported, and if the gift pleases me over-much, then I should be ashamed that the donor should read my heart, and see that I love his

commodity, and not him. The gift, to be true, must be the flowing of the giver unto me, correspondent to my flowing unto him. When the waters are at level, then my goods pass to him, and his to me. All his are mine, all mine his. I say to him, How can you give me this pot of oil, or this flagon of wine, when all your oil and wine is mine, which belief of mine this gift seems to deny? Hence the fitness of beautiful, not useful things for gifts. This giving is flat usurpation, and therefore when the beneficiary is ungrateful, as all beneficiaries hate all Timons, not at all considering the value of the gift, but looking back to the greater store it was taken from, I rather sympathize with the beneficiary than with the anger of my lord Timon. For, the expectation of gratitude is mean, and is continually punished by the total insensibility of the obliged person. It is a great happiness to get off without injury and heart-burning, from one who has had the ill-luck to be served by you. It is a very onerous business, this of being served, and the debtor naturally wishes to give you a slap. A golden text for these gentlemen is that which I so admire in the Buddhist, who never thanks, and who says, 'Do not flatter your benefactors.'

The reason of these discords I conceive to be that there is no commensurability between a man and any gift. You cannot give anything to a magnanimous person. After you have served him he at once puts you in debt by his magnanimity. The service a man renders his friend is trivial and selfish, compared with the service he knows his friend stood in readiness to yield him, alike before

he had begun to serve his friend, and now also Compared with that goodwill I bear my friend, the benefit it is in my power to render him seems small Besides, our action on each other, good as well as evil, is so incidental and at random, that we can seldom hear the acknowledgements of any person who would thank us for a benefit, without some shame and humiliation We can rarely strike a direct stroke, but must be content with an oblique one, we seldom have the satisfaction of yielding a direct benefit, which is directly received But rectitude scatters favours on every side without knowing it, and receives with wonder the thanks of all people

I fear to breathe any treason against the majesty of love, which is the genius and god of gifts, and to whom we must not affect to prescribe Let him give kingdoms or flower-leaves indifferently There are persons from whom we always expect fairy-tokens, let us not cease to expect them This is prerogative, and not to be limited by our municipal rules For the rest, I like to see that we cannot be bought and sold The best of hospitality and of generosity is also not in the will, but in fate I find that I am not much to you, you do not need me, you do not feel me, then am I thrust out of doors, though you proffer me house and lands No services are of any value, but only likeness When I have attempted to join myself to others by services, it proved an intellectual trick,—no more They eat your service like apples, and leave you out But love them, and they feel you, and delight in you all the time —*Essays*

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH

THE Anglican Church is marked by the grace and good sense of its forms, by the manly grace of its clergy. The gospel it preaches is, 'By taste are ye saved.' It keeps the old structures in repair, spends a world of money in music and building, and in buying Pugin, and architectural literature. It has a general good name for amenity and mildness. It is not in ordinary a persecuting church, it is not inquisitorial, not even inquisitive, is perfectly well-bred, and can shut its eyes on all proper occasions. If you let it alone, it will let you alone. But its instinct is hostile to all change in politics, literature, or social arts. The Church has not been the founder of the London University, of the Mechanics' Institutes, of the Free School, or whatever aims at diffusion of knowledge. The Platonists of Oxford are as bitter against this heresy as Thomas Taylor — *English Traits*

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

1804-64

THE GREAT STONE FACE

ONE afternoon, when the sun was going down, a mother and her little boy sat at the door of their cottage, talking about the Great Stone Face. They had but to lift their eyes, and there it was plainly to be seen, though miles away, with the sunshine brightening all its features.

And what was the Great Stone Face?

Embosomed amongst a family of lofty mountains, there was a valley so spacious that it contained many thousand inhabitants. Some of these good people dwelt in log-huts, with the black forest all around them, on the steep and difficult hill-sides. Others had their homes in comfortable farm-houses, and cultivated the rich soil on the gentle slopes or level surfaces of the valley. Others, again, were congregated into populous villages, where some wild, highland rivulet, tumbling down from its birthplace in the upper mountain region, had been caught and tamed by human cunning, and compelled to turn the machinery of cotton factories. The inhabitants of this valley, in short, were numerous, and of many modes of life. But all of them, grown people and children, had a kind of familiarity with the Great Stone Face, although some possessed the gift of distinguishing this grand natural phenomenon more perfectly than many of their neighbours.

The Great Stone Face, then, was a work of Nature in her mood of majestic playfulness, formed on the perpendicular side of a mountain by some immense rocks, which had been thrown together in such a position as, when viewed at a proper distance, precisely to resemble the features of the human countenance. It seemed as if an enormous giant, or a Titan, had sculptured his own likeness on the precipice. There was the broad arch of the forehead, a hundred feet in height, the nose, with its long bridge, and the vast lips, which, if they could have spoken, would have rolled their thunder accents from one end of the valley to the other. True it is, that if

the spectator approached too near, he lost the outline of the gigantic visage, and could discern only a heap of ponderous and gigantic rocks, piled in chaotic ruin one upon another. Retracing his steps, however, the wondrous features would again be seen, and the further he withdrew from them, the more like a human face, with all its original divinity intact, did they appear, until, as it grew dim in the distance, with the clouds and glorified vapour of the mountains clustering about it, the Great Stone Face seemed positively to be alive.

It was a happy lot for children to grow up to manhood or womanhood with the Great Stone Face before their eyes, for all the features were noble, and the expression was at once grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast, warm heart, that embraced all mankind in its affections, and had room for more. It was an education only to look at it. According to the belief of many people, the valley owed much of its fertility to this benign aspect that was continually beaming over it, illuminating the clouds, and infusing its tenderness into the sunshine.

As we began with saying, a mother and her little boy sat at their cottage door, gazing at the Great Stone Face, and talking about it. The child's name was Ernest.

'Mother,' said he, while the Titanic visage smiled on him, 'I wish that it could speak, for it looks so very kindly that its voice must needs be pleasant. If I were to see a man with such a face, I should love him dearly.'

'If an old prophecy should come to pass,' answered his mother, 'we may see a man, some time or other, with exactly such a face as that.'

‘What prophecy do you mean, dear mother?’ eagerly inquired Ernest ‘Pray tell me all about it!’

So his mother told him a story that her own mother had told to her, when she herself was younger than little Ernest, a story, not of things that were past, but of what was yet to come, a story, nevertheless, so very old, that even the Indians, who formerly inhabited this valley had heard it from their forefathers, to whom, as they affirmed, it had been murmured by the mountain streams, and whispered by the wind among the tree-tops. The purport was, that, at some future day, a child should be born hereabouts, who was destined to become the greatest and noblest personage of his time, and whose countenance, in manhood, should bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face. Not a few old-fashioned people, and young ones likewise, in the ardour of their hopes still cherished an enduring faith in this old prophecy. But others, who had seen more of the world, had watched and waited till they were weary, and had beheld no man with such a face, nor any man that proved to be much greater or nobler than his neighbours, concluded it to be nothing but an idle tale. At all events, the great man of the prophecy had not yet appeared.

‘O, mother, dear mother!’ cried Ernest, clapping his hands above his head, ‘I do hope that I shall live to see him!’

His mother was an affectionate and thoughtful woman, and felt that it was wisest not to discourage the generous hopes of her little boy. So she only said to him, ‘Perhaps you may.’

And Ernest never forgot the story that his mother told him. It was always in his mind,

whenever he looked upon the Great Stone Face. He spent his childhood in the log-cottage where he was born, and was dutiful to his mother, and helpful to her in many things, assisting her much with his little hands, and more with his loving heart. In this manner, from a happy yet often pensive child, he grew up to be a mild, quiet, unobtrusive boy, and sun-browned with labour in the fields, but with more intelligence brightening his aspect than is seen in many lads who have been taught at famous schools. Yet Ernest had had no teacher, save only that the Great Stone Face became one to him. When the toil of the day was over, he would gaze at it for hours, until he began to imagine that those vast features recognized him, and gave him a smile of kindness and encouragement, responsive to his own look of veneration. We must not take upon us to affirm that this was a mistake, although the Face may have looked no more kindly at Ernest than at all the world besides. But the secret was that the boy's tender and confiding simplicity discerned what other people could not see, and thus the love, which was meant for all, became his peculiar portion.

About this time, there went a rumour throughout the valley, that the great man, foretold from ages long ago, who was to bear a resemblance to the Great Stone Face, had appeared at last. It seems that, many years before, a young man had migrated from the valley, and settled at a distant seaport, where, after getting together a little money, he had set up as a shopkeeper. His name—but I could never learn whether it was his real one, or a nickname that had grown out of his

habits and success in life—was Gathergold. Being shrewd and active, and endowed by Providence with that inscrutable faculty which develops itself in what the world calls luck, he became an exceedingly rich merchant, and owner of a whole fleet of bulky-bottomed ships. All the countries of the globe appeared to join hands for the mere purpose of adding heap after heap to the mountainous accumulation of this one man's wealth. The cold regions of the north, almost within the gloom and shadow of the Arctic Circle, sent him their tribute in the shape of furs, hot Africa sifted for him the golden sands of her rivers, and gathered up the ivory tusks of her great elephants out of the forests, the East came bringing him the rich shawls, and spices, and teas, and the effulgence of diamonds, and the gleaming purity of large pearls. The ocean, not to be behindhand with the earth, yielded up her mighty whales, that Mr Gathergold might sell their oil, and make a profit on it. Be the original commodity what it might, it was gold within his grasp. It might be said of him, as of Midas in the fable, that whatever he touched with his finger immediately glistened and grew yellow, and was changed at once into sterling metal, or, which suited him still better, into piles of coin. And, when Mr Gathergold had become so very rich that it would have taken him a hundred years only to count his wealth, he bethought himself of his native valley, and resolved to go back thither, and end his days where he was born. With this purpose in view, he sent a skilful architect to build him such a palace as should be fit for a man of his vast wealth to live in.

As I have said above, it had already been rumoured in the valley that Mr Gathergold had turned out to be the prophetic personage so long and vainly looked for, and that his visage was the perfect and undeniable similitude of the Great Stone Face. People were the more ready to believe that this must needs be the fact, when they beheld the splendid edifice that rose, as if by enchantment, on the site of his father's old weather-beaten farm-house. The exterior was of marble, so dazzlingly white that it seemed as though the whole structure might melt away in the sunshine, like those humbler ones which Mr Gathergold, in his young play-days, before his fingers were gifted with the touch of transmutation, had been accustomed to build of snow. It had a richly ornamented portico, supported by tall pillars, beneath which was a lofty door, studded with silver knobs, and made of a kind of variegated wood that had been brought from beyond the sea. The windows, from the floor to the ceiling of each stately apartment, were composed, respectively, of but one enormous pane of glass, so transparently pure that it was said to be a finer medium than even the vacant atmosphere. Hardly anybody had been permitted to see the interior of this palace, but it was reported, and with good semblance of truth, to be far more gorgeous than the outside, insomuch that whatever was iron or brass in other houses, was silver or gold in this, and Mr Gathergold's bed-chamber, especially, made such a glittering appearance that no ordinary man would have been able to close his eyes there. But, on the other hand, Mr Gathergold was now so inured to wealth, that

perhaps he could not have closed his eyes unless where the gleam of it was certain to find its way beneath his eyelids

In due time, the mansion was finished, next came the upholsterers, with magnificent furniture, then, a whole troop of black and white servants, the harbingers of Mr Gathergold, who, in his own majestic person, was expected to arrive at sunset. Our friend Ernest, meanwhile, had been deeply stirred by the idea that the great man, the noble man, the man of prophecy, after so many ages of delay, was at length to be made manifest to his native valley. He knew, boy as he was, that there were a thousand ways in which Mr Gathergold, with his vast wealth, might transform himself into an angel of beneficence, and assume a control over human affairs as wide and benignant as the smile of the Great Stone Face. Full of faith and hope, Ernest doubted not that what the people said was true, and that now he was to behold the living likeness of those wondrous features on the mountain side. While the boy was still gazing up the valley, and fancying, as he always did, that the Great Stone Face returned his gaze and looked kindly at him, the rumbling of wheels was heard, approaching swiftly along the winding road.

‘Here he comes!’ cried a group of people who were assembled to witness the arrival. ‘Here comes the great Mr Gathergold!’

A carriage, drawn by four horses, dashed round the turn of the road. Within it, thrust partly out of the window, appeared the physiognomy of a little old man, with a skin as yellow as if his own Midas-hand had transmuted it. He had

a low forehead, small, sharp eyes, puckered about with innumerable wrinkles, and very thin lips, which he made still thinner by pressing them forcibly together

‘The very image of the Great Stone Face!’ shouted the people ‘Sure enough, the old prophecy is true, and here we have the great man come, at last!’

And, what greatly perplexed Ernest, they seemed actually to believe that here was the likeness which they spoke of By the road-side there chanced to be an old beggar-woman and two little beggar-children, stragglers from some far-off region, who, as the carriage rolled onward, held out their hands and lifted up their doleful voices, most piteously beseeching charity A yellow claw—the very same that had clawed together so much wealth—poked itself out of the coach-window, and dropped some copper coins upon the ground, so that, though the great man’s name seems to have been Gathergold, he might just as suitably have been nicknamed Scattercopper Still, nevertheless, with an earnest shout, and evidently with as much good faith as ever, the people bellowed, ‘He is the very image of the Great Stone Face!’

But Ernest turned sadly from the wrinkled shrewdness of that sordid visage, and gazed up the valley, where, amid a gathering mist, gilded by the last sunbeams, he could still distinguish those glorious features which had impressed themselves into his soul Their aspect cheered him What did the benign lips seem to say?

‘He will come!’ Fear not, Ernest, the man will come!’

The years went on, and Ernest ceased to be a boy. He had grown to be a young man now. He attracted little notice from the other inhabitants of the valley, for they saw nothing remarkable in his way of life, save that, when the labour of the day was over, he still loved to go apart and gaze and meditate upon the Great Stone Face. According to their idea of the matter, it was a folly, indeed, but pardonable, inasmuch as Ernest was industrious, kind, and neighbourly, and neglected no duty for the sake of indulging this idle habit. They knew not that the Great Stone Face had become a teacher to him, and that the sentiment which was expressed in it would enlarge the young man's heart, and fill it with wider and deeper sympathies than other hearts. They knew not that thence would come a better wisdom than could be learned from books, and a better life than could be moulded on the defaced example of other human lives. Neither did Ernest know that the thoughts and affections which came to him so naturally, in the fields and at the fireside, and wherever he communed with himself, were of a higher tone than those which all men shared with him. A simple soul,—simple as when his mother first taught him the old prophecy,—he beheld the marvellous features beaming adown the valley, and still wondered that their human counterpart was so long in making his appearance.

By this time poor Mr Gathergold was dead and buried, and the oddest part of the matter was, that his wealth, which was the body and spirit of his existence, had disappeared before his death, leaving nothing of him but a living skeleton,

covered over with a wrinkled, yellow skin. Since the melting away of his gold, it had been very generally conceded that there was no such striking resemblance, after all, betwixt the ignoble features of the ruined merchant and that majestic face upon the mountain side. So the people ceased to honour him during his lifetime, and quietly consigned him to forgetfulness after his decease. Once in a while, it is true, his memory was brought up in connexion with the magnificent palace which he had built, and which had long ago been turned into a hotel for the accommodation of strangers, multitudes of whom came, every summer, to visit that famous natural curiosity, the Great Stone Face. Thus, Mr Gathergold being discredited and thrown into the shade, the man of prophecy was yet to come.

It so happened that a native-born son of the valley, many years before, had enlisted as a soldier, and after a great deal of hard fighting, had now become an illustrious commander. Whatever he may be called in history, he was known in camps and on the battle-field under the nickname of Old Blood-and-Thunder. This war-worn veteran, being now infirm with age and wounds, and weary of the turmoil of a military life, and of the roll of the drum and the clangour of the trumpet, that had so long been ringing in his ears, had lately signified a purpose of returning to his native valley, hoping to find repose where he remembered to have left it. The inhabitants, his old neighbours and their grown-up children, were resolved to welcome the renowned warrior with a salute of cannon and a public dinner, and all the more enthusiastically, it being affirmed that

now, at last, the likeness of the Great Stone Face had actually appeared. An aide-de-camp of Old Blood-and-Thunder, travelling through the valley, was said to have been struck with the resemblance. Moreover, the schoolmates and early acquaintances of the general were ready to testify, on oath, that, to the best of their recollection, the aforesaid general had been exceedingly like the majestic image, even when a boy, only that the idea had never occurred to them at that period. Great, therefore, was the excitement throughout the valley, and many people, who had never once thought of glancing at the Great Stone Face for years before, now spent their time in gazing at it, for the sake of knowing exactly how General Blood-and-Thunder looked.

On the day of the great festival, Ernest, with all the other people of the valley, left their work, and proceeded to the spot where the sylvan banquet was prepared. As he approached, the loud voice of the Reverend Doctor Battleblast was heard, beseeching a blessing on the good things set before them, and on the distinguished friend of peace in whose honour they were assembled. The tables were arranged in a cleared space of the woods, shut in by the surrounding trees, except where a vista opened eastward, and afforded a distant view of the Great Stone Face. Over the general's chair, which was a relic from the home of Washington, there was an arch of verdant boughs, with the laurel profusely intermixed, and surmounted by his country's banner, beneath which he had won his victories. Our friend Ernest raised himself on his tip-toes, in hopes to get a glimpse of the celebrated guest,

but there was a mighty crowd about the tables anxious to hear the toasts and speeches, and to catch any word that might fall from the general in reply, and a volunteer company, doing duty as a guard, pricked ruthlessly with their bayonets at any particularly quiet person among the throng. So Ernest, being of an unobtrusive character, was thrust quite into the background, where he could see no more of Old Blood-and-Thunder's physiognomy than if it had been still blazing on the battle-field. To console himself, he turned towards the Great Stone Face, which, like a faithful and long-remembered friend, looked back and smiled upon him through the vista of the forest. Meantime, however, he could overhear the remarks of various individuals, who were comparing the features of the hero with the face on the distant mountain side.

' 'Tis the same face, to a hair ! ' cried one man, cutting a caper for joy.

' Wonderfully like, that 's a fact ! ' responded another.

' Like ! why, I call it Old Blood-and-Thunder himself, in a monstrous looking-glass ! ' cried a third. ' And why not ? He's the greatest man of this or any other age, beyond a doubt '

And then all three of the speakers gave a great shout, which communicated electricity to the crowd, and called forth a roar from a thousand voices, that went reverberating for miles among the mountains, until you might have supposed that the Great Stone Face had poured its thunder-breath into the cry. All these comments, and this vast enthusiasm, served the more to interest our friend, nor did he think of questioning that

now, at length, the mountain-visage had found its human counterpart. It is true, Ernest had imagined that this long-looked-for personage would appear in the character of a man of peace, uttering wisdom, and doing good, and making people happy. But, taking an habitual breadth of view, with all his simplicity, he contended that Providence should choose its own method of blessing mankind, and could conceive that this great end might be effected even by a warrior and a bloody sword, should inscrutable wisdom see fit to order matters so.

'The general! the general!' was now the cry 'Hush! silence! Old Blood-and-Thunder's going to make a speech.'

Even so, for, the cloth being removed, the general's health had been drunk amid shouts of applause, and he now stood upon his feet to thank the company. Ernest saw him. There he was, over the shoulders of the crowd, from the two glittering epaulets and embroidered collar upward, beneath the arch of green boughs with intertwined laurel, and the banner drooping as if to shade his brow! And there, too, visible in the same glance, through the vista of the forest, appeared the Great Stone Face! And was there, indeed, such a resemblance as the crowd had testified? Alas, Ernest could not recognize it! He beheld a war-worn and weather-beaten countenance, full of energy, and expressive of an iron will, but the gentle wisdom, the deep, broad, tender sympathies, were altogether wanting in Old Blood-and-Thunder's visage, and even if the Great Stone Face had assumed his look of stern command, the milder traits would still have tempered it.

‘This is not the man of prophecy,’ sighed Ernest to himself, as he made his way out of the throng ‘And must the world wait longer yet?’

The mists had congregated about the distant mountain side, and there were seen the grand and awful features of the Great Stone Face, awful but benignant, as if a mighty angel were sitting among the hills, and enrobing himself in a cloud-vesture of gold and purple. As he looked, Ernest could hardly believe but that a smile beamed over the whole visage, with a radiance still brightening, although without motion of the lips. It was probably the effect of the western sunshine, melting through the thinly diffused vapours that had swept between him and the object that he gazed at. But—as it always did—the aspect of his marvellous friend made Ernest as hopeful as if he had never hoped in vain.

‘Fear not, Ernest,’ said his heart, even as if the Great Face were whispering him, ‘fear not, Ernest, he will come.’

More years sped swiftly and tranquilly away. Ernest still dwelt in his native valley, and was now a man of middle age. By imperceptible degrees, he had become known among the people. Now, as heretofore, he laboured for his bread, and was the same simple-hearted man that he had always been. But he had thought and felt so much, he had given so many of the best hours of his life to unworldly hopes for some great good to mankind, that it seemed as though he had been talking with the angels, and had imbibed a portion of their wisdom unawares. It was visible in the calm and well-considered beneficence of his daily life, the quiet stream of which had made a wide

green margin all along its course Not a day passed by, that the world was not the better because this man, humble as he was, had lived He never stepped aside from his own path, yet would always reach a blessing to his neighbour Almost involuntarily, too, he had become a preacher The pure and high simplicity of his thought, which, as one of its manifestations, took shape in the good deeds that dropped silently from his hand, flowed also forth in speech He uttered truths that wrought upon and moulded the lives of those who heard him His auditors, it may be, never suspected that Ernest, their own neighbour and familiar friend, was more than an ordinary man, least of all did Ernest himself suspect it, but, inevitably as the murmur of a rivulet, came thoughts out of his mouth that no other human lips had spoken

When the people's minds had had a little time to cool, they were ready enough to acknowledge their mistake in imagining a similarity between General Blood-and-Thunder's truculent physiognomy and the benign visage on the mountain side But now, again, there were reports and many paragraphs in the newspapers, affirming that the likeness of the Great Stone Face had appeared upon the broad shoulders of a certain eminent statesman He, like Mr Gathergold and Old Blood-and-Thunder, was a native of the valley, but had left it in his early days, and taken up the trades of law and politics Instead of the rich man's wealth and the warrior's sword, he had but a tongue, and it was mightier than both together So wonderfully eloquent was he, that whatever he might choose to say, his auditors

had no choice but to believe him, wrong looked like right, and right like wrong, for when it pleased him, he could make a kind of illuminated fog with his mere breath, and obscure the natural daylight with it. His tongue, indeed, was a magic instrument—sometimes it rumbled like the thunder, sometimes it warbled like the sweetest music. It was the blast of war—the song of peace, and it seemed to have a heart in it, when there was no such matter. In good truth, he was a wondrous man, and when his tongue had acquired him all other imaginable success,—when it had been heard in halls of state, and in the courts of princes and potentates,—after it had made him known all over the world, even as a voice crying from shore to shore,—it finally persuaded his countrymen to select him for the presidency. Before this time,—indeed, as soon as he began to grow celebrated,—his admirers had found out the resemblance between him and the Great Stone Face, and so much were they struck by it, that throughout the country this distinguished gentleman was known by the name of Old Stony Phiz. The phrase was considered as giving a highly favourable aspect to his political prospects, for, as is likewise the case with the Popedom, nobody ever becomes president without taking a name other than his own.

While his friends were doing their best to make him president, Old Stony Phiz, as he was called, set out on a visit to the valley where he was born. Of course, he had no other object than to shake hands with his fellow-citizens, and neither thought nor cared about any effect which his progress through the country might have upon the elec-

tion Magnificent preparations were made to receive the illustrious statesman, a cavalcade of horsemen set forth to meet him at the boundary line of the state, and all the people left their business and gathered along the wayside to see him pass. Among these was Ernest. Though more than once disappointed, as we have seen, he had such a hopeful and confiding nature, that he was always ready to believe in whatever seemed beautiful and good. He kept his heart continually open, and thus was sure to catch the blessing from on high, when it should come. So now again, as buoyantly as ever, he went forth to behold the likeness of the Great Stone Face.

The cavalcade came prancing along the road, with a great clattering of hoofs and a mighty cloud of dust, which rose up so dense and high that the visage of the mountain side was completely hidden from Ernest's eyes. All the great men of the neighbourhood were there on horseback—militia officers, in uniform, the member of Congress, the sheriff of the county, the editors of newspapers, and many a farmer, too, had mounted his patient steed, with his Sunday coat upon his back. It really was a very brilliant spectacle, especially as there were numerous banners flaunting over the cavalcade, on some of which were gorgeous portraits of the illustrious statesman and the Great Stone Face, smiling familiarly at one another, like two brothers. If the pictures were to be trusted, the mutual resemblance, it must be confessed, was marvellous. We must not forget to mention that there was a band of music, which made the echoes of the mountains ring and reverberate with the loud

triumph of its strains, so that airy and soul-thrilling melodies broke out among all the heights and hollows, as if every nook of his native valley had found a voice, to welcome the distinguished guest. But the grandest effect was when the far-off mountain precipice flung back the music, for then the Great Stone Face itself seemed to be swelling the triumphant chorus, in acknowledgement that, at length, the man of prophecy was come.

All this while the people were throwing up their hats and shouting, with enthusiasm so contagious that the heart of Ernest kindled up, and he likewise threw up his hat, and shouted, as loudly as the loudest, 'Huzza for the great man Huzza for Old Stony Phiz!' But as yet he had not seen him.

'Here he is, now!' cried those who stood near Ernest. 'There! There! Look at Old Stony Phiz and then at the Old Man of the Mountain, and see if they are not as like as two twin-brothers!'

In the midst of all this gallant array, came an open barouche, drawn by four white horses, and in the barouche, with his massive head uncovered, sat the illustrious statesman, Old Stony Phiz himself.

'Confess it,' said one of Ernest's neighbours to him, 'the Great Stone Face has met his match at last!'

Now, it must be owned that, at his first glimpse of the countenance which was bowing and smiling from the barouche, Ernest did fancy that there was a resemblance between it and the old familiar face upon the mountain side. The brow, with its

massive depth and loftiness, and all the other features, indeed, were boldly and strongly hewn, as if in emulation of a more than heroic, of a Titanic model. But the sublimity and stateliness, the grand expression of a divine sympathy, that illuminated the mountain visage, and etherealized its ponderous granite substance into spirit, might here be sought in vain. Something had been originally left out, or had departed. And therefore the marvellously gifted statesman had always a weary gloom in the deep caverns of his eyes, as of a child that has outgrown its playthings, or a man of mighty faculties and little aims, whose life, with all its high performances, was vague and empty, because no high purpose had endowed it with reality.

Still, Ernest's neighbour was thrusting his elbow into his side, and pressing him for an answer.

'Confess! confess! Is not he the very picture of your Old Man of the Mountain?'

'No!' said Ernest, bluntly, 'I see little or no likeness.'

'Then so much the worse for the Great Stone Face!' answered his neighbour, and again he set up a shout for Old Stony Phiz.

But Ernest turned away, melancholy, and almost despondent, for this was the saddest of his disappointments, to behold a man who might have fulfilled the prophecy, and had not willed to do so. Meantime, the cavalcade, the banners, the music, and the barouches, swept past him, with the vociferous crowd in the rear, leaving the dust to settle down, and the Great Stone Face to be revealed again, with the grandeur that it had worn for untold centuries.

‘Lo, here I am, Ernest!’ the benign lips seemed to say ‘I have waited longer than thou, and am not yet weary Fear not, the man will come’

The years hurried onward, treading in their haste on one another’s heels And now they began to bring white hairs, and scatter them over the head of Ernest, they made reverend wrinkles across his forehead, and furrows in his cheeks He was an aged man But not in vain had he grown old more than the white hairs on his head were the sage thoughts in his mind, his wrinkles and furrows were inscriptions that Time had graved, and in which he had written legends of wisdom that had been tested by the tenor of a life And Ernest had ceased to be obscure Unsought for, undesired, had come the fame which so many seek, and made him known in the great world, beyond the limits of the valley in which he had dwelt so quietly College professors, and even the active men of cities, came from far to see and converse with Ernest, for the report had gone abroad that this simple husbandman had ideas unlike those of other men, not gained from books, but of a higher tone,—a tranquil and familiar majesty, as if he had been talking with the angels as his daily friends Whether it were sage, statesman, or philanthropist, Ernest received these visitors with the gentle sincerity that had characterized him from boyhood, and spoke freely with them of whatever came uppermost, or lay deepest in his heart or their own While they talked together, his face would kindle unawares, and shine upon them, as with a mild evening light Pensive with the fulness of such discourse, his guests took leave and went their way, and,

passing up the valley, paused to look at the Great Stone Face, imagining that they had seen its likeness in a human countenance, but could not remember where

While Ernest had been growing up and growing old, a bountiful Providence had granted a new poet to this earth. He, likewise, was a native of the valley, but had spent the greater part of his life at a distance from that romantic region, pouring out his sweet music amid the bustle and din of cities. Often, however, did the mountains which had been familiar to him in his childhood lift their snowy peaks into the clear atmosphere of his poetry. Neither was the Great Stone Face forgotten, for the poet had celebrated it in an ode, which was grand enough to have been uttered by its own majestic lips. This man of genius, we may say, had come down from heaven with wonderful endowments. If he sang of a mountain, the eyes of all mankind beheld a mightier grandeur reposing on its breast, or soaring to its summit, than had before been seen there. If his theme were a lovely lake, a celestial smile had now been thrown over it, to gleam for ever on its surface. If it were the vast old sea, even the deep immensity of its dread bosom seemed to swell the higher, as if moved by the emotions of the song. Thus the world assumed another and a better aspect from the hour that the poet blessed it with his happy eyes. The Creator had bestowed him, as the last, best touch to his own handiwork. Creation was not finished till the poet came to interpret, and so complete it.

The effect was no less high and beautiful, when his human brethren were the subject of his verse

The man or woman, sordid with the common dust of life, who crossed his daily path, and the little child who played in it, were glorified if he beheld them in his mood of poetic faith. He showed the golden links of the great chain that intertwined them with an angelic kindred, he brought out the hidden traits of a celestial birth that made them worthy of such kin. Some, indeed, there were, who thought to show the soundness of their judgement by affirming that all the beauty and dignity of the natural world existed only in the poet's fancy. Let such men speak for themselves, who undoubtedly appear to have been spawned forth by Nature with a contemptuous bitterness, she having plastered them all up out of her refuse stuff, after all the swine were made. As respects all things else, the poet's ideal was the truest truth.

The songs of this poet found their way to Ernest. He read them after his customary toil, seated on the bench before his cottage door, where, for such a length of time, he had filled his repose with thought, by gazing at the Great Stone Face. And now, as he read stanzas that caused the soul to thrill within him, he lifted his eyes to the vast countenance beaming on him so benignantly.

'O majestic friend,' he murmured, addressing the Great Stone Face, 'is not this man worthy to resemble thee?'

The face seemed to smile, but answered not a word.

Now it happened that the poet, though he dwelt so far away, had not only heard of Ernest, but had meditated much upon his character, until he deemed nothing so desirable as to meet

this man, whose untaught wisdom walked hand in hand with the noble simplicity of his life. One summer morning, therefore, he took passage by the railroad, and, in the decline of the afternoon, alighted from the cars at no great distance from Ernest's cottage. The great hotel, which had formerly been the palace of Mr Gathergold, was close at hand, but the poet, with his carpet-bag on his arm, inquired at once where Ernest dwelt, and was resolved to be accepted as his guest.

Approaching the door, he there found the good old man, holding a volume in his hand, which alternately he read, and then, with a finger between the leaves, looked lovingly at the Great Stone Face.

'Good-evening,' said the poet. 'Can you give a traveller a night's lodging?'

'Willingly,' answered Ernest, and then he added, smiling, 'Methinks I never saw the Great Stone Face look so hospitably at a stranger.'

The poet sat down on the bench beside him, and he and Ernest talked together. Often had the poet held intercourse with the wittiest and the wisest, but never before with a man like Ernest, whose thoughts and feelings gushed up with such a natural freedom, and who made great truths so familiar by his simple utterance of them. Angels, as had been so often said, seemed to have wrought with him at his labour in the fields, angels seemed to have sat with him by the fireside, and, dwelling with angels as friend with friends, he had imbibed the sublimity of their ideas, and imbued it with the sweet and lowly charm of household words. So thought the poet. And Ernest, on the other hand, was moved

and agitated by the living images which the poet flung out of his mind, and which peopled all the an about the cottage door with shapes of beauty, both gay and pensive. The sympathies of these two men instructed them with a profounder sense than either could have attained alone. Their minds accorded into one strain, and made delightful music, which neither of them could have claimed as all his own, nor distinguished his own share from the other's. They led one another, as it were, into a high pavilion of their thoughts so remote, and hitherto so dim, that they had never entered it before, and so beautiful that they desired to be there always.

As Ernest listened to the poet, he imagined that the Great Stone Face was bending forward to listen too. He gazed earnestly into the poet's glowing eyes.

'Who are you, my strangely gifted guest?' he said.

The poet laid his finger on the volume that Ernest had been reading.

'You have read these poems,' said he. 'You know me, then,—for I wrote them.'

Again, and still more earnestly than before, Ernest examined the poet's features, then turned towards the Great Stone Face; then back, with an uncertain aspect, to his guest. But his countenance fell, he shook his head, and sighed.

'Wherefore are you sad?' inquired the poet.

'Because,' replied Ernest, 'all through life I have awaited the fulfilment of a prophecy, and, when I read these poems, I hoped that it might be fulfilled in you.'

'You hoped,' answered the poet, faintly smiling,

‘to find in me the likeness of the Great Stone Face And you are disappointed, as formerly with Mr. Gathergold, and Old Blood-and-Thunder, and Old Stony Phiz Yes, Ernest, it is my doom You must add my name to the illustrious three, and record another failure of your hopes For—in shame and sadness do I speak it, Ernest—I am not worthy to be typified by yonder benign and majestic image’

‘And why?’ asked Ernest He pointed to the volume,—‘Are not those thoughts divine?’

‘They have a strain of the Divinity,’ replied the poet ‘You can hear in them the far-off echo of a heavenly song But my life, dear Ernest, has not corresponded with my thought I have had grand dreams, but they have been only dreams, because I have lived—and that, too, by my own choice—among poor and mean realities Sometimes even—shall I dare to say it?—I lack faith in the grandeur, the beauty, and the goodness, which my own works are said to have made more evident in nature and in human life Why, then pure seeker of the good and true, shouldst thou hope to find me, in yonder image of the divine?’

The poet spoke sadly, and his eyes were dim with tears So, likewise, were those of Ernest

At the hour of sunset, as had long been his frequent custom, Ernest was to discourse to an assemblage of the neighbouring inhabitants, in the open air He and the poet, arm in arm, still talking together as they went along, proceeded to the spot It was a small nook among the hills with a grey precipice behind, the stern front of which was relieved by the pleasant foliage of many creeping plants, that made a tapestry for

the naked rock, by hanging their festoons from all its rugged angles. At a small elevation above the ground, set in a rich frame-work of verdure, there appeared a niche, spacious enough to admit a human figure, with freedom for such gestures as spontaneously accompany earnest thought and genuine emotion. Into this natural pulpit Ernest ascended, and threw a look of familiar kindness around upon his audience. They stood, or sat, or reclined upon the grass, as seemed good to each, with the departing sunshine falling obliquely over them, and mingling its subdued cheerfulness with the solemnity of a grove of ancient trees, beneath and amid the boughs of which the golden rays were constrained to pass. In another direction was seen the Great Stone Face, with the same cheer, combined with the same solemnity, in its benignant aspect.

Ernest began to speak, giving to the people of what was in his heart and mind. His words had power, because they accorded with his thoughts, and his thoughts had reality and depth, because they harmonized with the life which he had always lived. It was not mere breath that this preacher uttered, they were the words of life because a life of good deeds and holy love was melted into them. Pearls, pure and rich, had been dissolved into this precious draught. The poet, as he listened, felt that the being and character of Ernest were a nobler strain of poetry than he had ever written. His eyes glistening with tears he gazed reverentially at the venerable man, and said within himself that never was there an aspect so worthy of a prophet and a sage as that mild, sweet, thoughtful countenance, with the glory of

white hair diffused about it. At a distance, but distinctly to be seen, high up in the golden light of the setting sun, appeared the Great Stone Face, with hoary mists around it, like the white hairs around the brow of Ernest. Its look of grand, beneficence seemed to embrace the world.

At that moment, in sympathy with a thought which he was about to utter, the face of Ernest assumed a grandeur of expression, so imbued with benevolence, that the poet, by an irresistible impulse, threw his arms aloft, and shouted,

‘Behold! Behold! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!’

Then all the people looked, and saw that what the deep sighted poet said was true. The prophecy was fulfilled. But Ernest, having finished what he had to say, took the poet’s arm, and walked slowly homeward, still hoping that some wiser and better man than himself would by and by appear, bearing a resemblance to the GREAT STONE FACE — *Works*

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD

1804–81

FERDINAND AND HENRIETTA

1 *Love at first Sight*

To his surprise, as he was about to emerge from a berceau on to a plot of turf, in the centre of which grew a large cedar, he beheld a lady in a riding-habit standing before the tree, and evidently admiring its beautiful proportions.

Her countenance was raised and motionless. It seemed to him that it was more radiant than the sunshine. He gazed with rapture on the dazzling brilliancy of her complexion, the delicate regularity of her features, and the large violet-tinted eyes, fringed with the longest and the darkest lashes that he had ever beheld. From her position her hat had fallen back, revealing her lofty and pellucid brow, and the dark and lustrous locks that were braided over her temples. The whole countenance combined that brilliant health and that classic beauty which we associate with the idea of some nymph tripping over the dew-bespangled meads of Ida, or glancing amid the hallowed groves of Greece. Although the lady could scarcely have seen eighteen summers, her stature was above the common height, but language cannot describe the startling symmetry of her superb figure.

There is no love but love at first sight. This is the transcendent and surpassing offspring of sheer and unpolluted sympathy. All other is the illegitimate result of observation, of reflection, of compromise, of comparison, of expediency. The passions that endure flash like the lightning; they scorch the soul, but it is warmed for ever. Miserable man whose love rises by degrees upon the frigid morning of his mind! Some hours indeed of warmth and lustre may perchance fall to his lot, some moments of meridian splendour, in which he basks in what he deems eternal sunshine. But then how often overcast by the clouds of care, how often dusked by the blight of misery and misfortune! And certain as the gradual rise of such affection is its gradual decline,

and melancholy set Then, in the chill dim twilight of his soul, he execrates custom, because he has madly expected that feelings could be habitual that were not homogeneous, and because he has been guided by the observation of sense, and not by the inspiration of sympathy

Amid the gloom and travail of existence suddenly to behold a beautiful being, and as instantaneously to feel an overwhelming conviction that with that fair form for ever our destiny must be entwined, that there is no more joy but in her joy, no sorrow but when she grieves, that in her sigh of love, in her smile of fondness, hereafter is all bliss, to feel our flaunty ambition fade away like a shrivelled gourd before her vision, to feel fame a juggle and posterity a lie, and to be prepared at once, for this great object, to forfeit and fling away all former hopes, ties, schemes, views, to violate in her favour every duty of society, this is a lover, and this is love! Magnificent, sublime, divine sentiment! An immortal flame burns in the breast of that man who adores and is adored He is an ethereal being The accidents of earth touch him not Revolutions of empire, changes of creed, mutations of opinion, are to him but the clouds and meteors of a stormy sky The schemes and struggles of mankind are, in his thinking, but the anxieties of pigmies and the fantastical achievements of apes Nothing can subdue him He laughs alike at loss of fortune, loss of friends, loss of character The deeds and thoughts of men are to him equally indifferent He does not mingle in their paths of callous bustle, or hold himself responsible to the airy impostures before which they bow down He is a mariner,

who, in the sea of life, keeps his gaze fixedly on a single star, and if that do not shine, he lets go the rudder, and glories when his barque descends into the bottomless gulf

Yes ! it was this mighty passion that now raged in the heart of Ferdinand Armine, as, pale and trembling, he withdrew a few paces from the overwhelming spectacle, and leant against a tree in a chaos of emotion. What had he seen ? What ravishing vision had risen upon his sight ? What did he feel ? What wild, what delicious, what maddening impulse now pervaded his frame ? A storm seemed raging in his soul, a mighty wind dispelling in its course the sullen clouds and vapours of long years. Silent he was indeed, for he was speechless, though the big drop that quivered on his brow and the slight foam that played upon his lip proved the difficult triumph of passion over expression. But, as the wind clears the heaven, passion eventually tranquillizes the soul. The tumult of his mind gradually subsided, the flitting memories, the scudding thoughts, that for a moment had coursed about in such wild order, vanished and melted away, and a feeling of bright serenity succeeded, a sense of beauty and of joy, and of hovering and circumambient happiness.

He advanced, he gazed again, the lady was still there. Changed indeed her position, she had gathered a flower and was examining its beauty.

‘Henrietta !’ exclaimed a manly voice from the adjoining wood. Before she could answer, a stranger came forward, a man of middle age but of an appearance remarkably prepossessing

He was tall and dignified, fair, with an aquiline nose
 One of Ferdinand's dogs followed him barking

'I cannot find the gardener anywhere,' said the stranger, 'I think we had better remount'

'Ah, me! what a pity!' exclaimed the lady

'Let me be your guide,' said Ferdinand, advancing

The lady rather started, the gentleman, not at all discomposed, courteously welcomed Ferdinand, and said, 'I feel that we are intruders, sir But we were informed by the woman at the lodge that the family were not here at present, and that we should find her husband in the grounds'

'The family are not at Armine,' replied Ferdinand, 'I am sure, however, Sir Ratcliffe would be most happy for you to walk about the grounds as much as you please, and as I am well acquainted with them, I should feel delighted to be your guide'

'You are really too courteous, Sir,' replied the gentleman, and his beautiful companion rewarded Ferdinand with a smile like a sunbeam, that played about her countenance till it finally settled into two exquisite dimples, and revealed to him teeth that, for a moment, he believed to be even the most beautiful feature of that surpassing visage

11 *And What came of It*

What should he do? whither should he wend his course? To Armine? Oh! not to Armine, never could he return to Armine without the heart of Henrietta Temple Yes! on that great venture he had now resolved, on that mighty hazard

all should now be staked Reckless of consequences, one vast object now alone sustained him Existence without her was impossible! Ay! a day, a day, a single, a solitary day, should not elapse without his breathing to her his passion, and seeking his fate from her dark eyes

He strolled along to the extremity of the common It was a great table land, from whose boundary you look down on small rich valleys, and into one of these, winding his way through fields and pastures, of which the fertile soil was testified by their vigorous hedgerows, he now descended A long, low farm-house, with gable ends and ample porch, an antique building that in old days might have been some manorial residence, attracted his attention Its picturesque form, its angles and twisted chimneys, its porch covered with jessamine and eglantine, its verdant homestead, and its orchard rich with ruddy fruit, its vast barns and long lines of ample stacks, produced altogether a rural picture complete and cheerful Near it a stream, which Ferdinand followed, and which, after a devious and rapid course, emptied itself into a deep and capacious pool, touched by the early sunbeam, and grateful to the swimmer's eye Here Ferdinand made his natural toilet, and afterwards slowly returning to the farm-house, sought an agreeable refuge from the sun in its fragrant porch

The farmer's wife, accompanied by a pretty daughter with downcast eyes, came forth and invited him to enter While he courteously refused her offer, he sought her hospitality The good wife brought a table and placed it in the porch, and covered it with a napkin purer than

snow Her viands were fresh eggs, milk warm from the cow, and bread she had herself baked. Even a lover might feed on such sweet food. This happy valley and this cheerful settlement wonderfully touched the fancy of Ferdinand. The season was mild and sunny, the air scented by the flowers that rustled in the breeze, the bees soon came to rifle their sweetness, and flights of white and blue pigeons ever and anon skimmed along the sky from the neighbouring gables that were their dovecotes. Ferdinand made a salutary, if not a plenteous meal, and when the table was removed, exhausted by the fatigue and excitement of the last four-and-twenty hours, he stretched himself at full length in the porch, and fell into a gentle and dreamless slumber.

Hours elapsed before he awoke, vigorous indeed, and wonderfully refreshed, but the sun had already greatly declined. To his astonishment, as he moved, there fell from his breast a beautiful nosegay. He was charmed with this delicate attention from his hostess, or perhaps from her pretty daughter with those downcast eyes. There seemed a refinement about the gift, and the mode of its offering, which scarcely could be expected from these kind yet simple rustics. The flowers, too, were rare and choice, geraniums such as are found only in lady's bower, a cape jessamine, some musky carnations, and a rose that seemed the sister of the one that he had borne from Ducie. They were most delicately bound together, too, by a bright blue riband, fastened by a gold and turquoise pin. This was most strange, this was an adventure more suitable to a Sicilian palace than an English farm-house to the gardens of

a princess than the clustered porch of his kind hostess Ferdinand gazed at the bouquet with a glance of blended perplexity and pleasure, then he entered the farm-house, and made inquiries of his hostess, but they were fruitless. The pretty daughter with the downcast eyes was there too, but her very admiration of the gift, so genuine and unrestrained, proved, if testimony indeed were necessary, that she was not his unknown benefactor. Admirer, he would have said, but Ferdinand was in love, and modest. All agreed no one, to their knowledge, had been there, and so Ferdinand, cherishing his beautiful gift, was fain to quit his new friends in as much perplexity as ever.

It was about two hours before sunset that Captain Armine summoned up courage to call at Ducie Bowei. He inquired for Mr Temple, and learned to his surprise that Mr Temple had quitted Ducie yesterday morning for Scotland.

‘And Miss Temple?’ said Ferdinand.

‘Is at home, Sir,’ replied the servant.

Ferdinand was ushered into the saloon. She was not there. Our hero was very nervous, he had been bold enough in the course of his walk from the farm-house, and indulged in a thousand imaginary conversations with his mistress, but, now that he was really about to meet her, all his fire and fancy deserted him. Everything occurred to him inauspicious to his suit, his own situation, the short time she had known him, his uncertainty of the state of her affections. How did he know she was not engaged to another? why should she not be betrothed as well as himself? This

contingency had occurred to him before, and yet he had driven it from his thoughts. He began to be jealous, he began to think himself a very great fool, at any rate, he resolved not to expose himself any further. He was clearly premature, he would call to-morrow or next day to speak to her now was certainly impossible.

The door opened, she entered, radiant as the day! What a smile! what dazzling teeth! what ravishing dimples! her eyes flashed like summer lightning, she extended to him a hand white and soft as one of those doves that had played about him in the morning. Surely never was any one endued with such an imperial presence. So stately, so majestic, and yet withal so simply gracious, full of such airy artlessness, at one moment she seemed an empress, and then only a beautiful child, and the hand and arm that seemed fashioned to wave a sceptre, in an instant appeared only fit to fondle a gazelle, or pluck a flower.

‘How do you do?’ she said, and he really fancied she was going to sing. He was not yet accustomed to that marvellous voice. It broke upon the silence, like a silver bell just touched by the summer air. ‘It is kind of you to come and see a lone maiden,’ she continued, ‘papa has deserted me, and without any preparation I cannot endure to be separated from him, and this is almost the only time that he has refused my solicitation to accompany him. But he must travel far and quickly. My uncle has sent for him, he is very unwell, and papa is his trustee. There is business, I do not know what it is, but I dare say not very agreeable. By the by, I hope Lady Armine is well?’

‘My papa has deserted me,’ said Ferdinand, with a smile ‘They have not yet arrived, and some days may yet elapse before they reach Armine’

‘Indeed ! I hope they are well’

‘Yes , they are well’

‘Did you ride here ?’

‘No’

‘You did not walk ?’

‘I hardly know how I came , I believe I walked’

‘You must be very tired , and you are standing ! play sit down , sit in that chair , you know that is your favourite chair’

And Ferdinand seated himself in the very chair in which he had watched her the preceding night

‘This is certainly my favourite chair,’ he said , ‘I know no seat in the world I prefer to this’

‘Will you take some refreshment ? I am sure you will , you must be very tired Take some hock , papa always takes hock and soda water I shall order some hock and soda water for you’ She rose and rang the bell in spite of his remonstrance

‘And have you been walking, Miss Temple ?’ inquired Ferdinand

‘I was thinking of strolling now,’ she replied, ‘but I am glad that you have called, for I wanted an excuse to be idle’

An hour passed away, nor was the conversation on either side very brilliantly supported Ferdinand seemed dull, but, indeed, was only moody, revolving in his mind many strange incidents and feelings, and then turning for consolation in his perplexities to the enchanting vision on which

he still could gaze Nor was Miss Temple either in her usually sparkling vein, her liveliness seemed an effort, she was more constrained, she was less fluent than before Ferdinand, indeed, rose more than once to depart, yet still he remained He lost his cap, he looked for his cap, and then again seated himself Again he rose, restless and disquieted, wandered about the room, looked at a picture, plucked a flower, pulled the flower to pieces

‘Miss Temple,’ he at length observed, ‘I am afraid I am very stupid!’

‘Because you are silent?’

‘Is not that a sufficient reason?’

‘Nay! I think not, I think I am rather fond of silent people myself, I cannot bear to live with a person who feels bound to talk because he is my companion The whole day passes sometimes without papa and myself exchanging fifty words, yet I am very happy, I do not feel that we are dull’ and Miss Temple pursued her work which she had previously taken up

‘Ah! but I am not your papa, when we are very intimate with people, when they interest us, we are engaged with their feelings, we do not perpetually require their ideas But an acquaintance, as I am, only an acquaintance, a miserable acquaintance, unless I speak or listen, I have no business to be here, unless I in some degree contribute to the amusement or the convenience of my companion, I degenerate into a bore’

‘I think you are very amusing, and you may be useful if you like, very,’ and she offered him a skein of silk, which she requested him to hold

It was a beautiful hand that was extended to

him, a beautiful hand is an excellent thing in woman, it is a charm that never palls, and better than all, it is a means of fascination that never disappears. Women carry a beautiful hand with them to the grave, when a beautiful face has long ago vanished, or ceased to enchant. The expression of the hand, too, is inexhaustible, and when the eyes we may have worshipped no longer flash or sparkle, the ringlets with which we may have played are covered with a cap, or worse, a turban, and the symmetrical presence which in our sonnets has reminded us so oft of antelopes and wild gazelles, have all, all vanished, the hand, the immortal hand, defying alike time and care, still vanquishes, and still triumphs, and small, soft, and fair, by an airy attitude, a gentle pressure, or a new ring, renews with untiring grace the spell that bound our enamoured and adoring youth!

But in the present instance there were eyes as bright as the hand, locks more glossy and luxuriant than Helen's of Troy, a cheek pink as a shell, and breaking into dimples like a May morning into sunshine, and lips from which stole forth a perfume sweeter than the whole conservatory. Ferdinand sat down on a chair opposite Miss Temple, with the extended skein

'Now this is better than doing nothing!' she said, catching his eye with a glance half-kind, half-arch. 'I suspect, Captain Armine, that your melancholy originates in idleness.'

'Ah! if I could only be employed every day in this manner!' ejaculated Ferdinand.

Nay! not with a distaff, but you must do something. You must get into Parliament.'

‘ You forget that I am a Catholic,’ said Ferdinand

Miss Temple slightly blushed, and talked rather quickly about her work, but her companion would not relinquish the subject

‘ I hope you are not prejudiced against my faith,’ said Ferdinand

‘ Prejudiced !’ Dear Captain Armine, do not make me repent too seriously a giddy word I feel it is wrong that matters of taste should mingle with matters of belief, but, to speak the truth, I am not quite sure that a Howard or an Armine, who was a Protestant, like myself, would quite please my fancy so much as in their present position, which, if a little inconvenient, is very picturesque’

Ferdinand smiled ‘ My great grandmother was a Protestant,’ said Ferdinand, ‘ Margaret Armine Do you think Margaret a pretty name ?’

‘ Queen Margaret !’ yes, a fine name, I think, barring its abbreviation’

‘ I wish my great grandmother’s name had not been Margaret,’ said Ferdinand, very seriously

‘ Now, why should that respectable dame’s baptism disturb your fancy ?’ inquired Miss Temple

‘ I wish her name had been Henrietta,’ replied Ferdinand ‘ Henrietta Armine You know there was a Henrietta Armine once ?’

‘ Was there ?’ said Miss Temple, rising ‘ Our skein is finished You have been very good I must go and see my flowers Come’ And as she said this little word, she turned her fair and finely-finished neck, and looked over her shoulder at Ferdinand with an arch expression of coun-

tenance peculiar to her That winning look, indeed, that clear, sweet voice, and that quick graceful attitude, blended into a spell which was irresistible His heart yearned for Henrietta Temple, and rose at the bidding of her voice

From the conservatory they stepped into the garden It was a delicious afternoon the sun had sunk behind the grove, and the air, which had been throughout the day somewhat oppressive, was now warm, but mild At Ducie there was a fine old terrace facing the western hills, that bound the valley in which the Bower was situate These hills, a ridge of moderate elevation, but of picturesque form, parted just opposite the terrace, as if on purpose to admit the setting sun, like inferior existences that had, as it were, made way before the splendour of some mighty lord or conqueror The lofty and sloping bank which this terrace crowned was covered with rare shrubs and occasionally a group of tall trees sprang up among them, and broke the view with an interference which was far from ungraceful, while plants spreading forth from large marble vases, had extended over their trunks, and, sometimes, in their play, had touched even their topmost branches Between the terrace and the distant hills extended a tract of pasture land, green and well-wooded by its rich hedge-rows, not a roof was visible, though many farms and hamlets were at hand, and, in the heart of a rich and populous land, here was a region where the shepherd or the herdsman was the only evidence of human existence It was thither, a grateful spot at such an hour, that Miss Temple and her companion directed their steps. The last beam of the sun

flashed across the flaming horizon as they gained the terrace, the hills, well wooded, or presenting a bare and acute outline to the sky, rose sharply defined in form, while in another direction some more distant elevations were pervaded with a rich purple tint touched sometimes with a rosy blaze of soft and flickering light. The whole scene, indeed, from the humble pasture-land that was soon to creep into darkness, to the proud hills whose sparkling crests were yet touched by the living beam, was bathed with lucid beauty and luminous softness, and blended with the glowing canopy of the lustrous sky. But on the terrace, and the groves that rose beyond it, and the glades and vistas into which they opened, fell the full glory of the sunset. Each moment a new shadow, now rosy, now golden, now blending in its shifting tints all the glory of the iris, fell over the rich pleasure-grounds, their groups of rare and noble trees, and their dim or glittering avenues.

The vespers of the birds were faintly dying away, the last low of the returning kine sounded over the lea, the tinkle of the sheep-bell was heard no more, the thin white moon began to gleam, and Hesperus glittered in the fading sky. It was the twilight hour!

That delicious hour that softens the heart of man, what is its magic? Not merely its beauty, it is not more beautiful than the sunrise. It is its repose. Our tumultuous passions sink with the sun, there is a fine sympathy between us and our world, and the stillness of Nature is responded to by the serenity of the soul.

At this sacred hour our hearts are pure. All worldly cares, all those vulgar anxieties and

aspirations that at other seasons hover like vultures over our existence, vanish from the serene atmosphere of our susceptibility. A sense of beauty, a sentiment of love, pervade our being, but if at such a moment solitude is full of joy, if, even when alone, our native sensibility suffices to entrance us with a tranquil, yet thrilling bliss, how doubly sweet, how multiplied must be our fine emotions, when the most delicate influence of human sympathy combines with the power and purity of material and moral nature, and completes the exquisite and enchanting spell!

Ferdinand Armine turned from the beautiful world around him to gaze upon a countenance sweeter than the summer air, softer than the gleaming moon, brighter than the evening star. The shadowy light of purple eve fell upon the still and solemn presence of Henrietta Temple. Irresistible emotion impelled him, softly he took her gentle hand, and, bending his head, he murmured to her, 'Most beautiful, I love thee!'

As, in the oppressive stillness of some tropic night, a single drop is the refreshing harbinger of a shower that clears the heavens, so even this slight expression relieved in an instant the intensity of his over-burthened feelings, and warm, quick, and gushing flowed the words that breathed his fervid adoration. 'Yes,' he continued, 'in this fair scene, oh! let me turn to something fairer still. Beautiful, beloved Henrietta, I can repress no longer the emotions that, since I first beheld you, have vanquished my existence. I love you, I adore you, life in your society is heaven, without you I cannot live. Deem me, oh! deem me not too bold, sweet lady, I am not worthy

of you, yet let me love ! I am not worthy of you, but who can be ? Ah ! if I dared but venture to offer you my heart, if that humblest of all possessions might indeed be yours, if my adoration, if my devotion, if the consecration of my life to you, might in some degree compensate for its little worth, if I might live even but to hope——

‘ You do not speak Miss Temple, Henrietta, admirable Henrietta, have I offended you ? am I indeed the victim of hopes too high and fancies too supreme ? Oh ! pardon me, most beautiful, I pray your pardon Is it a crime to feel, perchance too keenly, the sense of beauty like to thine, dear lady ? Ah ! tell me I am forgiven, tell me indeed you do not hate me I will be silent, I will never speak again Yet, let me walk with you Cease not to be my companion because I have been too bold Pity me, pity me, dearest, dearest Henrietta If you but knew how I have suffered, if you but knew the nights that brought no sleep, the days of fever that have been mine since first we met, if you but knew how I have fed upon one sweet idea, one sacred image of absorbing life, since first I gazed on your transcendent form, indeed I think that you would pity, that you would pardon, that you might even——

‘ Tell me, is it my fault that you are beautiful ! Oh ! how beautiful, my wretched and exhausted soul too surely feels ! Is it my fault those eyes are like the dawn, that thy sweet voice thrills through my frame, and but the slightest touch of that light hand falls like a spell on my entranced form ! Ah ! Henrietta, be merciful, be kind ! ’

He paused for a second, and yet she did not answer, but her cheek fell upon his shoulder,

and the gentle pressure of her hand was more eloquent than language That slight, sweet signal was to him as the sunrise on the misty earth Full of hope, and joy, and confidence, he took her in his arms, sealed her cold lips with a burning kiss, and vowed to her his eternal and almighty love !
—*Henrietta Temple*

EDGAR ALLAN POE

1809 -49

A DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTROM

‘The ways of God in Nature, as in Providence, are not as *our* ways , nor are the models that we frame any way commensurate to the vastness, profundity, and unsearchableness of His works, *which have a depth in them greater than the well of Democritus*’—JOSEPH GLANVILLE

WE had now reached the summit of the loftiest crag For some minutes the old man seemed too much exhausted to speak

‘Not long ago,’ said he, at length, ‘and I could have guided you on this route as well as the youngest of my sons , but, about three years past, there happened to me an event such as never happened before to mortal man—or at least such as no man ever survived to tell of—and the six hours of deadly terror which I then endured have broken me up body and soul You suppose me a *very* old man—but I am not It took less than a single day to change these hairs from a jetty black to white, to weaken my limbs, and to unstring my nerves, so that I tremble at the least exertion, and am frightened at a shadow Do

you know I can scarcely look over this little cliff without getting giddy ?’

The ‘little cliff’, upon whose edge he had so carelessly thrown himself down to rest that the weightier portion of his body hung over it, while he was only kept from falling by the tenure of his elbow on its extreme and slippery edge—this ‘little cliff’ arose, a sheer unobstructed precipice of black shining rock, some fifteen or sixteen hundred feet from the world of crags beneath us. Nothing would have tempted me to within half a dozen yards of its brink. In truth, so deeply was I excited by the perilous position of my companion, that I fell at full length upon the ground, clung to the shrubs around me, and dared not even glance upward at the sky, while I struggled in vain to divest myself of the idea that the very foundations of the mountain were in danger from the fury of the winds. It was long before I could reason myself into sufficient courage to sit up and look out into the distance.

‘You must get over these fancies,’ said the guide, ‘for I have brought you here that you might have the best possible view of the scene of that event I mentioned—and to tell you the whole story with the spot just under your eye.’

‘We are now,’ he continued, in that particularizing manner which distinguished him—‘we are now close upon the Norwegian coast—in the sixty-eighth degree of latitude—in the great province of Nordland—and in the dreary district of Lofoden. The mountain upon whose top we sit is Helseggen, the Cloudy. Now raise yourself up a little higher—hold on to the grass if you feel

giddy—so—and look out, beyond the belt of vapour beneath us, into the sea ’

I looked dizzily, and beheld a wide expanse of ocean, whose waters wore so inky a hue as to bring at once to my mind the Nubian geographer’s account of the *Mare Tenebrarum*. A panorama more deplorably desolate, no human imagination can conceive. To the right and left, as far as the eye could reach, there lay outstretched, like ramparts of the world, lines of horribly black and beetling cliff, whose character of gloom was but the more forcibly illustrated by the surf which reared high up against it its white and ghastly crest, howling and shrieking for ever. Just opposite the promontory upon whose apex we were placed, and at a distance of some five or six miles out at sea, there was visible a small, bleak-looking island, or, more properly, its position was discernible through the wilderness of surge in which it was enveloped. About two miles nearer the land, arose another of smaller size, hideously craggy and barren, and encompassed at various intervals by a cluster of dark rocks.

The appearance of the ocean, in the space between the more distant island and the shore, had something very unusual about it. Although, at the time, so strong a gale was blowing landward that a brig in the remote offing lay-to under a double reefed trysail, and constantly plunged her whole hull out of sight, still there was here nothing like a regular swell, but only a short, quick, angry, cross dashing of water in every direction—as well in the teeth of the wind as otherwise. Of foam there was little except in the immediate vicinity of the rocks.

‘The island in the distance,’ resumed the old man, ‘is called, by the Norwegians, Vurrgh. The one midway is Moskoe. That a mile to the northward is Ambaaren. Yonder are Islesen, Hotholm, Keildhelm, Suarven, and Buckholm. Farther off—between Moskoe and Vurrgh—are Otterholm, Flimen, Sandflesen, and Stockholm. These are the true names of the places, but why it has been thought necessary to name them at all, is more than either you or I can understand. Do you hear anything? Do you see any change in the water?’

We had now been about ten minutes upon the top of Helseggen, to which we had ascended from the interior of Lofoden, so that we had caught no glimpse of the sea until it had burst upon us from the summit. As the old man spoke, I became aware of a loud and gradually increasing sound, like the moaning of a vast herd of buffaloes upon an American prairie, and at the same moment I perceived that what seamen term the *chopping* character of the ocean beneath us, was rapidly changing into a current, which set to the eastward. Even while I gazed, this current acquired a monstrous velocity. Each moment added to its speed—to its headlong impetuosity. In five minutes the whole sea, as far as Vurrgh, was lashed into ungovernable fury, but it was between Moskoe and the coast that the main uproar held its sway. Here the vast bed of the waters, seamed and scarred into a thousand conflicting channels, burst suddenly into frenzied convulsion—heaving, boiling, hissing—gyrating in gigantic and innumerable vortices, and all whirling and plunging on to the eastward with a rapidity which water never elsewhere assumes, except in precipitous descents.

In a few minutes more, there came over the scene another radical alteration. The general surface grew somewhat more smooth, and the whirlpools, one by one, disappeared, while prodigious streaks of foam became apparent where none had been seen before. These streaks, at length, spreading out to a great distance, and entering into combination, took unto themselves the gyratory motion of the subsided vortices, and seemed to form the germ of another more vast. Suddenly—very suddenly—this assumed a distinct and definite existence, in a circle of more than a mile in diameter. The edge of the whirl was represented by a broad belt of gleaming spray, but no particle of this slipped into the mouth of the terrific funnel, whose interior, as far as the eye could fathom it, was a smooth, shining and jet-black wall of water, inclined to the horizon at an angle of some forty-five degrees, speeding dizzily round and round with a swaying and sweltering motion, and sending forth to the winds an appalling voice—half shriek, half roar—such as not even the mighty cataract of Niagara ever lifts up in its agony to heaven.

The mountain trembled to its very base, and the rock rocked. I threw myself upon my face, and clung to the scant herbage in an excess of nervous agitation.

‘This,’ said I, at length, to the old man—‘this *can* be nothing else than the great whirlpool of the Maelstrom.’

‘So it is sometimes termed,’ said he, ‘we Norwegians call it the Moskoe-strom, from the island of Moskoe in the midway.’

The ordinary accounts of this vortex had by no

means prepared me for what I saw. That of Jonas Ramus, which is perhaps the most circumstantial of any, cannot impart the faintest conception either of the magnificence, or of the horror of the scene—or of the wild bewildering sense of *the novel* which confounds the beholder. I am not sure from what point of view the writer in question surveyed it, nor at what time, but it could neither have been from the summit of Helseggen nor during a storm. There are some passages of his description, nevertheless, which may be quoted for their details, although their effect is exceedingly feeble in conveying an impression of the spectacle.

‘Between Lofoden and Moskoe,’ he says, ‘the depth of the water is between thirty-six and forty fathoms, but on the other side, towards Ver (Vurrgh), this depth decreases so as not to afford a convenient passage for a vessel without the risk of splitting on the rocks, which happens even in the calmest weather. When it is flood, the stream runs up the country between Lofoden and Moskoe with a boisterous rapidity, but the roar of its impetuous ebb to the sea is scarce equalled by the loudest and most dreadful cataracts, the noise being heard several leagues off, and the vortices or pits are of such an extent and depth, that if a ship comes within its attraction, it is inevitably absorbed and carried down to the bottom, and there beat to pieces against the rocks, and when the water relaxes, the fragments thereof are thrown up again. But these intervals of tranquillity are only at the turn of the ebb and flood, and in calm weather, and last but a quarter of an hour, its violence gradually returning. When the stream is most boisterous, and its fury heigh-

tened by a storm, it is dangerous to come within a Norway mile of it. Boats, yachts, and ships have been carried away by not guarding against it before they were within its reach. It likewise happens frequently, that whales come too near the stream, and are overpowered by its violence, and then it is impossible to describe their howlings and bellowings in their fruitless struggles to disengage themselves. A bear once, attempting to swim from Lofoden to Moskoe, was caught by the stream and borne down, while he roared terribly, so as to be heard on shore. Large stocks of firs and pine trees, after being absorbed by the current, rise again, broken and torn to such a degree as if bristles grew upon them. This plainly shows the bottom to consist of craggy rocks, among which they are whirled to and fro. This stream is regulated by the flux and reflux of the sea—it being constantly high and low water every six hours. In the year 1645, early in the morning of Sexagesima Sunday, it raged with such noise and impetuosity that the very stones of the houses on the coast fell to the ground.

In regard to the depth of the water, I could not see how this could have been ascertained at all in the immediate vicinity of the vortex. The 'forty fathoms' must have reference only to portions of the channel close upon the shore either of Moskoe or Lofoden. The depth in the centre of the Moskoe-strom must be immeasurably greater, and no better proof of this fact is necessary than can be obtained from even the sidelong glance into the abyss of the whirl which may be had from the highest crag of Helseggen. Looking down from this pinnacle upon the howling

Phlegethon below, I could not help smiling at the simplicity with which the honest Jonas Ramus records, as a matter difficult of belief, the anecdotes of the whales and the bears, for it appeared to me, in fact, a self-evident thing, that the largest ship of the line in existence, coming within the influence of that deadly attraction, could resist it as little as a feather the hurricane, and must disappear bodily and at once

The attempts to account for the phenomenon—some of which, I remember, seemed to me sufficiently plausible in perusal—now wore a very different and unsatisfactory aspect. The idea generally received is, that this, as well as three smaller vortices among the Faroe islands, ‘have no other cause than the collision of waves rising and falling, at flux and reflux, against a ridge of rocks and shelves, which confines the water so that it precipitates itself like a cataract, and thus the higher the flood rises, the deeper must the fall be, and the natural result of all is a whirlpool or vortex, the prodigious suction of which is sufficiently known by lesser experiments’—These are the words of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. Kircher and others imagine that in the centre of the channel of the Maelstrom is an abyss penetrating the globe, and issuing in some very remote part—the Gulf of Bothnia being somewhat decidedly named in one instance. This opinion, idle in itself, was the one to which, as I gazed, my imagination most readily assented, and mentioning it to the guide, I was rather surprised to hear him say, that although it was the view almost universally entertained of the subject by the Norwegians, it nevertheless was not his own. As

to the former notion, he confessed his inability to comprehend it, and here I agreed with him—for, however conclusive on paper, it becomes altogether unintelligible, and even absurd, amid the thunder of the abyss

‘ You have had a good look at the whirl now,’ said the old man, ‘ and if you will creep round this crag, so as to get in its lee, and deaden the roar of the water, I will tell you a story that will convince you I ought to know something of the Moskoe-strom ’

I placed myself as desired, and he proceeded —
‘ Myself and my two brothers once owned a schooner-rigged smack of about seventy-tons burthen, with which we were in the habit of fishing among the islands beyond Moskoe, nearly to Vurrgh In all violent eddies at sea there is good fishing, at proper opportunities, if one has only the courage to attempt it, but among the whole of the Lofoden coastmen, we three were the only ones who made a regular business of going out to the islands, as I tell you The usual grounds are a great way lower down to the southward There fish can be got at all hours, without much risk, and therefore these places are preferred The choice spots over here among the rocks, however, not only yield the finest variety, but in far greater abundance, so that we often got in a single day, what the more timid of the craft could not scrape together in a week In fact, we made it a matter of desperate speculation—the risk of life standing instead of labour, and courage answering for capital

‘ We kept the smack in a cove about five miles higher up the coast than this, and it was our

practice, in fine weather, to take advantage of the fifteen minutes' slack to push across the main channel of the Moskoe-strom, far above the pool, and then drop down upon anchorage somewhere near Otterholm, or Sandflesen, where the eddies are not so violent as elsewhere. Here we used to remain, until nearly time for slack water again, when we weighed and made for home. We never set out upon this expedition without a steady side-wind for going and coming—one that we felt sure would not fail us before our return, and we seldom made a miscalculation upon this point. Twice, during six years, we were forced to stay all night at anchor on account of a dead calm, which is a rare thing indeed just about here, and once we had to remain on the grounds nearly a week, starving to death, owing to a gale which blew up shortly after our arrival, and made the channel too boisterous to be thought of. Upon this occasion we should have been driven out to sea in spite of everything (for the whirlpools threw us round and round so violently that, at length, we fouled our anchor and dragged it), if it had not been that we drifted into one of the innumerable cross currents—here to-day and gone to-morrow—which drove us under the lee of Flumen, where, by good luck, we brought up.

'I could not tell you the twentieth part of the difficulties we encountered "on the grounds" It is a bad spot to be in, even in good weather, but we made shift always to run the gauntlet of the Moskoe-strom itself without accident, although at times my heart has been in my mouth when we happened to be a minute or so behind or before the slack. The wind sometimes was

not as strong as we thought it at starting, and then we made rather less way than we could wish, while the current rendered the smack unmanageable. My eldest brother had a son eighteen years old, and I had two stout boys of my own. These would have been of great assistance at such times, in using the sweeps, as well as afterwards in fishing, but, somehow, although we ran the risk ourselves, we had not the heart to let the young ones get into danger—for, after all is said and done, it *was* a horrible danger, and that is the truth.

‘It is now within a few days of three years since what I am going to tell you occurred. It was on the tenth day of July 18—, a day which the people of this part of the world will never forget, for it was one in which blew the most terrible hurricane that ever came out of the heavens. And yet all the morning, and indeed until late in the afternoon, there was a gentle and steady breeze from the south-west, while the sun shone brightly, so that the oldest seaman among us could not have foreseen what was to follow.

‘The three of us—my two brothers and myself—had crossed over to the islands about two o’clock, p m, and had soon nearly loaded the smack with fine fish, which, we all remarked, were more plenty that day than we had ever known them. It was just seven, *by my watch*, when we weighed and started for home, so as to make the worst of the Strom at slack water, which we knew would be at eight.

‘We set out with a fresh wind on our starboard quarter, and for some time spanked along at a great rate, never dreaming of danger, for indeed

we saw not the slightest reason to apprehend it. All at once we were taken aback by a breeze from over Helseggen. This was most unusual—something that had never happened to us before, and I began to feel a little uneasy without exactly knowing why. We put the boat on the wind, but could make no headway at all for the eddies, and I was upon the point of proposing to return to the anchorage when, looking astern, we saw the whole horizon covered with a singular copper-coloured cloud that rose with the most amazing velocity.

‘In the meantime, the breeze that had headed us off fell away, and we were dead becalmed, drifting about in every direction. This state of things, however, did not last long enough to give us time to think about it. In less than a minute the storm was upon us—in less than two the sky was entirely overcast, and what with this and the driving spray, it became suddenly so dark that we could not see each other in the smack.

‘Such a hurricane as then blew it is folly to attempt describing. The oldest seaman in Norway never experienced anything like it. We had let our sails go by the run before it cleverly took us, but, at the first puff, both our masts went by the board as if they had been sawed off—the main-mast taking with it my youngest brother, who had lashed himself to it for safety.

‘Our boat was the lightest feather of a thing that ever sat upon water. It had a complete flush deck, with only a small hatch near the bow, and this hatch it had always been our custom to batten down when about to cross the Strom, by way of precaution against the chopping seas.

But for this circumstance we should have foundered at once, for we lay entirely buried for some moments. How my elder brother escaped destruction I cannot say, for I never had an opportunity of ascertaining. For my part, as soon as I had let the foresail run, I threw myself flat on deck, with my feet against the narrow gunwale of the bow, and with my hands grasping a ring-bolt near the foot of the fore-mast. It was mere instinct that prompted me to do this—which was undoubtedly the very best thing I could have done—for I was too much flurried to think.

‘For some moments we were completely deluged, as I say, and all this time I held my breath, and clung to the bolt. When I could stand it no longer I raised myself upon my knees, still keeping hold with my hands, and thus got my head clear. Presently our little boat gave herself a shake, just as a dog does in coming out of the water, and thus rid herself, in some measure, of the seas. I was now trying to get the better of the stupor that had come over me, and to collect my senses so as to see what was to be done, when I felt somebody grasp my arm. It was my elder brother, and my heart leaped for joy, for I had made sure that he was overboard, but the next moment all this joy was turned into horror—for he put his mouth close to my ear, and screamed out the word “*Moskoe-strom*!”’

‘No one ever will know what my feelings were at that moment. I shook from head to foot as if I had had the most violent fit of the ague. I knew what he meant by that one word well enough—I knew what he wished to make me understand. With the wind that now drove us

on, we were bound for the whirl of the Strom, and nothing could save us

You perceive that in crossing the Strom *channel*, we always went a long way up above the whirl, even in the calmest weather, and then had to wait and watch carefully for the slack, but now we were driving right upon the pool itself, and in such a hurricane as this! "To be sure," I thought, "we shall get there just about the slack—there is some little hope in that," but in the next moment I cursed myself for being so great a fool as to dream of hope at all. I knew very well that we were doomed, had we been ten times a ninety-gun ship

'By this time the first fury of the tempest had spent itself, or perhaps we did not feel it so much, as we scudded before it, but at all events the seas, which at first had been kept down by the wind, and lay flat, and frothing, now got up into absolute mountains. A singular change, too, had come over the heavens. Around in every direction it was still as black as pitch, but nearly overhead there burst out, all at once, a circular rift of clear sky—as clear as I ever saw, and of a deep bright blue—and through it there blazed forth the full moon with a lustre that I never before knew her to wear. She lit up everything about us with the greatest distinctness, but, O God! what a scene it was to light up!

'I now made one or two attempts to speak to my brother, but, in some manner which I could not understand, the din had so increased that I could not make him hear a single word, although I screamed at the top of my voice in his ear. Presently he shook his head, looking as pale as

death, and held up one of his fingers, as if to say,
“*Listen !*”

‘ At first I could not make out what he meant, but soon a hideous thought flashed upon me I dragged my watch from its fob It was not going I glanced at its face by the moonlight, and then burst into tears as I flung it far away into the ocean *It had run down at seven o’clock ! We were behind the time of the slack, and the whirl of the Strom was in full fury !*

‘ When a boat is well built, properly trimmed, and not deep laden, the waves in a strong gale, when she is going large, seem always to slip from beneath her—which appears very strange to a landsman, and this is what is called *riding*, in sea phrase Well, so far we had ridden the swells very cleverly, but presently a gigantic sea happened to take us right under the counter, and bore us with it as it rose—up—up—as if into the sky I would not have believed that any wave could rise so high And then down we came with a sweep, a slide, and a plunge, that made me feel sick and dizzy, as if I was falling from some lofty mountain-top in a dream But while we were up I had thrown a quick glance around—and that one glance was all-sufficient I saw our exact position in an instant The Moskoe-strom whirl-pool was about a quarter of a mile dead ahead—but no more like the everyday Moskoe-strom than the whirl as you now see it is like a mill-race If I had not known where we were, and what we had to expect, I should not have recognized the place at all As it was, I involuntarily closed my eyes in horror The lids clenched themselves together as if in a spasm

‘ It could not have been more than two minutes afterwards when we suddenly felt the waves subside, and were enveloped in foam. The boat made a sharp half-turn to larboard, and then shot off in its new direction like a thunderbolt. At the same moment the roaring noise of the water was completely drowned in a kind of shrill shriek—such a sound as you might imagine given out by the waste-pipes of many thousand steam-vessels letting off their steam all together. We were now in the belt of surf that always surrounds the whirl, and I thought, of course, that another moment would plunge us into the abyss—down which we could only see indistinctly on account of the amazing velocity with which we were borne along. The boat did not seem to sink into the water at all, but to skim like an air-bubble upon the surface of the surge. Her starboard side was next the whirl, and on the larboard arose the world of ocean we had left. It stood like a huge writhing wall between us and the horizon.

‘ It may appear strange, but now, when we were in the very jaws of the gulf, I felt more composed than when we were only approaching it. Having made up my mind to hope no more, I got rid of a great deal of that terror which unmanned me at first. I suppose it was despair that stung my nerves.

‘ It may look like boasting—but what I tell you is truth. I began to reflect how magnificent a thing it was to die in such a manner, and how foolish it was in me to think of so paltry a consideration as my own individual life, in view of so wonderful a manifestation of God’s power. I do believe that I blushed with shame when this

idea crossed my mind After a little while I became possessed with the keenest curiosity about the whirl itself I positively felt a *wish* to explore its depths, even at the sacrifice I was going to make, and my principal grief was that I should never be able to tell my old companions on shore about the mysteries I should see These, no doubt, were singular fancies to occupy a man's mind in such extremity, and I have often thought since that the revolutions of the boat around the pool might have rendered me a little light-headed

‘There was another circumstance which tended to restore my self-possession, and this was the cessation of the wind, which could not reach us in our present situation, for, as you saw yourself, the belt of surf is considerably lower than the general bed of the ocean, and this latter now towered above us a high, black, mountainous ridge If you have never been at sea in a heavy gale, you can form no idea of the confusion of mind occasioned by the wind and spray together They blind, deafen, and strangle you, and take away all power of action or reflection But we were now in a great measure, rid of these annoyances—just as death-condemned felons in prison are allowed petty indulgences, forbidden them while their doom is yet uncertain

‘How often we made the circuit of the belt it is impossible to say We careered round and round for perhaps an hour, flying rather than floating, getting gradually more and more into the middle of the surge, and then nearer and nearer to its horrible inner edge All this time I had never let go of the ring-bolt. My brother

was at the stern, holding on to a small empty water cask which had been securely lashed under the coop of the counter, and was the only thing on deck that had not been swept overboard when the gale first took us. As we approached the brink of the pit, he let go his hold upon this, and made for the ring, from which, in the agony of his terror, he endeavoured to force my hands, as it was not large enough to afford us both a secure grasp. I never felt deeper grief than when I saw him attempt this act, although I knew he was a madman when he did it—a raving maniac through sheer fright. I did not care, however, to contest the point with him. I knew it could make no difference whether either of us held on at all, so I let him have the bolt, and went astern to the cask. This there was no great difficulty in doing, for the smack flew round steadily enough, and upon an even keel, only swaying to and fro with the immense sweeps and swelters of the whirl. Scarcely had I secured myself in my new position, when we gave a wild lurch to starboard, and rushed headlong into the abyss. I muttered a hurried prayer to God, and thought all was over.

‘As I felt the sickening sweep of the descent, I had instinctively tightened my hold upon the barrel, and closed my eyes. For some seconds I dared not open them, while I expected instant destruction, and wondered that I was not already in my death-struggles with the water. But moment after moment elapsed. I still lived. The sense of falling had ceased, and the motion of the vessel seemed much as it had been before, while in the belt of foam, with the exception

that she now lay more along I took courage, and looked once again upon the scene

‘Never shall I forget the sensations of awe, horror, and admiration with which I gazed about me The boat appeared to be hanging, as if by magic, midway down, upon the interior surface of a funnel vast in circumference, prodigious in depth, and whose perfectly smooth sides might have been mistaken for ebony, but for the bewildering rapidity with which they spun around, and for the gleaming and ghastly radiance they shot forth, as the rays of the full moon, from that circular rift amid the clouds which I have already described, streamed in a flood of golden glory along the black walls, and far away down into the inmost recesses of the abyss

‘At first I was too much confused to observe anything accurately The general burst of terrific grandeur was all that I beheld When I recovered myself a little, however, my gaze fell instinctively downward In this direction I was able to obtain an unobstructed view, from the manner in which the smack hung on the inclined surface of the pool She was quite upon an even keel—that is to say, her deck lay in a plane parallel with that of the water, but this latter sloped at an angle of more than forty-five degrees, so that we seemed to be lying upon our beam ends I could not help observing, nevertheless, that I had scarcely more difficulty in maintaining my hold and footing in this situation than if we had been upon a dead level, and this, I suppose, was owing to the speed at which we revolved

‘The rays of the moon seemed to search the very bottom of the profound gulf, but still I could

make out nothing distinctly, on account of a thick mist in which everything there was enveloped, and over which there hung a magnificent rainbow, like that narrow and tottering bridge which Mussulmans say is the only pathway between time and eternity. This mist, or spray, was no doubt occasioned by the clashing of the great walls of the funnel, as they all met together at the bottom, but the yell that went up to the heavens from out of that mist I dare not attempt to describe

‘Our first slide into the abyss itself, from the belt of foam above, had carried us a great distance down the slope, but our farther descent was by no means proportionate. Round and round we swept—not with any uniform movement—but in dizzying swings and jerks, that sent us sometimes only a few hundred yards, sometimes nearly the complete circuit of the whirl. Our progress downward, at each revolution, was slow, but very perceptible

‘Looking about me upon the wide waste of liquid ebony on which we were thus borne, I perceived that our boat was not the only object in the embrace of the whirl. Both above and below us were visible fragments of vessels, large masses of building-timber and trunks of trees, with many smaller articles, such as pieces of house-furniture, broken boxes, barrels and staves. I have already described the unnatural curiosity which had taken the place of my original terrors. It appeared to grow upon me as I drew nearer and nearer to my dreadful doom. I now began to watch, with a strange interest, the numerous things that floated in our company. I *must* have been

delirious, for I even sought *amusement* in speculating upon the relative velocities of their several descents toward the foam below "This fir-tree," I found myself at one time saying, "will certainly be the next thing that takes the awful plunge and disappears," and then I was disappointed to find that the wreck of a Dutch merchant-ship overtook it and went down before. At length, after making several guesses of this nature, and being deceived in all, this fact—the fact of my invariable miscalculation—set me upon a train of reflection that made my limbs again tremble, and my heart beat heavily once more.

'It was not a new terror that thus affected me, but the dawn of a more exciting *hope*. This hope arose partly from memory, and partly from present observation. I called to mind the great variety of buoyant matter that strewed the coast of Lofoden, having been absorbed and then thrown forth by the Moskoe-strom. By far the greater number of the articles were shattered in the most extraordinary way—so chafed and roughened as to have the appearance of being stuck full of splinters, but then I distinctly recollected that there were *some* of them which were not disfigured at all. Now I could not account for this difference except by supposing that the roughened fragments were the only ones which had been *completely absorbed*—that the others had entered the whirl at so late a period of the tide, or, for some reason, had descended so slowly after entering, that they did not reach the bottom before the turn of the flood came, or of the ebb, as the case might be. I conceived it possible, in either instance, that they might thus be whirled up again to the level

of the ocean, without undergoing the fate of those which had been drawn in more early, or absorbed more rapidly. I made, also, three important observations. The first was, that as a general rule, the larger the bodies were, the more rapid their descent, the second, that, between two masses of equal extent, the one spherical, and the other of *any other shape*, the superiority in speed of descent was with the sphere, the third, that, between two masses of equal size, the one cylindrical, and the other of any other shape, the cylinder was absorbed the more slowly. Since my escape, I have had several conversations on this subject with an old schoolmaster of the district, and it was from him that I learned the use of the words "cylinder" and "sphere." He explained to me—although I have forgotten the explanation—how what I observed was, in fact, the natural consequence of the forms of the floating fragments, and showed me how it happened that a cylinder, swimming in a vortex, offered more resistance to its suction, and was drawn in with greater difficulty than an equally bulky body of any form whatever.

‘There was one startling circumstance which went a great way in enforcing these observations and rendering me anxious to turn them to account, and this was, that at every revolution we passed something like a barrel, or else the yard or the mast of a vessel, while many of these things, which had been on our level when I first opened my eyes upon the wonders of the whirlpool, were now high up above us, and seemed to have moved but little from their original station.

‘I no longer hesitated what to do. I resolved to

lash myself securely to the water-cask upon which I now held, to cut it loose from the counter, and to throw myself with it into the water. I attracted my brother's attention by signs, pointed to the floating barrels that came near us, and did everything in my power to make him understand what I was about to do. I thought at length that he comprehended my design, but, whether this was the case or not, he shook his head despairingly, and refused to move from his station by the ring-bolt. It was impossible to reach him, the emergency admitted of no delay, and so, with a bitter struggle, I resigned him to his fate, fastened myself to the cask by means of the lashings which secured it to the counter, and precipitated myself with it into the sea, without another moment's hesitation.

' The result was precisely what I hoped it might be. As it is myself who now tell you this tale—as you see that I *did* escape—and as you are already in possession of the mode in which this escape was effected, and must therefore anticipate all that I have further to say—I will bring my story quickly to conclusion. It might have been an hour, or thereabout, after my quitting the smack, when, having descended to a vast distance beneath me, it made three or four wild gyrations in rapid succession, and, bearing my loved brother with it, plunged headlong, at once and for ever, into the chaos of foam below. The barrel to which I was attached sank very little farther than half the distance between the bottom of the gulf and the spot at which I leaped overboard, before a great change took place in the character of the whirlpool. The slope of the sides of the vast

funnel became momentarily less and less steep. The gyrations of the whirl grew gradually less and less violent. By degrees, the froth and the rainbow disappeared and the bottom of the gulf seemed slowly to uprise. The sky was clear, the winds had gone down, and the full moon was setting radiantly in the west, when I found myself on the surface of the ocean, in full view of the shores of Lofoden, and above the spot where the pool of the Moskoe-strom *had been*. It was the hour of the slack, but the sea still heaved in mountainous waves from the effects of the hurricane. I was borne violently into the channel of the Strom, and in a few minutes was hurried down the coast into the "grounds" of the fishermen. A boat picked me up exhausted from fatigue, and (now that the danger was removed) speechless from the memory of its horror. Those who drew me on board were my old mates and daily companions, but they knew me no more than they would have known a traveller from the spirit-land. My hair, which had been raven-black the day before, was as white as you see it now. They say, too, that the whole expression of my countenance had changed. I told them my story—they did not believe it. I now tell it to *you*, and I can scarcely expect you to put more faith in it than did the merry fishermen of Lofoden.—*Tales*

CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN

1809-82

THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES

AUTHORS of the highest eminence seem to be fully satisfied with the view that each species has been independently created. To my mind it accords better with what we know of the laws impressed on matter by the Creator, that the production and extinction of the past and present inhabitants of the world should have been due to secondary causes, like those determining the birth and death of the individual. When I view all beings not as special creations, but as the lineal descendants of some few beings which lived long before the first bed of the Silurian system was deposited, they seem to me to become ennobled. Judging from the past, we may safely infer that not one living species will transmit its unaltered likeness to a distant futurity. And of the species now living very few will transmit progeny of any kind to a far distant futurity, for the manner in which all organic beings are grouped, shows that the greater number of species in each genus, and all the species in many genera, have left no descendants, but have become utterly extinct. We can so far take a prophetic glance into futurity as to foretell that it will be the common and widely spread species, belonging to the larger and dominant groups, which will ultimately prevail and procreate new and dominant species. As all the living forms of life are the lineal descendants of those which lived long before the Silurian epoch,

we may feel certain that the ordinary succession by generation has never once been broken, and that no cataclysm has desolated the whole world. Hence we may look with some confidence to a secure future of equally inappreciable length. And as natural selection works solely by and for the good of each being, all corporeal and mental endowments will tend to progress towards perfection.

It is interesting to contemplate a tangled bank, clothed with many plants of many kinds, with birds singing on the bushes, with various insects flitting about, and with worms crawling through the damp earth, and to reflect that these elaborately constructed forms, so different from each other, and dependent on each other in so complex a manner, have all been produced by laws acting around us. These laws, taken in the largest sense, being Growth with Reproduction, Inheritance which is almost implied by reproduction, Variability from the indirect and direct action of the conditions of life, and from use and disuse, a Ratio of Increase so high as to lead to a Struggle for Life, and as a consequence to Natural Selection, entailing Divergence of Character and the Extinction of less-improved forms. Thus, from the war of nature, from famine and death, the most exalted object which we are capable of conceiving, namely, the production of the higher animals, directly follows. There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one, and that, whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been, and are being, evolved — *On the Origin of Species*

ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE

1809-91

LADY HESTER STANHOPE

BEYROUT on its land side is hemmed in by mountains There dwell the Druses

Often enough I saw the ghostly images of the women with their exalted horns stalking through the streets, and I saw too in travelling the affrighted groups of the mountaineers as they fled before me, under the fear that my troop might be a company of Income-tax commissioners, or a press-gang enforcing the conscription for Mehemet-Ali, but nearly all my knowledge of the people, except in regard of their mere costume and outward appearance, is drawn from books and dispatches To these last I have the honour to refer you

I received hospitable welcome at Beyrout, from the Europeans as well as from the Syrian Christians, and I soon discovered that in all society the standing topic of interest was an Englishwoman (Lady Hester Stanhope) who lived in an old convent on the Lebanon range, at the distance of about a day's journey from the town The lady's habit of refusing to see Europeans added the charm of mystery to a character which, even without that aid, was sufficiently distinguished to command attention

Many years of Lady Hester's early womanhood had been passed with Lady Chatham, at Burton Pynsent, and during that inglorious period of the heroine's life, her commanding character, and (as they would have called it, in the language of those

days) her 'condescending kindness' towards my mother's family, had increased in them those strong feelings of respect and attachment, which her rank and station alone would have easily won from people of the middle class. You may suppose how deeply the quiet women in Somersetshire must have been interested, when they slowly learned by vague and uncertain tidings, that the intrepid girl who had been used to break their vicious horses for them was reigning in sovereignty over the wandering tribes of Western Asia! I know that her name was made almost as familiar to me in my childhood as the name of Robinson Crusoe, both were associated with the spirit of adventure, but whilst the imagined life of the cast-away mariner never failed to seem glaringly real, the true story of the Englishwoman ruling over Arabs always sounded to me like a fable. I never had heard, nor indeed, I believe, had the rest of the world ever heard anything like a certain account of the heroine's adventures. All I knew was, that in one of the drawers, the delight of my childhood, along with attas of roses, and fragrant wonders from Hindostan, there were letters carefully treasured, and trifling presents which I was taught to think valuable because they had come from the Queen of the Desert—a Queen who dwelt in tents, and reigned over wandering Arabs.

The subject, however, died away, and from the ending of my childhood up to the period of my arrival in the Levant, I had seldom even heard a mentioning of the Lady Hester Stanhope, but now wherever I went I was met by the name so familiar in sound, and yet so full of mystery, from the vague, fairy-tale sort of idea which it brought

to my mind I heard it too connected with fresh wonders, for it was said that the woman was now acknowledged as an inspired being by the people of the Mountains, and it was even hinted with horror that she claimed to be *more than a prophet*

I felt at once that my mother would be sorry to hear that I had been within a day's ride of her early friend without offering to see her, and I therefore dispatched a letter to the Recluse, mentioning the maiden name of my mother (whose marriage was subsequent to Lady Hester's departure), and saying that if there existed on the part of her Ladyship any wish to hear of her old Somersetshire acquaintance, I should make a point of visiting her. My letter was sent by a foot messenger who was to take an unlimited time for his journey, so that it was not, I think, until either the third or the fourth day that the answer arrived. A couple of horsemen covered with mud suddenly dashed into the little court of the 'Locanda', in which I was staying, bearing themselves as ostentatiously as though they were carrying a cartel from the Devil to the Angel Michael, one of these (the other being his attendant) was an Italian by birth (though now completely orientalized), who lived in my Lady's establishment as doctor nominally, but practically as an upper servant, he presented me a very kind and appropriate letter of invitation.

It happened that I was rather unwell at this time, so that I named a more distant day for my visit than I should otherwise have done, and after all I did not start at the time fixed. Whilst still remaining at Beyrout I received another letter from Lady Hester, this I will give you, for it shows that whatever the eccentricities of the writer may have

been, she could at least be thoughtful and courteous

SIR,

I hope I shall be disappointed in seeing you on Wednesday, for the late rains have rendered the river Damoqr, if not dangerous, at least very unpleasant to pass for a person who has been lately indisposed, for if the animal swims, you would be immersed in the waters. The weather will probably change after the 21st of the moon, and after a couple of days the roads and the river will be passable, therefore I shall expect you either Saturday or Monday

It will be a great satisfaction to me to have an opportunity of inquiring after your mother, who was a sweet, lovely girl when I knew her

Believe me, Sir,

Yours sincerely,

HESTER LUCY STANHOPE

Early one morning I started from Beyrout. There are no established relays of horses in Syria, at least not in the line which I took, and you therefore hire your cattle for the whole journey, or at all events for your journey to some large town. Under these circumstances you don't of course require a functionary empowered to compel the supply of horses, and you can therefore dispense with a Tatar. In other respects the mode of travelling through Syria differs very little from that which I have described as prevailing in Turkey. I hired my horses and mules for the whole of the journey from Beyrout to Jerusalem. The owner of the beasts (he had a couple of fellows under him) was the most dignified member of my party, he was, indeed, a magnificent old man, and was called Shereef, or 'holy'—a title of honour, which, with the privilege of wearing the green turban, he well deserved, not only from the blood of the Prophet

that glowed in his veins, but from the well-known sanctity of his life, and the length of his blessed beard

Mysseri, of course, still travelled with me, but the Arabic was not one of the seven languages which he spoke so perfectly, and I was, therefore, obliged to hire another interpreter. I had no difficulty in finding a proper man for the purpose—one Demetrius, or, as he was always called, Dthemetri, a native of Zante, who had been tossed about by fortune in all directions. He spoke the Arabic well, and communicated with me in Italian. The man was a very zealous member of the Greek Church. He had been a tailor. He had a thoroughly Tatar countenance,—a countenance so odd and ugly that it expressed all his griefs of body and mind in the most ludicrous manner imaginable. He embellished the natural caricature of his person by suspending about his neck and shoulders and waist, quantities of little bundles and bags filled with treasures, which he thought too valuable to be entrusted to the jerking of pack-saddles. The mule that fell to his lot on this journey every now and then, forgetting that his rider was a saint, and remembering that he was a tailor, took a quiet roll upon the ground, and stretched his limbs calmly and lazily, like a good man awaiting a sermon. Dthemetri never got seriously hurt, but the subversion and dislocation of his bundles made him for the moment a sad spectacle of ruin, and when he regained his legs, his wrath with the mule was sure to be very amusing. He always addressed the beast in language implying that he, a Christian and saint, had been personally insulted and oppressed by a Mahometan mule. Dthemetri however, on

the whole, proved to be a most able and capital servant I suspected him of now and then leading me out of my way, in order that he might have the opportunity of visiting the shrine of a saint, and on one occasion, as you will see by and by, he was induced by religious motives to commit a gross breach of duty, but putting these pious faults out of the question (and they were faults of the right side), he was always faithful and true to me

I left Saide (the Sidon of ancient times) on my right, and about an hour, I think, before sunset, began to ascend one of the many low hills of Lebanon On the summit before me was a broad, grey mass of irregular building, which, from its position, as well as from the gloomy blankness of its walls, gave the idea of a neglected fortress, it had, in fact, been a convent of great size, and, like most of the religious houses in this part of the world, had been made strong enough for opposing an inert resistance to any mere casual band of assailants who might be unprovided with regular means of attack this was the dwelling-place of Chatham's fiery grand-daughter

The aspect of the first court I entered was such as to keep one in the idea of having to do with a fortress, rather than a mere peaceable dwelling-place A number of fierce-looking and ill-clad Albanian soldiers were hanging about the place, inert, and striving, as well as they could, to bear the curse of Tranquillity, two or three of them were smoking their tchibouques, but the rest were lying torpidly upon the flat stones, like the bodies of departed brigands I rode on to an inner part of the building, and at last, quitting my horses,

was conducted through a doorway that led me at once from an open court into an apartment on the ground floor. As I entered, an Oriental figure in male costume approached me from the further end of the room, with many and profound bows, but the growing shades of evening prevented me from distinguishing the features of the personage who was receiving me with this solemn welcome. I had always, however, understood that Lady Hester Stanhope wore the male attire, and I began to utter in English the common civilities that seemed to be proper on the commencement of a visit by an uninspired mortal to a renowned Prophetess, but the figure which I addressed only bowed so much the more, prostrating itself almost to the ground, but speaking to me never a word. I feebly strived not to be outdone in gestures of respect, but presently my bowing opponent saw the error under which I was acting, and suddenly convinced me that at all events I was not *yet* in the presence of a superhuman being, by declaring that he was far from being 'Miladi', and was, in fact, nothing more or less godlike than the poor Doctor who had brought his Mistress's letter to Beyrout.

Lady Hester, in the right spirit of hospitality, now sent and commanded me to repose for a while after the fatigues of my journey, and to dine.

The cuisine was of the Oriental kind,—highly artificial, and, as I thought, very good. I rejoiced too in the wine of the Lebanon.

After dinner the Doctor arrived with Miladi's compliments, and an intimation that she would be happy to receive me if I were so disposed. It had now grown dark, and the rain was falling heavily, so that I got rather wet in following my guide.

through the open courts that I had to pass in order to reach the presence chamber. At last I was ushered into a small chamber, protected from the draughts of air passing through the doorway by a folding screen, passing this, I came alongside of a common European sofa. There sat the Lady Prophetess. She rose from her seat very formally—spoke to me a few words of welcome, pointed to a chair—one already placed exactly opposite to her sofa at a couple of yards distance—and remained standing up to the full of her majestic height, perfectly still, and motionless, until I had taken my appointed place. She then resumed her seat—not packing herself up according to the mode of the Orientals, but allowing her feet to rest on the floor or the footstool, at the moment of seating herself she covered her lap with a mass of loose, white drapery. It occurred to me at the time, that she did this in order to avoid the awkwardness of sitting in manifest trousers under the eye of an European, but I can hardly fancy now that, with her wilful nature, she would have brooked such a compromise as this.

The woman before me had exactly the person of a Prophetess—not, indeed, of the divine Sibyl imagined by Domenichino, so sweetly distracted betwixt Love and Mystery, but of a good, business-like, practical Prophetess, long used to the exercise of her sacred calling. I have been told by those who knew Lady Hester Stanhope in her youth, that any notion of a resemblance betwixt her and the great Chatham must have been fanciful, but at the time of my seeing her, the large commanding features of the gaunt woman, then sixty years old or more, certainly reminded me of the statesman

that lay dying¹ in the House of Lords according to Copley's picture her face was of the most astonishing whiteness², she wore a very large turban made seemingly of pale cashmere shawls, and so disposed as to conceal the hair, her dress, from the chin down to the point at which it was concealed by the drapery on her lap, was a mass of white linen loosely folding—an ecclesiastical sort of affair—more like a surplice than any of those blessed creations which our souls love under the names of 'dress', and 'frock', and 'boddice', and 'collar', and 'habit-shirt', and sweet 'chemisette'

Such was the outward seeming of the personage that sat before me, and indeed she was almost bound by the fame of her actual achievements, as well as by her sublime pretensions, to look a little differently from the rest of womankind. There had been something of grandeur in her career. After the death of Lady Chatham, which happened in 1803, she lived under the roof of her uncle, the second Pitt, and when he resumed the Government in 1804, she became the dispenser of much patronage, and sole Secretary of State for the department of Treasury banquets. Not having seen the Lady until late in her life, when she was fired with spiritual ambition, I can hardly fancy that she could have performed her political duties in the saloons of the Minister with much of feminine sweetness and patience. I am told, however, that she managed matters very well indeed, perhaps it was better for the lofty-minded leader of the House to have his reception-rooms guarded by

¹ Historically '*fainting*', the death did not occur until long afterwards

² I am told that in youth she was exceedingly sallow

this stately creature than by a merely clever and managing woman, it was fitting that the wholesome awe with which he filled the minds of the country gentlemen, should be aggravated by the presence of his majestic niece. But the end was approaching. The sun of Austerlitz showed the Czar madly sliding his splendid army, like a weaver's shuttle, from his right hand to his left, under the very eyes—the deep grey, watchful eyes of Napoleon, before night came, the coalition was a vain thing—meet for history, and the heart of its great author, when the terrible tidings came to his ears, was wrung with grief—fatal grief. In the bitterness of his despair, he cried out to his niece, and bid her ‘ROLL UP THE MAP OF EUROPE’, there was a little more of suffering, and at last, with his swollen tongue (so they say) still muttering something for England, he died by the noblest of all sorrows.

Lady Hester, meeting the calamity in her own fierce way, seems to have scorned the poor island that had not enough of God's grace to keep the ‘heaven-sent’ Minister alive. I can hardly tell why it should be, but there is a longing for the East, very commonly felt by proud people when goaded by sorrow. Lady Hester Stanhope obeyed this impulse, for some time, I believe, she was at Constantinople, and there her magnificence, as well as her near alliance to the late Minister, gained her great influence. Afterwards she passed into Syria. The people of that country, excited by the achievements of Sir Sydney Smith, had begun to imagine the possibility of their land being occupied by the English, and many of them looked upon Lady Hester as a Princess who came to prepare

the way for the expected conquest I don't know it from her own lips, or indeed from any certain authority, but I have been told that she began her connexion with the Bedouins by making a large present of money (£500—immense in piastres) to the Sheik whose authority was recognized in the Desert, between Damascus and Palmyra. The prestige created by the rumours of her high and undefined rank, as well as of her wealth and corresponding magnificence, was well sustained by her imperious character and her dauntless bravery. Her influence increased. I never heard anything satisfactory as to the real extent or duration of her sway, but I understood that, for a time at least, she certainly exercised something like sovereignty amongst the wandering tribes. And now that her earthly kingdom had passed away, she strove for spiritual power, and impiously dared, as it was said, to boast some mystic union with the very God of very God!

A couple of black slave girls came at a signal, and supplied their mistress as well as myself, with lighted tchibouques, and coffee.

The custom of the East sanctions, and almost commands, some moments of silence whilst you are inhaling the first few breaths of the fragrant pipe. The pause was broken, I think, by my Lady, who addressed to me some inquiries respecting my mother, and particularly as to her marriage, but before I had communicated any great amount of family facts, the spirit of the Prophetess kindled within her, and presently (though with all the skill of a woman of the world) she shuffled away the subject of poor dear Somersetshire, and bounded onward into loftier spheres of thought.

My old acquaintance with some of 'the twelve' enabled me to bear my part (of course a very humble one) in a conversation relative to occult science. Milnes once spread a report that every gang of gipsies was found upon inquiry to have come last from a place to the westward, and to be about to make the next move in an eastern direction, either, therefore, they were to be all gathered together towards the rising of the sun by the mysterious finger of Providence, or else they were to revolve round the globe for ever and ever. Both of these suppositions were highly gratifying, because they were both marvellous, and though the story on which they were founded plainly sprang from the inventive brain of a poet, no one had ever been so odiously statistical as to attempt a contradiction of it. I now mentioned the story as a report to Lady Hester Stanhope, and asked her if it were true. I could not have touched upon any imaginable subject more deeply interesting to my hearer—more closely akin to her habitual train of thinking, she immediately threw off all the restraint belonging to an interview with a stranger, and when she had received a few more similar proofs of my aptness for the marvellous, she went so far as to say that she would adopt me as her 'élève' in occult science.

For hours and hours, this wondrous white woman poured forth her speech, for the most part concerning sacred and profane mysteries, but every now and then she would stay her lofty flight, and swoop down upon the world again whenever this happened, I was interested in her conversation.

She adverted more than once to the period of her lost sway amongst the Arabs, and mentioned

some of the circumstances that aided her in obtaining influence with the wandering tribes. The Bedoun, so often engaged in irregular warfare, strains his eyes to the horizon in search of a coming enemy just as habitually as the sailor keeps his 'bright look-out' for a strange sail. In the absence of telescopes, a far-reaching sight is highly valued, and Lady Hester had this power. She told me that, on one occasion, when there was good reason to expect hostilities, a far-seeing Arab created great excitement in the camp by declaring that he could distinguish some moving objects upon the very farthest point within the reach of his eyes. Lady Hester was consulted, and she instantly assured her comrades in arms that there were indeed a number of horses within sight, but they were without riders. The assertion proved to be correct, and from that time forth her superiority over all others in respect of far sight remained undisputed.

Lady Hester related to me this other anecdote of her Arab life. It was when the heroic qualities of the Englishwoman were just beginning to be felt amongst the people of the desert, that she was marching one day, along with the forces of the tribe to which she had allied herself. She perceived that preparations for an engagement were going on, and upon her making inquiry as to the cause, the Sheik at first affected mystery and concealment, but at last confessed that war had been declared against his tribe on account of its alliance with the English Princess, and that they were now unfortunately about to be attacked by a very superior force. He made it appear that Lady Hester was the sole cause of hostility betwixt his

tribe and the impending enemy, and that his sacred duty of protecting the Englishwoman whom he had admitted as his guest was the only obstacle which prevented an amicable settlement of the dispute. The Sheik hinted that his tribe was likely to sustain an almost overwhelming blow, but at the same time declared that no fear of the consequences, however terrible to him and his whole people, should induce him to dream of abandoning his illustrious guest. The heroine instantly took her part—it was not for her to be a source of danger to her friends, but rather to her enemies, so she resolved to turn away from the people, and trust for help to none, save only her haughty self. The Sheiks affected to dissuade her from so rash a course, and fairly told her that although they (having been freed from her presence) would be able to make good terms for themselves, yet that there were no means of allaying the hostility felt towards her, and that the whole face of the desert would be swept by the horsemen of her enemies so carefully, as to make her escape into other districts almost impossible. The brave woman was not to be moved by terrors of this kind, and bidding farewell to the tribe which had honoured and protected her, she turned her horse's head, and rode straight away, without friend or follower. Hours had elapsed, and for some time she had been alone in the centre of the round horizon, when her quick eye perceived some horsemen in the distance. The party came nearer and nearer, soon it was plain that they were making towards her, and presently some hundreds of Bedouins, fully armed, galloped up to her, ferociously shouting, and apparently intending to take her life at the instant

with their pointed spears Her face at the time was covered with the yashmack, according to Eastern usage, but at the moment when the foremost of the horsemen had all but reached her with their spears, she stood up in her stirrups— withdrew the yashmack that veiled the terrors of her countenance—waved her arms slowly and disdainfully, and cried out with a loud voice, ‘Avaunt!’¹ The horsemen recoiled from her glance, but not in terror The threatening yells of the assailants were suddenly changed for loud shouts of joy and admiration at the bravery of the stately Englishwoman and festive gun-shots were fired on all sides around her honoured head The truth was that the party belonged to the tribe with which she had allied herself, and that the threatened attack, as well as the pretended apprehension of an engagement, had been contrived for the mere purpose of testing her courage The day ended in a great feast prepared to do honour to the heroine, and from that time her power over the minds of the people grew rapidly Lady Hester related this story with great spirit, and I recollect that she put up her yashmack for a moment, in order to give me a better idea of the effect which she produced by suddenly revealing the awfulness of her countenance

With respect to her then present mode of life, Lady Hester informed me that for her sin she had subjected herself during many years to severe penance, and that her self-denial had not been

¹ She spoke it, I dare say, in English, the words would not be the less effective for being spoken in an unknown tongue Lady Hester, I believe, never learnt to speak the Arabic with a perfect accent

without its reward 'Vain and false,' said she, 'is all the pretended knowledge of the Europeans—their doctors will tell you that the drinking of milk gives yellowness to the complexion, milk is my only food, and you see if my face be not white' Her abstinence from food intellectual was carried as far as her physical fasting she never, she said, looked upon a book, nor a newspaper, but trusted alone to the stars for her sublime knowledge, she usually passed the nights in communing with these heavenly teachers, and lay at rest during the day-time She spoke with great contempt of the frivolity and benighted ignorance of the modern Europeans, and mentioned, in proof of this, that they were not only untaught in astrology, but were unacquainted with the common and everyday phenomena produced by magic art she spoke as if she would make me understand that all sorcerous spells were completely at her command, but that the exercise of such powers would be derogatory to her high rank in the heavenly kingdom She said that the spell by which the face of an absent person is thrown upon a mirror was within the reach of the humblest and most contemptible magicians, but that the practice of such like arts was unholy, as well as vulgar

We spoke of the bending twig by which, it is said, precious metals may be discovered In relation to this, the Prophetess told me a story rather against herself, and inconsistent with the notion of her being perfect in her science, but I think that she mentioned the facts as having happened before she attained to the great spiritual authority which she now arrogated She told that vast treasures were known to exist in a situation

which she mentioned, if I rightly remember, as being near Suez, that Napoleon, profanely brave, thrust his arm into the cave containing the coveted gold, and that instantly his flesh became palsied but the youthful hero (for she said he was great in his generation) was not to be thus daunted, he fell back characteristically upon his brazen resources, and ordered up his artillery, yet man could not strive with demons, and Napoleon was foiled. In latter years came Ibrahim Pasha, with heavy guns, and wicked spells to boot, but the infernal guardians of the treasure were too strong for him. It was after this that Lady Hester passed by the spot, and she described with animated gesture the force and energy with which the divining twig had suddenly leaped in her hands. She ordered excavations, and no demons opposed her enterprise, the vast chest in which the treasure had been deposited was at length discovered, but lo! and behold, it was full of pebbles! She said, however, that the times were approaching, in which the hidden treasures of the earth would become available to those who had 'true knowledge.'

Speaking of Ibrahim Pasha, Lady Hester said that he was a bold, bad man, and was possessed of some of those common and wicked magical arts upon which she looked down with so much contempt. She said, for instance, that Ibrahim's life was charmed against balls and steel, and that after a battle he loosened the folds of his shawl, and shook out the bullets like dust.

It seems that the St Simonians once made overtures to Lady Hester. She told me that the Père Enfantin (the chief of the sect) had sent her a service of plate, but that she had declined to

receive it She delivered a prediction as to the probability of the St Simonians finding the 'mystic mother', and this she did in a way which would amuse you unfortunately I am not at liberty to mention this part of the woman's prophecies, why, I cannot tell, but so it is, that she bound me to eternal seerecy

Lady Hester told me that since her residence at Djoun, she had been attacked by an illness so severe as to render her for a long time perfectly helpless, all her attendants fled, and left her to perish Whilst she lay thus alone and quite unable to rise, robbers came and carried away her property¹ she told me that they actually unroofed a great part of the building, and employed engines with pulleys for the purpose of hoisting out such of her valuables as were too bulky to pass through doors It would seem that before this catastrophe Lady Hester had been rich in the possession of Eastern luxuries, for she told me that when the chiefs of the Ottoman force took refuge with her after the fall of Acre, they brought

¹ The proceedings thus described to me, by Lady Hester, as having taken place during her illness, were afterwards re-enacted at the time of her death Since I wrote the words to which this note is appended, I received from Warburton an interesting account of the heroine's death, or rather the circumstances attending the discovery of the event, and I caused it to be printed in the former editions of this work I must now give up the borrowed ornament, and omit my extract from my friend's letter, for the rightful owner has reprinted it in *The Crescent and the Cross* I know what a sacrifice I am making, for in noticing the first edition of this book, reviewers turned aside from the text to the note, and remarked upon the interesting information which Warburton's letter contained, and the descriptive force with which it was written

their wives also in great numbers to all of these, Lady Hester, as she said, presented magnificent dresses, but her generosity occasioned strife only instead of gratitude, for every woman who fancied her present less splendid than that of another, with equal or less pretension, became absolutely furious. All these audacious guests had now been got rid of, but the Albanian soldiers who had taken refuge with Lady Hester at the same time still remained under her protection.

In truth, this half-ruined convent, guarded by the proud heart of an English gentlewoman, was the only spot throughout all Syria and Palestine in which the will of Mehemet Ali and his fierce Lieutenant was not the law. More than once had the Pasha of Egypt commanded that Ibrahim should have the Albanians delivered up to him, but this white woman of the mountain (grown classical, not by books, but by very pride) answered only with a disdainful invitation to 'come and take them'. Whether it was that Ibrahim was acted upon by any superstitious dread of interfering with the Prophetess (a notion not at all incompatible with his character as an able Oriental commander), or that he feared the ridicule of putting himself in collision with a gentlewoman, he certainly never ventured to attack the sanctuary, and so long as Chatham's grand-daughter breathed a breath of life, there was always this one hillock, and that too in the midst of a most populous district, which stood out, and kept its freedom. Mehemet Ali used to say, I am told, that the Englishwoman had given him more trouble than all the insurgent people of Syria and Palestine.

The Prophetess announced to me that we were

upon the eve of a stupendous convulsion which would destroy the then recognized value of all property upon earth, and, declaring that those only who should be in the East at the time of the great change could hope for greatness in the new life that was then close at hand, she advised me, whilst there was yet time, to dispose of my property in poor, frail England, and gain a station in Asia she told me that, after leaving her, I should go into Egypt, but that in a little while I should return into Syria. I secretly smiled at this last prophecy as 'a bad shot', because I had fully determined, after visiting the Pyramids, to take ship from Alexandria for Greece. But men struggle vainly in the meshes of their destiny! the unbeliever Cassandra was right after all. The plague came, and the necessity of avoiding the quarantine detention, to which I should have been subjected if I had sailed from Alexandria, forced me to alter my route. I went down into Egypt, and stayed there for a time, and then crossed the Desert once more, and came back to the mountains of the Lebanon, exactly as the Prophetess had foretold.

Lady Hester talked to me long and earnestly on the subject of Religion, announcing that the Messiah was yet to come. She strived to impress me with the vanity and falseness of all European creeds, as well as with a sense of her own spiritual greatness. Throughout her conversation upon these high topics, she carefully insinuated, without actually asserting, her heavenly rank.

Amongst other much more marvellous powers, the Lady claimed one which most women have more or less—namely, that of reading men's characters in their faces. She examined the line

of my features very attentively, and told me the result this, however, I mean to keep hidden

One favoured subject of discourse was that of 'race' upon this she was very diffuse, and yet rather mysterious. She set great value upon the ancient French,¹ not Norman blood (for that she vilified), but professed to despise our English notion of 'an old family'. She had a vast idea of the Cornish miners on account of their race, and said, if she chose she could give me the means of rousing them to the most tremendous enthusiasm.

Such are the topics on which the Lady mainly conversed, but very often she would descend to more worldly chat, and then she was no longer the Prophetess, but the sort of woman that you sometimes see, I am told, in London drawing-rooms,—cool—decisive in manner—unsparing of enemies—full of audacious fun, and saying the downright things that the sheepish society around her is afraid to utter. I am told that Lady Hester was, in her youth, a capital mimic, and she showed me that not all the queenly dullness to which she had condemned herself,—not all her fasting and solitude,—had destroyed this terrible power. The first whom she crucified in my presence was poor Lord Byron. She had seen him, it appeared, I

¹ In a letter which I afterwards received from Lady Hester, she mentioned incidentally Lord Hardwicke, and said that he was 'the kindest-hearted man existing—a most manly, firm character. He comes from a good breed—all the Yorkes excellent, with *ancient* French blood in their veins'. The under-scoring of the word 'ancient' is by the writer of the letter, who had certainly no great love or veneration for the French of the present day—she did not consider them as descended from her favourite stock.

know not where, soon after his arrival in the East, and was vastly amused at his little affectations. He had picked up a few sentences of the Romaic, and with these he affected to give orders to his Greek servant in a *ton d'apameibomenos* style. I can't tell whether Lady Hester's mimicry of the baid¹ was at all close, but it was amusing. She attributed to him a curiously coxcomical lisp.

Another person, whose style of speaking the Lady took off very amusingly, was one who would scarcely object to suffer by the side of Lord Byron—I mean Lamartine. The peculiarity which attracted her ridicule was an over-refinement of manner. According to my Lady's imitation of Lamartine (I have never seen him myself), he had none of the violent grimace of his countrymen, and not even the usual way of talking, but rather bore himself mincingly, like the humbler sort of English dandy¹.

Lady Hester seems to have heartily despised everything approaching to exquisiteness. She told me, by the by (and her opinion upon that subject is worth having) that a downright manner, amounting even to brusqueness, is more effective than any other with the Oriental, and that

¹ It is said that deaf people can hear what is said concerning themselves, and it would seem that those who live without books or newspapers, know all that is written about them. Lady Hester Stanhope, though not admitting a book or newspaper into her fortress, seems to have known the way in which M. Lamartine mentioned her in his book, for in a letter which she wrote to me after my return to England, she says, although neglected, as Monsieur Le M' (referring as I believe to M. Lamartine) 'described, and without books, yet my head is organized to supply the want of them, as well as acquired knowledge.'

amongst the English, of all ranks and all classes, there is no man so attractive to the Orientals—no man who can negotiate with them half so effectively as a good, honest, open-hearted, and positive naval officer of the old school

I have told you, I think, that Lady Hester could deal fiercely with those she hated—one man above all others (he is now uprooted from society) she blasted with her wrath, you would have thought that, in the scornfulness of her nature, she must have sprung upon her foe with more of fierceness than of skill, but this was not so, for, with all the force and vehemence of her invective, she displayed a sober, patient, and minute attention to the details of vituperation, which contributed to its success a thousand times more than mere violence

During the hours that this sort of conversation or rather discourse was going on, our tobacco-pouches were from time to time replenished, and the Lady as well as I continued to smoke with little or no intermission till the interview ended. I think that the fragrant fumes of the Latakiah must have helped to keep me on my good behaviour as a patient disciple of the Prophetess

It was not till after midnight that my visit for the evening came to an end. When I quitted my seat the lady rose and stood up in the same formal attitude (almost that of a soldier in a state of 'attention') which she had assumed on my entrance, at the same time she pushed the loose drapery from her lap and let it fall down upon the floor

The next morning after breakfast I was visited by my Lady's Secretary—the only European, except the Doctor, whom she retained in her

household This Secretary, like the Doctor, was Italian, but he preserved more signs of European dress and European pretensions than his medical fellow slave He spoke little or no English, though he wrote it pretty well, having been formerly employed in a mercantile house connected with England The poor fellow was in an unhappy state of mind In order to make you understand the extent of his spiritual anxieties, I ought to have told you that the Doctor (who had sunk into the complete Asiatic, and had condescended accordingly to the performance of even menial services) had adopted the common faith of all the neighbouring people, and had become a firm and happy believer in the divine power of his mistress Not so the Secretary When I had strolled with them to such a distance from the building as rendered him safe from being overheard by human ears, he told me in a hollow voice, trembling with emotion, that there were times at which he doubted the divinity of 'Milédi' I said nothing to encourage the poor fellow in his frightful state of scepticism, for I saw that, if indulged, it might end in positive infidelity Lady Hester, it seemed, had rather arbitrarily abridged the amusements of her Secretary, and especially she had forbidden him from shooting small birds on the mountain side This oppression had aroused in him a spirit of inquiry that might end fatally—perhaps for himself—perhaps for the 'religion of the place'

The Secretary told me that his mistress was strongly disliked by the surrounding people, and that she oppressed them a good deal by her exactions I know not whether this statement had any truth in it, but whether it was or was not well founded

it is certain that in Eastern countries hate and veneration are very commonly felt for the same object, and the general belief in the superhuman power of this wonderful white lady—her resolute and imperious character, and above all, perhaps, her fierce Albanians (not backward to obey an order for the sacking of a village), inspired sincere respect amongst the surrounding inhabitants. Now the being ‘respected’ amongst Orientals is not an empty or merely honorary distinction, but carries with it a clear right to take your neighbour’s corn, his cattle, his eggs, and his honey, and almost anything that is his, except his wives. This law was acted upon by the Princess of Djoun, and her establishment was supplied by contributions apportioned amongst the nearest of the villages.

I understood that the Albanians (restrained, I suppose, by the dread of being delivered up to Ibrahim) had not given any very troublesome proofs of their unruly natures. The Secretary told me that their rations, including a small allowance of coffee and tobacco, were served out to them with tolerable regularity.

I asked the Secretary how Lady Hester was off for horses, and said that I would take a look at the stable. The man did not raise any opposition to my proposal, and affected no mystery about the matter, but said that the only two steeds which then belonged to Milédi were of a very humble sort. This answer, and a storm of rain then beginning to descend, prevented me at the time from undertaking my journey to the stables, and I don’t know that I ever thought of the matter afterwards, until my return to England, when I

saw Lamartine's eye-witnessing account of the strange horse saddled, as he pretends, by the hands of his Maker !

When I returned to my room (this, as my hostess told me, was the only one in the whole building that kept out the rain), Lady Hester sent to say she would be glad to receive me again. I was rather surprised at this, for I had understood that she reposed during the day, and it was now little later than noon. 'Really,' said she, when I had taken my seat and my pipe, 'we were together for hours last night, and still I have heard nothing at all of my old friends, now, *do* tell me something of your dear mother, and her sister, I never knew your father—it was after I left Burton Pynsent that your mother married.' I began to make slow answer, but my questioner soon went off again to topics more sublime, so that this second interview though it lasted two or three hours, was all occupied by the same sort of varied discourse as that which I have been describing.

In the course of the afternoon the captain of an English man-of-war arrived at Djoun, and Lady Hester determined to receive him for the same reason as that which had induced her to allow my visit—namely, an early intimacy with his family. I and the new visitor—he was a pleasant, amusing man—dined together, and we were afterwards invited to the presence of my Lady, and with her we sat smoking till midnight. The conversation turned chiefly, I think, upon magical science. I had determined to be off at an early hour the next morning, and so at the end of this interview I bade my Lady farewell. With her parting words she once more advised me to abandon Europe, and

seek my reward in the East, and she urged me too to give the like counsels to my father, and tell him that '*She had said it*'

Lady Hester's unholy claim to supremacy in the spiritual kingdom was, no doubt, the suggestion of fierce and inordinate pride most perilously akin to madness, but I am quite sure that the mind of the woman was too strong to be thoroughly overcome by even this potent feeling. I plainly saw that she was not an unhesitating follower of her own system, and I even fancied that I could distinguish the brief moments during which she contrived to believe in Herself, from those long and less happy intervals in which her own reason was too strong for her.

As for the Lady's faith in Astrology and Magic science, you are not for a moment to suppose that this implied any aberration of intellect. She believed these things in common with those around her, and it could scarcely be otherwise, for she seldom spoke to anybody except crazy old dervishes who at once received her alms and fostered her extravagances, and even when (as on the occasion of my visit) she was brought into contact with a person entertaining different notions, she still remained uncontradicted. This entourage, and the habit of fasting from books and newspapers, were quite enough to make her a facile recipient of any marvellous story.

I think that in England we scarcely acknowledge to ourselves how much we owe to the wise and watchful press which presides over the formation of our opinions, and which brings about this splendid result, namely, that in matters of belief the humblest of us are lifted up to the level of the most sagacious, so that really a simple Cornet in

the Blues is no more likely to entertain a foolish belief about ghosts, or witchcraft, or any other supernatural topic, than the Lord High Chancellor, or the Leader of the House of Commons. How different is the intellectual régime of Eastern countries! In Syria, and Palestine, and Egypt, you might as well dispute the efficacy of grass or grain as of Magic. There is no controversy about the matter. The effect of this, the unanimous belief of an ignorant people, upon the mind of a stranger, is extremely curious, and well worth noticing. A man coming freshly from Europe is at first proof against the nonsense with which he is assailed, but often it happens that after a little while the social atmosphere of Asia will begin to infect him, and, if he has been unaccustomed to the cunning of fence by which Reason prepares the means of guarding herself against fallacy, he will yield himself at last to the faith of those around him, and this he will do by sympathy, it would seem, rather than from conviction. I have been much interested in observing that the mere 'practical man', however skilful and shrewd in his own way, has not the kind of power that will enable him to resist the gradual impression made upon his mind by the common opinion of those whom he sees and hears from day to day. Even amongst the English (though their good sense and sound religious knowledge would be likely to guard them from error) I have known the calculating merchant, the inquisitive traveller, and the post-captain, with his bright, wakeful eye of command—I have known all these surrender themselves to the *really* magic-like influence of other people's minds. Their language at first is that they are

‘staggered’, leading you by that expression to suppose that they had been witnesses to some phenomenon which it was very difficult to account for otherwise than by supernatural causes, but when I have questioned further, I have always found that these ‘staggering’ wonders were not even specious enough to be looked upon as good ‘tricks’. A man in England, who gained his whole livelihood as a conjurer, would soon be starved to death if he could perform no better miracles than those which are wrought with so much effect in Syria and Egypt. *Sometimes*, no doubt, a magician will make a good hit (Sir John once said a ‘good thing’), but all such successes range, of course, under the head of mere ‘tentative miracles’, as distinguished by the strong-brained Paley—*Eothen*

THE MONARCH OF THE DESERT

As long as you are journeying in the interior of the Desert you have no particular point to make for as your resting place. The endless sands yield nothing but small stunted shrubs, even these fail after the first two or three days, and from that time you pass over broad plains—you pass over newly reared hills—you pass through valleys dug out by the last week’s storm, and the hills and the valleys are sand, sand, sand, still sand, and only sand, and sand, and sand again. The earth is so samely, that your eyes turn towards heaven—towards heaven, I mean, in sense of sky. You look to the Sun, for he is your task-master, and by him you know the measure of the work that you have done, and the measure

of the work that remains for you to do. He comes when you strike your tent in the early morning, and then, for the first hour of the day, as you move forward on your camel, he stands at your near side, and makes you know that the whole day's toil is before you, then for a while, and a long while, you see him no more, for you are veiled and shrouded, and dare not look upon the greatness of his glory, but you know where he strides over head, by the touch of his flaming sword. No words are spoken, but your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, your skin glows, your shoulders ache, and for sights you see the pattern and the web of the silk that veils your eyes, and the glare of the outer light. Time labours on—your skin glows, your shoulders ache, your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, and you see the same pattern in the silk, and the same glare of light beyond, but conquering Time marches on, and by and by the descending sun has compassed the heaven, and now softly touches your right arm, and throws your lank shadow over the sand right along on the way for Persia. Then again you look upon his face, for his power is all veiled in his beauty, and the redness of flames has become the redness of roses, the fair, wavy cloud that fled in the morning now comes to his sight once more—comes blushing, yet still comes on—comes burning with blushes, yet comes and clings to his side—*Eothen*

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

1809-94

MY LAST WALK WITH THE SCHOOLMISTRESS

I CAN'T say just how many walks she and I had taken together before this one. I found the effect of going out every morning was decidedly favourable on her health. Two pleasing dimples, the places for which were just marked when she came, played shadowy, in her freshening cheeks when she smiled and nodded good-morning to me from the school-house steps.

I am afraid I did the greater part of the talking. At any rate, if I should try to report all that I said during the first half-dozen walks we took together, I fear that I might receive a gentle hint from my friends the publishers, that a separate volume, at my own risk and expense, would be the proper method of bringing them before the public.

— I would have a woman as true as Death. At the first real lie which works from the heart outward, she should be tenderly chloroformed into a better world, where she can have an angel for a governess, and feed on strange fruits which will make her all over again, even to her bones and marrow — Whether gifted with the accident of beauty or not, she should have been moulded in the rose-red clay of Love, before the breath of life made a moving mortal of her. Love-capacity is a congenital endowment, and I think, after awhile, one gets to know the warm-hued natures it belongs to from the pretty pipe-clay counter-

feits of them —Proud she may be, in the sense of respecting herself, but pride in the sense of contemning others less gifted than herself deserves the two lowest circles of a vulgar woman's Inferno, where the punishments are Small-pox and Bankruptcy She who nips off the end of a brittle courtesy, as one breaks the tip of an icicle, to bestow upon those whom she ought cordially and kindly to recognize, proclaims the fact that she comes not merely of low blood, but of bad blood Consciousness of unquestioned position makes people gracious in proper measure to all, but if a woman puts on airs with her real equals, she has something about herself or her family she is ashamed of, or ought to be Middle, and more than middle-aged people, who know family histories, generally see through it An official of standing was rude to me once Oh, that is the maternal grandfather,—said a wise old friend to me,—he was a boor —Better too few words, from the woman we love, than too many while she is silent, Nature is working for her, while she talks, she is working for herself —Love is sparingly soluble in the words of men, therefore they speak much of it, but one syllable of woman's speech can dissolve more of it than a man's heart can hold

— Whether I said any or all of these things to the schoolmistress, or not,—whether I stole them out of Lord Bacon,—whether I cribbed them from Balzac,—whether I dipped them from the ocean of Tupperian wisdom,—or whether I have just found them in my head, laid there by that solemn fowl, Experience (who, according to my observation, cackles oftener than she drops

real live eggs), I cannot say Wise men have said more foolish things,—and foolish men, I don't doubt, have said as wise things Anyhow, the schoolmistress and I had pleasant walks and long talks, all of which I do not feel bound to report

—— You are a stranger to me, ma'am,—I don't doubt you would like to know all I said to the schoolmistress—I shan't do it,—I had rather get the publishers to return the money you have invested in this Besides, I have forgotten a good deal of it I shall tell only what I like of what I remember

—— My idea was, in the first place, to search out the picturesque spots which the city affords a sight of to those who have eyes I know a good many, and it was a pleasure to look at them in company with my young friend There were the shrubs and flowers in the Franklin Place front-yards or borders, Commerce is just putting his granite foot upon them Then there are certain small seraglio-gardens, into which one can get a peep through the crevices of high fences, one in Myrtle Street, or backing on it,—here and there one at the North and South Ends Then the great elms in Essex Street Then the stately horse-chestnuts in that vacant lot in Chambers Street, which hold their outspread hands over your head (as I said in my poem the other day), and look as if they were whispering, 'May grace, mercy, and peace be with you!'—and the rest of that benediction Nay, there are certain patches of ground, which, having lain neglected for a time, Nature, who always has her pockets full of seeds, and holes in all her pockets, has covered with

hungry plebeian growths, which fight for life with each other, until some of them get broad-leaved and succulent, and you have a coarse vegetable tapestry which Raphael would not have disdained to spread over the foreground of his masterpiece. The Professor pretends that he found such a one in Charles Street, which, in its dare-devil impudence of rough-and-tumble vegetation, beat the pretty-behaved flower-beds of the Public Garden as ignominiously as a group of young tatter-demalions playing pitch-and-toss beats a row of Sunday-school boys with their teacher at their head.

But then the Professor has one of his burrows in that region, and puts everything in high colours relating to it. That is his way about everything—I hold any man cheap,—he said,—of whom nothing stronger can be uttered than that all his geese are swans. How is that, Professor?—said I,—I should have set you down for one of that sort—Sir,—said he,—I am proud to say, that Nature has so far enriched me, that I cannot own so much as a *duck* without seeing in it as pretty a swan as ever swam the basin in the garden of the Luxembourg. And the Professor showed the whites of his eyes devoutly, like one returning thanks after a dinner of many courses.

I don't know anything sweeter than this leaking in of Nature through all the cracks in the walls and floors of cities. You heap up a million tons of hewn rocks on a square mile or two of earth which was green once. The trees look down from the hillsides and ask each other, as they stand on tiptoe,—‘What are these people about?’ And the small herbs at their feet look up and

whisper back,—‘ We will go and see ’ So the small herbs pack themselves up in the least possible bundles, and wait until the wind steals to them at night and whispers,—‘ Come with me ’ Then they go softly with it into the great city,—one to a cleft in the pavement, one to a spout on the reef, one to a seam in the marbles over a rich gentleman’s bones, and one to the grave without a stone where nothing but a man is buried,—and there they grow, looking down on the generations of men from mouldy roofs, looking up from between the less-trodden pavements, looking out through iron cemetery-railings Listen to them, when there is only a light breath stirring, and you will hear them saying to each other,—‘ Wait awhile ! ’ The words run along the telegraph of those narrow green lines that border the roads leading from the city, until they reach the slope of the hills, and the trees repeat in low murmurs to each other,—‘ Wait awhile ! ’ By-and-by the flow of life in the streets ebbs, and the old leafy inhabitants—the smaller tribes always in front—saunter in, one by one, very careless seemingly, but very tenacious, until they swarm so that the great stones gape from each other with the crowding of their roots, and the feldspar begins to be picked out of the granite to find them food At last the trees take up their solemn line of march, and never rest until they have encamped in the market-place Wait long enough and you will find an old dotting oak hugging a huge worn block in its yellow underground arms, that was the corner-stone of the State-House O, so patient she is, this imperturbable Nature !

— Let us cry ! —

But all this has nothing to do with my walks and talks with the schoolmistress. I did not say that I would not tell you something about them. Let me alone, and I shall talk to you more than I ought to, probably. We never tell our secrets to people that pump for them.

Books we talked about, and education. It was her duty to know something of these, and of course she did. Perhaps I was somewhat more learned than she, but I found that the difference between her reading and mine was like that of a man's and a woman's dusting a library. The man flaps about with a bunch of feathers, the woman goes to work softly with a cloth. She does not raise half the dust, nor fill her own mouth and eyes with it,—but she goes into all the corners, and attends to the leaves as much as the covers.—Books are the *negative* pictures of thought, and the more sensitive the mind that receives their images, the more nicely the finest lines are reproduced. A woman (of the right kind), reading after a man, follows him as Ruth followed the reapers of Boaz, and her gleanings are often the finest of the wheat.

But it was in talking of Life that we came most nearly together. I thought I knew something about that,—that I could speak or write about it somewhat to the purpose.

To take up this fluid earthly being of ours as a sponge sucks up water,—to be steeped and soaked in its realities as a hide fills its pores lying seven years in a tan-pit,—to have winnowed every wave of it as a mill-wheel works up the stream that runs through the flume upon its float-boards,—to have culled up in the keenest

spasms and flattened out in the laxest languors of this breathing sickness, which keeps certain parcels of matter uneasy for three or four score years,—to have fought all the devils and clasped all the angels of its delirium,—and then, just at the point when the white-hot passions have cooled down to cherry-red, plunge our experience into the ice-cold stream of some language or other, one might think would end in a rhapsody with something of spring and temper in it. All this I thought my power and province.

The schoolmistress had tried life too. Once in a while one meets with a single soul greater than all the living pageant which passes before it. As the pale astronomer sits in his study with sunken eyes and thin fingers, and weighs Uranus or Neptune as in a balance, so there are meek, slight women who have weighed all which this planetary life can offer, and hold it like a bauble in the palm of their slender hands. This was one of them. Fortune had left her, sorrow had baptized her, the routine of labour and the loneliness of almost friendless city life were before her. Yet, as I looked upon her tranquil face, gradually regaining a cheerfulness which was often sprightly, as she became interested in the various matters we talked about and places we visited, I saw that eye and lip and every shifting lineament were made for love,—unconscious of their sweet office as yet, and meeting the cold aspect of Duty with the natural graces which were meant for the reward of nothing less than the Great Passion.

—— I never addressed one word of love to the schoolmistress in the course of these pleasant

walks It seemed to me that we talked of everything but love on that particular morning There was, perhaps, a little more timidity and hesitancy on my part than I have commonly shown among our people at the boarding-house In fact, I considered myself the master at the breakfast-table, but, somehow, I could not command myself just then so well as usual The truth is, I had secured a passage to Liverpool in the steamer which was to leave at noon,—with the condition, however, of being released in case circumstances occurred to detain me The schoolmistress knew nothing about all this, of course, as yet

It was on the Common that we were walking The *mall* or boulevard of our Common, you know, has various branches leading from it in different directions One of these runs down from opposite Joy Street southward across the whole length of the Common to Boylston Street We called it the long path, and were fond of it

I felt very weak indeed (though of a tolerably robust habit) as we came opposite the head of this path on that morning I think I tried to speak twice without making myself distinctly audible At last I got out the question—Will you take the long path with me?—Certainly,—said the schoolmistress,—with much pleasure —Think,—I said,—before you answer, if you take the long path with me now, I shall interpret it that we are to part no more!—The schoolmistress stepped back with a sudden movement, as if an arrow had struck her

One of the long granite blocks used as seats was hard by,—the one you may still see close by the Gingko-tree —Pray, sit down,—I said —No,

no,—she answered softly,—I will walk the *long path* with you !

—The old gentleman who sits opposite met us walking, arm in arm, about the middle of the long path, and said, very charmingly,—‘ Good morning, my dears ! ’—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*

THE LITTLE GENTLEMAN

To come back to what I began to speak of before,—the divinity-student was exercised in his mind about the Little Gentleman, and, in the kindness of his heart,—for he was a good young man,—and in the strength of his convictions,—for he took it for granted that he and his crowd were right, and other folks and their crowd were wrong,—he determined to bring the Little Gentleman round to his faith before he died, if he could. So he sent word to the sick man, that he should be pleased to visit him and have some conversation with him, and received for answer that he would be welcome.

The divinity-student made him a visit, therefore, and had a somewhat remarkable interview with him, which I shall briefly relate, without attempting to justify the positions taken by the Little Gentleman. He found him weak, but calm. Iris sat silent by his pillow.

After the usual preliminaries, the divinity-student said, in a kind way, that he was sorry to find him in failing health, that he felt concerned for his soul, and was anxious to assist him in making preparations for the great change awaiting him.

I thank you, Sir,—said the Little Gentleman,—permit me to ask you, what makes you think I am not ready for it, Sir, and that you can do anything to help me, Sir ?

I address you only as a fellow-man,—said the divinity-student,—and therefore a fellow-sinner

I am *not* a man, Sir !—said the Little Gentleman—I was born into this world the wreck of a man, and I shall not be judged with a race to which I do not belong Look at this !—he said, and held up his withered arm See there !—and he pointed to his misshapen extremities—Lay your hand here !—and he laid his own on the region of his misplaced heart—I have known nothing of the life of your race When I first came to my consciousness, I found myself an object of pity, or a sight to show The first strange child I ever remember hid its face and would not come near me I was a broken-hearted as well as broken-bodied boy I grew into the emotions of ripening youth, and all that I could have loved shrank from my presence I became a man in years, and had nothing in common with manhood but its longings My life is the dying pang of a worn-out race, and I shall go down alone into the dust, out of this world of men and women, without ever knowing the fellowship of the one or the love of the other I will not die with a lie rattling in my throat If another state of being has anything worse in store for me, I have had a long apprenticeship to give me strength that I may bear it I don't believe it, Sir ! I have too much faith for that. God has not left me wholly without comfort, even here I love this whole place where I was born,—the heart of the world beats under the

three hills of Boston, Sir ! I love this great land, with so many tall men in it, and so many good, noble women—His eyes turned to the silent figure by his pillow—I have learned to accept meekly what has been allotted to me, but I cannot honestly say that I think my sin has been greater than my suffering. I bear the ignorance and the evil-doing of whole generations in my single person. I never drew a breath of air nor took a step that was not a punishment for another's fault. I may have had many wrong thoughts, but I cannot have done many wrong deeds,—for my cage has been a narrow one, and I have paced it alone. I have looked through the bars and seen the great world of men busy and happy, but I had no part in their doings. I have known what it was to dream of the great passions, but since my mother kissed me before she died, no woman's lips have pressed my cheek,—nor ever will.

—The young girl's eyes glittered with a sudden film, and almost without a thought, but with a warm human instinct that rushed up into her face with her heart's blood, she bent over and kissed him. It was the sacrament that washed out the memory of long years of bitterness, and I should hold it an unworthy thought to defend her.

The Little Gentleman repaid her with the only tear any of us ever saw him shed.

The divinity-student rose from his place, and, turning away from the sick man, walked to the other side of the room, where he bowed his head and was still. All the questions he had meant to ask had faded from his memory. The tests he had prepared by which to judge of his fellow-

creature's fitness for heaven seemed to have lost their virtue. He could trust the crippled child of sorrow to the Infinite Parent. The kiss of the fair-haired girl had been like a sign from heaven, that angels watched over him whom he was presuming but a moment before to summon before the tribunal of his private judgement.

Shall I pray with you?—he said, after a pause—A little before he would have said, Shall I pray for you?—The Christian religion, as taught by its Founder, is full of *sentiment*. So we must not blame the divinity-student, if he was overcome by those yearnings of human sympathy which predominate so much more in the sermons of the Master than in the writings of his successors, and which have made the parable of the Prodigal Son the consolation of mankind, as it has been the stumbling-block of all exclusive doctrines.

Pray!—said the Little Gentleman.

The divinity-student prayed, in low, tender tones, that God would look on His servant lying helpless at the feet of His mercy, that He would remember his long years of bondage in the flesh, that He would deal gently with the bruised reed. Thou hast visited the sins of the fathers upon this their child. Oh, turn away from him the penalties of his own transgressions! Thou hast laid upon him, from infancy, the cross which Thy stronger children are called upon to take up, and now that he is fainting under it, be Thou his stay, and do Thou succour him that is tempted! Let his manifold infirmities come between him and Thy judgement, in wrath remember mercy! If his eyes are not opened to all Thy truth, let Thy compassion lighten the darkness that rests

upon him, even as it came through the word of Thy Son to blind Bartimeus, who sat by the wayside, begging !

Many more petitions he uttered, but all in the same subdued tone of tenderness. In the presence of helpless suffering, and in the fast-darkening shadow of the Destroyer, he forgot all but his Christian humanity, and cared more about consoling his fellow-man than making a proselyte of him.

This was the last prayer to which the Little Gentleman ever listened. Some change was rapidly coming over him during this last hour of which I have been speaking. The excitement of pleading his cause before his self-elected spiritual adviser,—the emotion which overcame him, when the young girl obeyed the sudden impulse of her feelings and pressed her lips to his cheek,—the thoughts that mastered him while the divinity-student poured out his soul for him in prayer, might well hurry on the inevitable moment. When the divinity-student had uttered his last petition commending him to the Father through His Son's intercession, he turned to look upon him before leaving his chamber. His face was changed.—There is a language of the human countenance which we all understand without an interpreter, though the lineaments belong to the rudest savage that ever stammered in an unknown barbaric dialect. By the stillness of the sharpened features, by the blankness of the tearless eyes, by the fixedness of the smileless mouth, by the deadening tints, by the contracted brow, by the dilating nostril, we know that the soul is soon to leave its mortal tenement, and is already closing up its windows and putting out

its fires — Such was the aspect of the face upon which the divinity-student looked, after the brief silence which followed his prayer. The change had been rapid, though not that abrupt one which is liable to happen at any moment in these cases — The sick man looked towards him. — Farewell, — he said, — I thank you. Leave me alone with her.

When the divinity-student had gone, and the Little Gentleman found himself alone with Iris, he lifted his hand to his neck, and took from it, suspended by a slender chain, a quaint, antique-looking key, — the same key I had once seen him holding. He gave this to her, and pointed to a carved cabinet opposite his bed, one of those that had so attracted my curious eyes and set me wondering as to what it might contain.

Open it, — he said, — and light the lamp — The young girl walked to the cabinet and unlocked the door. A deep recess appeared, lined with black velvet, against which stood in white relief an ivory crucifix. A silver lamp hung over it. She lighted the lamp and came back to the bedside. The dying man fixed his eyes upon the figure of the dying Saviour — Give me your hand, — he said, and Iris placed her right hand in his left. So they remained, until presently his eyes lost their meaning, though they still remained vacantly fixed upon the white image. Yet he held the young girl's hand firmly, as if it were leading him through some deep-shadowed valley, and it was all he could cling to. But presently an involuntary muscular contraction stole over him, and his terrible dying grasp held the poor girl as if she were wedged in an engine of torture. She pressed her lips together and sat still. The inexorable

hand held her tighter and tighter, until she felt as if her own slender fingers would be crushed in its grip. It was one of the tortures of the Inquisition she was suffering, and she could not stir from her place. Then, in her great anguish, she, too, cast her eyes upon that dying figure, and, looking upon its pierced hands and feet and side and lacerated forehead, she felt that she also must suffer uncomplaining. In the moment of her sharpest pain she did not forget the duties of her tender office, but dried the dying man's moist forehead with her handkerchief, even while the dew of agony were glistening on her own. How long this lasted she never could tell. *Time* and *thirst* are two things you and I talk about, but the victims whom holy men and righteous judges used to stretch on their engines knew better what they meant than you or I!—What is that great bucket of water for? said the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, before she was placed on the rack—*For you to drink*,—said the torturer to the little woman—She could not think that it would take such a flood to quench the fire in her and so keep her alive for her confession. The torturer knew better than she.

After a time, not to be counted in minutes, as the clock measures,—without any warning,—there came a swift change of his features, his face turned white, as the waters whiten when a sudden breath passes over their still surface, the muscles instantly relaxed, and Iris, released at once from her care for the sufferer and from his unconscious grasp, fell senseless, with a feeble cry,—the only utterance of her long agony—*The Professor at the Breakfast Table*.

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